

Richards Topical Encyclopedia

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CONTENTS

VOLUME XII

THE CRAFTS

(For specific facts relating to this subject consult the Index)

		PAGE
FLOWERS THAT BLOSSOM IN IRON	Unit No. 1	1
(Art in iron)		
WHEN TIN AND COPPER MEET TOGETHER	Unit No. 2	11
(Art in bronze)		
THE WONDERS WE MAKE FROM SAND	Unit No. 3	25
(The history and art of making glass)		
THE MARVELS WE MAKE BY BAKING CLAY	Unit No. 4	30
(The history and art of making pottery)		
THE FINE ART OF ENAMELING	Unit No. 5	62
(The history and art of enameling)		
THE MOST GLORIOUS WINDOWS IN THE WORLD	Unit No. 6	60
(Art in stained glass)		
WITCHERY IN GOLD AND SILVER	Unit No. 7	75
(Art in gold and silver)		
WHEN WHITTING IS A FINE ART	Unit No. 8	95
(The art of carving)		
GLORIOUS PICTURES IN MARBLE AND GLASS	Unit No. 9	108
(The making of mosaics)		
JEWELS FOR EVERY PURSE	Unit No. 10	116
(Jewelry is a fine art)		
THE CUNNING OF THE BASKET MAKER	Unit No. 11	127
(The history and art of making baskets)		
PICTURES DRAWN IN THREADS OF WOOL	Unit No. 12	136
(The making of tapestries)		
POWER TO THEM WHICH RUGS ARE BEST	Unit No. 13	145
(Oriental and other fine rugs)		
BEAUTIES AND MARVELS IN FINE LACE	Unit No. 14	162
(The history and art of lace making)		
HOW WOULD YOU FURNISH YOUR HOUSE?	Unit No. 15	173
(The history of fine furniture)		

THE HISTORY OF MUSIC

(For specific facts relating to this subject consult the Index)

Our editors have presented the history of music in the order of its development. The story begins with a description of man's first music and unit by unit follows the progress of the art to the present time.

HOW WE CAME TO HAVE MUSIC	Unit No. 1	200
(The early history of music)		

		PAGE
THE CHILDHOOD OF MUSIC	Unit No. 2	206
	(Music during the Middle Ages)	
MUSIC COMES OF AGE AT LAST	Unit No. 3	215
	(The music of the Renaissance)	
MUSIC BEGINS TO SOUND MODERN	Unit No. 4	228
	(Eighteenth century music)	
SEVEN GIANTS OF MUSIC	Unit No. 5	235
	(Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Liszt and Brahms)	
MIGHTY MUSIC FOR OUR MODERN AGE	Unit No. 6	247
	(Wagner, Verdi, Glinka, the Russian composers, and musicians of the twentieth century)	
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS	Unit No. 7	255

BIOGRAPHIES

In our table of contents we have listed the biographies in alphabetical order. The articles themselves are presented in chronological order as nearly as is possible.

BIOGRAPHIES OF COMPOSERS

(For specific facts relating to this subject consult the Index)

Unit No. 1			251
BACH	261	MACDOWELL	251
BEETHOVEN	277	MENDELSSOHN	251
BERLIOZ	304	MOZART	266
BRAHMS	301	PALESTRINA	250
CHOPIN	291	RIMSKY-KORSAKOV	251
DEBUSSY	317	RUBINSTEIN	311
DVOŘÁK	308	SCHUBERT	253
GLUCK	270	SCHUMANN	280
GOUDOD	307	STRAUSS, RICHARD	315
GRIEG	303	SULLIVAN	311
HANDEL	263	TCHAIKOWSKY	314
HAYDN	273	VERDI	290
LISZT	297	WAGNER	293
WEBER		SE	

DRAMA

(For specific facts relating to this subject consult the Index)

THE MIGHTY ANNALS OF THE STAGE	Unit No. 1	323
	(The history of drama)	

FOREIGN HISTORICAL BIOGRAPHIES

(For specific facts relating to this subject consult the Index)

Unit No. 1			335
ALEXANDER THE GREAT	346	CHARLEMAGNE	368
AUGUSTUS CAESAR	362	CHURCHILL, WINSTON	449A
BISMARCK	447	CLEOPATRA	360
BOLIVAR	436	CONSTANTINE	364
BRUCE, ROBERT	382	CROMWELL	406
CAECILIUS THE GREAT	416		

	PAGE		PAGE
DEMOSTHENES	344	NAPOLÉON	423
DISRAELI	439	NEILSON	420
DRAKE	403	PERICLES	342
EDWIN FIZABETH	394	PETER THE GREAT	414
FREDERICK THE GREAT	418	RIGULUS	350
GARIBOLDI	444	RICHARD THE LION HEARTED	371
SE GENIATY	366	SOLOMON	336
CLADSTONE	44	STALIN, JOSEPH	449D
GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS	402	TILL WILLIAM	374
HANNIBAL	352	THIMISTOCLES	338
HENRY VIII	391	WALLACE WILLIAM	379
HORATIUS	340	WELLINGTON	435
JOAN OF ARC	355	THE MEN WHO HELPED JOSÉ FUSIERE	450
JULIUS CAESAR	356		
SE LOUIS	376	(Lafayette Beaumarchais, De Kalb	
LOUIS XIV	410	Steuben Kosciuszko, Pulaski Istaitg	
MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS	398	Rochambeau Grasse)	

AMERICAN HISTORICAL BIOGRAPHIES

(For specific facts relating to the subject consult the Index)

PRESIDENTS AND VICE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES		Unit No. 2	456A
		Unit No. 3	456H
THE ADAMS FAMILY	479	JEFFERSON THOMAS	505
ALLEN ELIZABETH	495	JONES JOHN PAUL	500
ANDERSON JOHN	484	LEE ROBERT E	525
ARNOLD BENEDICT	485	LINCOLN ABRAHAM	527
BOONE DANIEL	469	MACARTHUR DOUGLAS	555H
BROWN JOHN	555	FINN WILLIAM	401
CATHOUN JOHN C	500	PERCY OLIVER HAZARD	490
CLAY HENRY	517	TERSHING JOHN JOSEPH	554
CROOK GEORGE	489	THAYER MOLLY	40
DEWEY GEORGE	540	TUNAW ISRAEL	404
EISENHOWER DWIGHT	555I	ROOSEVELT FRANKLIN D	555A
FRANKLIN BENJAMIN	465	ROOSEVELT THEODORE	542
CRANE ULYSSES S	555	SMITH JOHN	455
HALE NATHAN	497	STARK JOHN	455
HAMILTON ALEXANDER	507	WASHINGTON GEORGE	475
HENRY PATRICK	485	WAYNE ANTHONY	401
HOUSTON SAM	514	WEBSTER DANIEL	525
JACKSON ANDREW	511	WILSON WOODROW	545
JACKSON STONEMAN	559		

MISCELLANEOUS BIOGRAPHIES

(For specific facts relating to this subject consult the Index)

Unit No. 4			550
ADDAMS JANE	550	FAMOUS FIRST LADIES OF THE LAND	558
ANTHONY, SUSAN B	571	KITTING, HELEN	567
BARNUM, P. I	575	ROCKEFELLER, JOHN D	582
CARNEGIE, ANDREW	565	WASHINGTON, BOOKER T	569
CODY, "BUFFALO BILL"	573	WINSTANLEY, HENRY	557

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

ä, as in <i>mäte</i>	oi, as in <i>toil</i>
â, as in <i>senâte</i>	ōō, as in <i>sōōn</i>
â, as in <i>hâir</i>	ōō, as in <i>bōók</i>
ă, as in <i>hăt</i>	ou, as in <i>shout</i>
ä, as in <i>fäther</i>	s, as in <i>so</i>
ä, a sound between ü and ă, as in <i>castle</i>	sh, as in <i>ship</i>
ch, as in <i>cheat</i>	th, as in <i>thumb</i>
ē, as in <i>ēve</i>	th, as in <i>thus</i>
ê, as in <i>relate</i>	ū, as in <i>cure</i>
ě, as in <i>běnd</i>	û, as in <i>accurate</i>
ē, as in <i>readēr</i>	û, as in <i>fūr</i>
g, as in <i>go</i>	ŭ, as in <i>ŭs</i>
ī, as in <i>bīte</i>	ü, a sound formed by pronouncing ē with the lips in the position for ōō, as in the German <i>über</i> and the French <i>une</i>
ī, as in <i>īnn</i>	zh, as in <i>azure</i>
k, as in <i>key</i>	', an indication that a vowel sound occurs, but that it is elided and cannot be identified, as in <i>apple</i> (ăp'pl)
K, the guttural sound of ch, as in the German <i>ach</i> , or the Scotch <i>loch</i>	A heavy accent (ˈ) follows a syllable receiving the principal stress, and a lighter accent (ˈ) follows a syllable receiving a secondary stress.
n, as in <i>not</i>	
N, the French nasal sound, as in <i>bon</i>	
ng, the English nasal sound, as in <i>strong</i>	
ō, as in <i>bōne</i>	
ô, as in <i>Christôpher</i>	
ô, as in <i>lôrd</i>	
ö, as in <i>hôt</i>	



A Portrait of Abraham Lincoln painted by Wilham Edgar Marshall

HISTORY of the CRAFTS

Reading Unit No. 1

FLOWERS THAT BLOSSOM IN IRON

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

Interesting Facts Explained

Why iron is the most sturdy of metals, 12 1
Why an Assyrian king kept his iron in a treasure house, 12 2
How the Romans used iron and conquered by means of it, 12 4
When mirrors and jewels were made of iron, 12 6
How a famous iron-working vil-

lage was unearthed, 12 8
How the open work screens and grilles of churches gave the iron worker his chance, 12 8
Why the iron work of the 15th and 16th centuries is unsurpassed, 12 10
How the Age of Steel arose, 12-10

Picture Hunt

How were the old strong boxes closed? 12 4
How was iron used to decorate buildings in Florence? 12-5

Why were beautiful iron grilles used in the churches? 12 7
What sort of iron work is called Baroque and Rococo? 12 9

Related Material

The Egyptians and their great artists, 11 7
The Babylonians and their lavish use of precious metals, 11-25
Grecian sculpture, 11-37
The Romans as engineers, 11-62

When Gothic was the new spirit of the times, 11 94
How Gothic passed into the Renaissance, 11 107
When Louis XIV set the world's standard for art, 11 231
American men and women in the arts, 11 362

Practical Applications

Though steel has largely replaced iron, even in decoration, many beautiful iron gates, grilles,

and ornaments are still made to-day

Habits and Attitudes

Man loves to work in iron because he knows that such work will last and will be beautiful

for many years. The desire for strength is one of man's deepest instincts.

Leisure-time Activities

Try to find examples of both old and new iron work on the important buildings near you.

Compare the new rustless steel ornamentation with the older wrought iron work.

Summary Statement

Man had no sooner discovered iron and learned how to handle

it than he began to make it beautiful as well as useful.

ART IN IRON



THE METAL MAN BY FAY

Just because he uses anvil and forge, sledge and bellows, you must not suppose that this worker in metals is a mere blacksmith. He is a true artist who, instead

of turning out lumpy horseshoes or plows, can make the hardest of metals take on the most delicate and entrancing of shapes.

FLOWERS THAT BLOSSOM *in* IRON

By Clever Manipulation the Skillful Craftsman Can Fashion One of the Hardest of All Metals into a Graceful Vine or a Delicate Openwork Screen

JUST as gold means to us something precious, so iron means something unyielding and strong. The Germans called the warlike Bismarck a Man of Iron and the British nicknamed stern Wellington the Iron Duke. If we want to say of any person that he is strong and not easily moved we say he has iron in his blood. Iron is the metal of violence and war—armor and swords and guns are made of iron, or of steel, which is the son of iron. Iron, again with steel, is also the metal of industry—of plows and picks and great machines and towering skyscrapers. In art, it is the most Spartan and dignified of all the metals. Wherever there is iron there is strength.

We cannot be sure how long ago men first learned to use this sturdy metal. There is a great deal of iron ore scattered widely over the earth, and much of it is not hard to get at. A meteor whirling through the air might heat itself to molten iron, a charcoal fire built against a red rock containing iron ore might reveal by accident how to smelt the ore. The Chinese have a pleasant tale of a certain Fu Hsi, who lighted a fire to burn brush from his land and accidentally melted iron out of the brown earth. This strange metal he used to make fishhooks and arrowheads for himself and for his neighbors, and thus introduced iron to the Chinese. It is not impossible that many such things may have

ART IN IRON

really happened and that iron has been discovered many times in different places. Some peoples seem to have known about it at least five thousand years ago.

Legend has it that the first iron came to the Mediterranean countries from Asia Minor or the lands southeast of the Black Sea. The Assyrians and Babylonians knew about it. An iron sword dating perhaps from about 3000 B.C. has been dug up from an Egyptian pyramid. In the pyramids too we find iron ornaments on many of the mummies, and we know that about 1300 B.C. the Egyptian king Ramses II was riding around in an iron warchariot. Some people argue that the Egyptians must

have had iron tools or they could not have built the pyramids and carved their picture writing on the hard rock; but others say that by very clever use of other tools they could have done these things. At least, we have never found any iron tools from the early days in Egypt.

When Bronze Gave Way to Iron

But by 1000 B.C. the Iron Age was already swallowing up the Age of Bronze in many parts of Europe and the Mediterranean lands. If we may believe Homer, the Trojans and their Greek enemies knew about iron around 1200 B.C.; for he tells in the "Iliad" how at the funeral games in honor of the slain Patroclus, Achilles "set for the archers a prize of dark iron—ten double-headed axes he set, and ten single." Another prize was "an unwrought metal mass," and Achilles assured his comrades that the winner of it would not "for want of iron have to go into the town" for five full years.

You see that this useful metal, though

known, was still rare enough to be thought worthy of being made a prize of skill and valor. Even two or three centuries later than this a list of the treasures belonging to Sardanapalus, king of Assyria, mentions iron; and among the treasures of one of his successors archaeologists found nearly seventy tons of iron bars—stored away with gold and silver and jewels and other precious

things. So perhaps when the stern Spartans of Greece made their money out of iron instead of gold they were not doing it merely to discourage men's love of precious things, as has often been supposed. Perhaps they merely thought iron precious.

Be that as it may, by about

1000 B.C. iron was widely used around the Mediterranean. The Chalybes (kāl'ī-bēz'), who lived round about Pontus on the southern shore of the Black Sea—the region sometimes said to be the first home of iron—were famous as a race of smiths. So widely known was the forged ironwork hammered out on their anvils that the Greeks called steel "chalybes" after this people. The Scythians who dwelt in Southern Russia were familiar with iron. Phoenician traders peddled iron along all the Mediterranean coasts. Many of the wares they sold were made by the people of Sidon, who were as famed for the chased ironwork they made as the people of Tyre were for the purple dye they made. Iron is so many times mentioned in the Old Testament that the Hebrews must have been very familiar with it, and Ezekiel's mention of an "iron pan" shows plainly that among these people the metal was used for making household utensils.

Of course the Greeks knew about iron. They had already learned to handle bronze

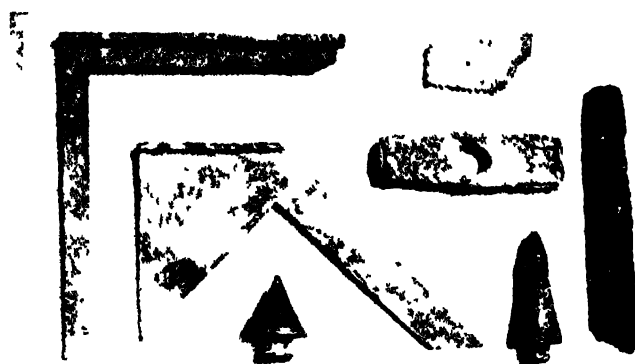


Photo by British Museum

The Romans were great builders. When we see the remains of their imposing arches, amphitheaters, and temples we sometimes forget that many of the tools and machines so necessary to modern builders were quite unknown to the Romans. Above are some of the tools they used. If you know a little about drawing and the crafts, you can probably recognize these as plummets, saws, squares, and a hammer head.

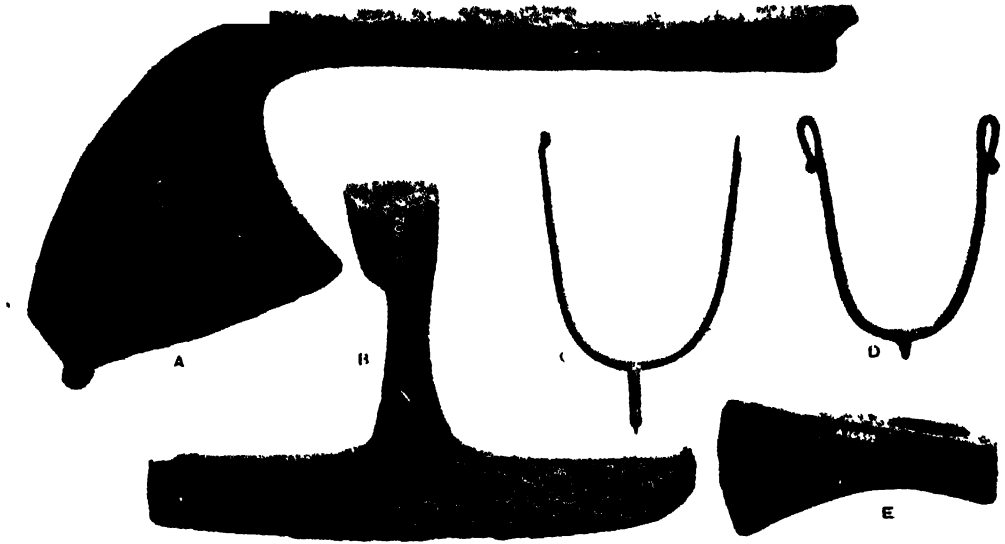


FIG. 10 by British Museum

These iron implements may look crude to us, but they must have been highly prized by their owners, who lived in England in the fifth century. A and B are

Saxon axes. C and D are spurs once worn by a Saxon horseman. E is an axe made by the people we call the Franks.

very skillfully, and so found no trouble in learning to work in this new and stronger metal. In the seventh century B.C., a metal worker named Glaucus is supposed to have invented welding, the process of softening two pieces of iron and pressing or beating them together so that they become as one piece. Some two centuries later, a craftsman named Theodorus made an iron statue by the process of casting, or forming it in a mould.

When Steel Was a Royal Gift

The Greeks used iron for all sorts of things, just as we do. They used it in shipbuilding, for plating war chariots, for making parts of the huge machines with which they assaulted walled cities. They still used bronze for most of their swords, but a few fortunate soldiers had swords made not only of iron but of steel, which is iron made keener and more supple by the addition of carbon. Steel was still very rare and not well understood, but it existed. When Alexander the Great conquered Porus, mightiest king of India, in the fourth century B.C., the oriental monarch

gave him thirty pounds of steel as a royal gift. Across thousands of miles of burning desert and through snow-covered mountain passes this treasure was carried back to Greece, there to be forged into beautiful blades for the great conqueror's bodyguard.

But the Greeks saw, as the Egyptians had before them, that iron could be used also to make beautiful works of art. They cast statues in iron, and made various small objects of it for their temples and tombs. A certain gorgeous silver vase in the temple of Delphi rested on a beautiful wrought-iron tripod, and so famous was this masterpiece that artists, travelers, and historians were still praising it after a thousand years.

Greeks and Romans—Beauty and Strength

That is the sort of thing we should expect the Greeks to do with iron, for they were great lovers of beauty and most skillful in creating it. In the same way we should expect the Romans, those stern conquerors and lawgivers, to prize iron for the making of strong tools and sturdy weapons. And that is exactly what they did prize it for.

They learned about iron from the Greeks, who knew all there is to know about the simple manufacture and working of it as early as the fourth century B.C. and who passed the knowledge along to the Romans just as they passed along so many other things. The Romans did not for centuries work in iron themselves; they left that to the more artistic race of the Etruscans, a conquered people living just north of Rome.

It was the Romans who first made "civilized" warfare a conflict of iron. Until the time of the Second Punic War (218 B.C.) they had used the new metal only for farming tools. But when that terrible conflict broke out they equipped their soldiers with vicious, two-edged iron swords—supplied by their Spanish subjects, who had apparently long known how to work this metal skillfully. The Romans put iron prows on their war vessels, too, with which they could ram and sink the vessels of the Carthaginians. It was these fierce iron-nosed ships, equipped also with iron anchors and anchor chains, which destroyed the Carthaginian navy and made Rome mistress of the Mediterranean.

How the Romans Used Iron

In war or in peace, the Romans liked the strength and security of iron. They had iron chains with which to bind prisoners and slaves. They barred their basement windows, just as we do, with iron gratings. At the amphitheater they put up iron grates to keep the wild beasts in their dens. They closed iron gates on the Forum at night, and kept thieves and curious crowds away from temples and law courts with iron grilles. The quaestor, or public treasurer, kept the state

monies in a huge strong box made of iron plates, studded with bronze nails, and lined with sheets of copper. Although this stood on a marble platform in the Capitol, in full view of everybody who passed, trusted centurions armed with iron swords and javelins stood guard both day and night to keep it safe from thieves. Even at home, though the Romans still used bronze for most of their household utensils, they used iron bolts and bars when they wanted security and strength.

Long before the Second Punic War, the Romans had had cause to know that the Celts and other peoples north of them in Europe were skilled workers in iron. The rude, half-wild Celtic tribes that invaded Italy in the fifth century B.C. were familiar with iron. Some two centuries later, when the Romans conquered southern Gaul and France

they found that the barbarians there, too, knew iron as well as bronze and silver and gold. In the first century B.C., when Julius Caesar led his legions through northern Gaul and even into Britain, he was astonished to find out how

much every tribe he met understood metal working, and especially the working of iron.

The barbarian soldiers used more iron than their conquerors. German tribesmen fought with iron axes; they hurled them viciously at the enemy, and then pulled them back by stout cords fastened to their handles. The tribe called the Cimbri wore iron breastplates and fought with iron swords and spears and javelins. The Britons had all sorts of iron weapons; they wore iron ornaments too, and used iron bars for money. The Veneti, who lived in the region now called Brittany, carried men and goods between Britain and the Continent in stout ships bolted together



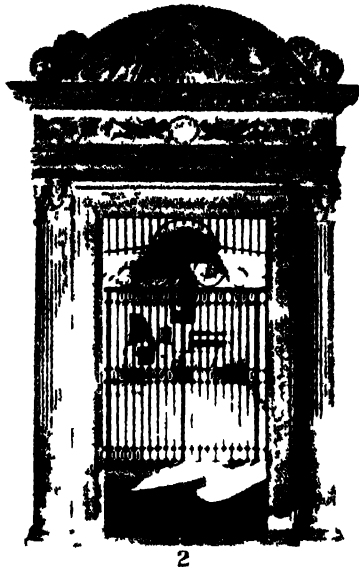
Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

Did you ever stop to think what the world would be like if there were no convenient banks where people could store their money and valuables safely in steel vaults and behind iron bars? Not so very long ago there were no banks in the modern sense, and valuables were kept in strong boxes of iron. These were closed with all sorts of complicated locks and bars, and were often beautifully decorated. Above is a Dutch strong box of the sixteenth century—a time when no one had ever heard of a safe-deposit vault.

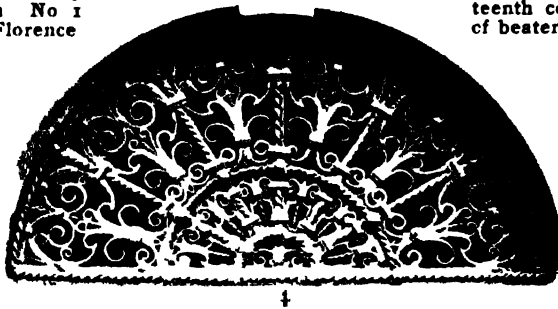
ART IN IRON



These works of art may look nearly as delicate as lace or as fine as cobwebs, but they are all made of iron. No 1 is a lantern from Florence. No 2, entrance to a cloister is the work of Brunelleschi, one of Ghiberti's rival in the competition for the design of the famous baptistery doors in Florence shown on another page.



No 3 Fourteenth century standard for holding a flag— from Siena. No 4 Sixteenth century fan window of beaten iron. No 5 Sixteenth century lantern. Both 4 and 5 are from Lucca. No 6 A door in the Vatican at Rome. Its beautiful iron grille opens on an orange garden. No 7 A flag holder in the shape of the fabulous sphinx.



ART IN IRON

with iron bars as thick as one's thumb.

But of all the tribes that Caesar met and vanquished, the Belgae seem to have known most about working in metals. They lived in the rich iron fields of the region we now know as Northern France and Belgium, and they even controlled many ironworks along the coast of southwestern Britain. Caesar himself said that "every description of mining operation was known and practiced" by them. We know that he was quite right when he said this, for we have dug up a great many metal objects made by these people, and they prove that metal working was with them a highly developed art.

Caesar fought the hardest battle of his stormy life at one of the great metal-working centers of Gaul. This was Alesia, now called Alise; there and at Avaricum—modern Bourges—thousands of Gallic metal workers lived and carried on their craft. They were even organized into guilds, somewhat like modern trade unions. They worked in gold and silver, in tin and lead, in bronze, and, of course, in iron. They made all sorts of things out of iron—rings, chains, and pendants, collars and brooches, knives and shears, and polished mirrors. Sometimes they cast the jewelry, sometimes they beat it out on a forge. They even inlaid it and chased it, as jewelers do gold, and ornamented it with scrolls and spirals, geometric figures and fantastic beasts. Could anything be more appropriate for these strong, half-

barbarous men and women than iron mirrors and iron jewels?

Even their iron war gear must have been fine to look at—if it was not being used against you. The iron swords which they forged they polished lovingly, and ornamented both sword and scabbard with gilt and silver. Their shields were embossed with

iron. Their iron armor was decorated with care and skill. Their war chariots were plated with iron, and some were even made of thin iron plates decorated with figures or overlaid with beaten silver or gold. At the battle which Caesar fought against the Britons in 54 B.C., Cassivelaunus, the British chief-tain, had four thousand such chariots, each bearing a driver and a missile

slinger. What a sight they must have been! It is no wonder that Caesar was astonished at the things these "barbarians" could do.

What Is the Hallstatt Period?

The truth is that the Iron Age had begun to overlap with the Bronze Age almost as early in some parts of barbarian Europe as in the Mediterranean lands—that is to say, any time after about 1000 B.C., the time varying with different tribes. So for two thousand years before Caesar met these people, their ancestors had been working in metal, and for a thousand years they had been working in iron.

Throughout Northern Italy and the Balkans, in Germany, Bohemia, and Austria,

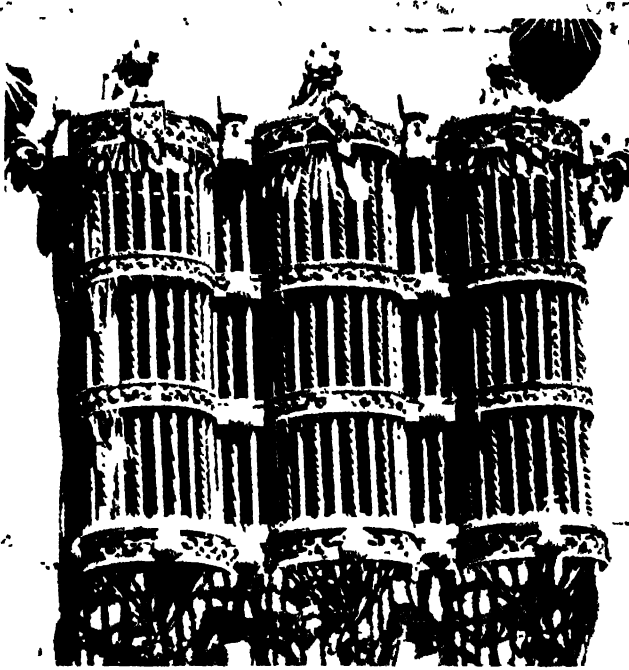


Photo by J. Laurent Madrid

A thief would have a hard time breaking into this window! This elaborate iron grille adorns the "House of Shells" in Salamanca, a private house which got its name from the shell-shaped ornaments which decorate its walls.

ART IN IRON

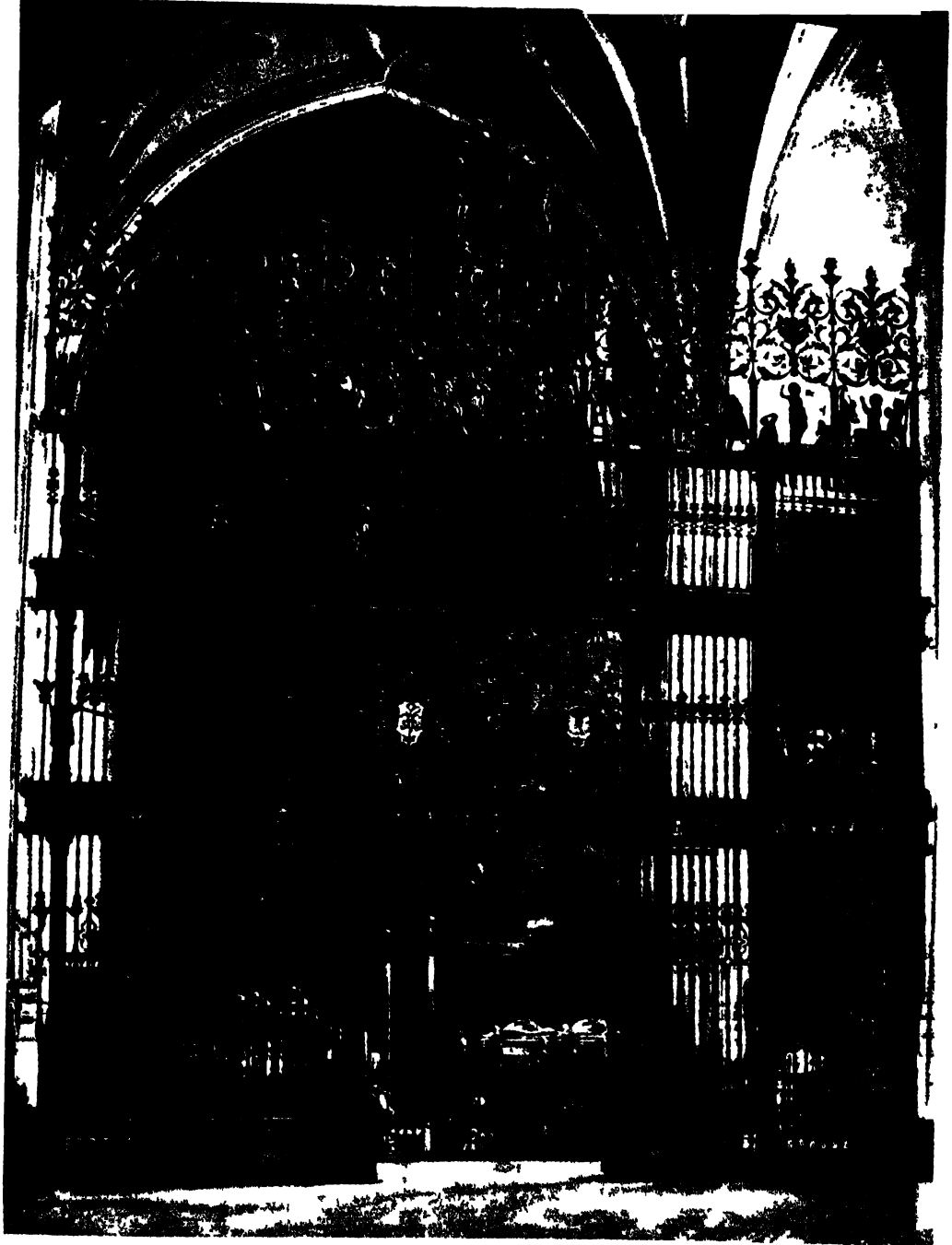


Photo by J. Laurent Malraud

In this quiet chapel in the cathedral of Granada, in Spain, sleep Ferdinand and Isabella, who gave Columbus the money for his perilous journey across the Atlantic. The great grille which separates this "Royal Chapel" from the main body of the cathedral is a masterpiece of the ironworker's art. Here are row

upon row of slender, twisted shafts decorated with intricate designs. Along the top are scenes before and after the crucifixion, which is shown at the very top. The churches of Europe are filled with grilles of this sort, often enriched with silver and gold or bright enamel work.

ART IN IRON

are thousands of places where men used to dig for iron ore and smelt it in the ages before their written history began. At Hallstatt, a village in Austria, so many ancient forges and diggings were discovered a few years ago that scholars have fallen into the habit of talking about the Hallstatt Period to indicate the time when the things dug up at Hallstatt must have been made. This oldest part of the Iron Age was from about 1100 B.C. to about 500 B.C. There is another village, La Tène, (là tèn), in Switzerland, which has given its name for the same reason to the period from about 500 B.C. to the time of Caesar. After that we have written history to tell us about it all, for the civilized nations of the south had discovered Central Europe and begun to write about it.

It was during the La Tène Period that the Celts of Central Europe, who made the iron things dug up at La Tène, moved westward in great migrations into Gaul and Spain and Britain, carrying their knowledge of iron with them. Later, when the Franks, Goths, and other German tribes swept across Europe, they learned the finer points of metal working from the Celts they conquered, and in their farther wanderings they in turn carried this craft to other lands, especially to Denmark and Scandinavia. There the tribes, remote in their northern peninsula from the rest of Europe, kept right on doing fine metal work in the ancient style until somewhere around 1100 A.D.

By that time the greatest ironworkers in Europe were the English. They had never forgotten the skill of the early Britons, and

they had combined with it much that was to be learned from their Roman conquerors and from the various German and Scandinavian peoples who had at one time or another descended upon them. They liked to work in iron, because it appealed to their love of something strong and difficult to subdue. For iron is a stubborn metal, and must be hammered to the artist's will with fierce heat and anvil and forge.

In the earlier part of the Middle Ages, when life was still stern and half-barbaric in its violence, ironworkers, whether in England or on the Continent, were busy trying to make things strong and secure. They made strong bolts and bars, stout iron bands and broad-headed nails to strengthen wooden doors and coffers, and enormous hinges to swing the great weight of thick outer doors. It was the work of skillful blacksmiths, bent on using the strength of iron.

As life became a little more secure, the smiths could unbend a little

and think more about decorating their work, while still keeping it strong. They put scrolls and figures on hinges and locks. They made fine cranes for hanging cooking pots over the open fire, giving their fancy full sway in the design. Monasteries were wealthy and took a great deal of this finer work, for they had treasure coffers to be bound and locked with iron, and treasure rooms to be protected by iron grilles.

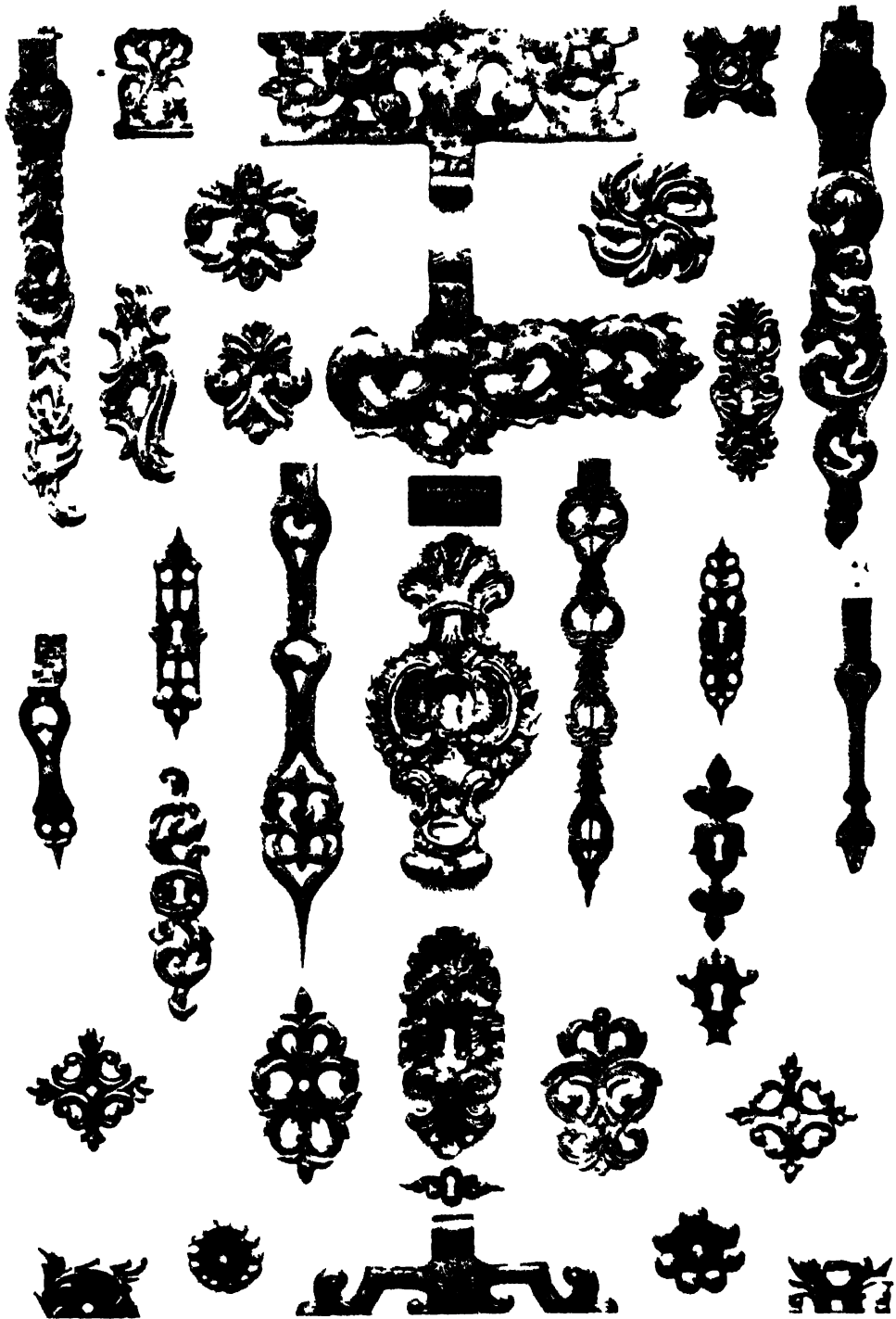
But the great cathedrals gave the ironworkers their most tempting chance. For the cathedrals too had their treasure which must be protected, and that treasure was



Photo by Swiss Federal Icy

Altdorf, in Switzerland, is full of quaint and curious relics of the past. Hanging from the house in the picture above is a handsome shield of wrought iron made in the Renaissance. You may have heard of this picturesque town before, for people say that it was in the market place at Altdorf that William Tell shot the apple from his son's head.

ART IN IRON



Pl. 15. Metal Work. No. 1. Art

Toward the end of the Renaissance art became extremely elaborate and often even ugly. Architects, painters, and metal workers turned to the styles we call baroque and rococo. You will hear more of these

styles when you read our chapters on art and architecture. The iron ornaments above belong to this period, as you can tell from their many twists and turns and their elaborate and sometimes meaningless designs.

ART IN IRON

usually displayed in full sight of the people instead of being tucked away in coffers and chests. This meant that the high altar with its precious metals and more precious stones, and the chapels with their sumptuous furnishings, must be somehow screened off from any too earnest worshiper whose greed might get the better of his faith—and must at the same time be left open in all their splendor for true worshipers to see. So the clever smiths made magnificent wrought-iron grilles—openwork screens like indoor fences. These they wrought with loving skill and strenuous labor, so that the protected treasure was even more beautiful than it would have been without its protective screen. They built these fine grilles, too, around the tombs of the mighty dead who were buried in the churches. The grilles grew more and more elaborate as time went on—trailing vines with flowers and fruit were wrought in solid iron, and the whole was decorated with bronze and gilt trimmings and with coats of arms worked out in brass and enamel.

When Iron Began to Blossom

By this time the Middle Ages were at an end and the time of great artistic activity called the Renaissance (rĕn'ĕ-săNs'), or Re-birth, was in full swing. Times were so much more peaceful than they had been that the ironworkers felt free to pay still more attention to decoration and less to strength. They no longer beat out all their decorations on the forge, but learned to be armorers and joiners and metal carvers as well as smiths. They worked on the iron when it was cold, using shears and saw, chisel and file, punch, pincers, and hammer. They made the decorative parts of their work out of sheet iron so thin that it could be trimmed with their shears to any shape, or cupped and twisted with pincers and hammer into iron lilies or rose petals or elaborate rosettes. The lamps and gates, the screens and grilles and decorated hinges made in the great days of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries have never been surpassed. The art flourished all over Europe, but the best work was in France.

Since those days there has been one other great period in ironwork, and that too found

its center in France. It was during the eighteenth century, and the work it produced was very fine, though not any better than earlier work in Europe.

Art in Iron To-day

Like so many other handicrafts, ironwork has seen a revival in our own day, beginning along about 1880. Some of the new artists in iron believe in using modern machinery to do the rougher parts of their work for them, and some think it should all be done by hand as of old, so that each craftsman may put something of himself into whatever he makes. However it is done, if we keep our eyes open—as most of us usually do not!—we may see about us still some very fine work in iron. Perhaps it is a great wrought-iron gate that protects some beautiful church when it is closed. Perhaps it is the strong and graceful iron grille in our bank. Perhaps it is only an iron lamp or a set of sturdy andirons and implements for managing an open fireplace. Or it may be a railing or a balustrade, or the locks and hinges on some handsome door. It will be worth while to look for these things, for they can be very dignified and strongly beautiful.

But of course it is not in art that we use most of our iron. And indeed, in these days it is usually not iron at all that we use—it is steel. For marvelous as it may be to think of it, people now living have actually seen the Iron Age in the process of changing into the Age of Steel.

The Beauty of Steel

Now everything from railway rails to pocket knives is made of steel. We ride to work in steel cars over steel rails or along highways that leap valleys and rivers on stupendous steel bridges. We may sit at steel desks on steel chairs in a steel skyscraper to do our business, or labor with steel tools or at huge whirling steel machines. We have come to like the clean lines and shining surfaces of things made out of steel, and have learned to make the best steel skyscrapers and cars and bridges beautiful in their own way, which is the way of simple dignity and graceful strength.

HISTORY of the CRAFTS

Reading Unit

No. 2

WHEN TIN AND COPPER MELT TOGETHER

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

Interesting Facts Explained

How men have made bronze for 5,000 years, 12 12
How the Age of Bronze spread over the whole of Europe, 12 14
When nearly everything was made of bronze, 12 16
How the Greek bronze workers were brought to Rome, 12 16
How bronze statues are made

hollow, 12-18
How the Age of Bronze faded into the Age of Iron, 12 20
Who were the great bronze workers of the Renaissance? 12-22
How bronze is made and used in art to-day, 12-24
How corroded bronze is restored, 12-24

Things to Think About

What effect had the use of bronze upon civilization?
What are the general qualities of bronze?

Why did iron slowly replace bronze for most uses?
What were the different methods of working the metal?

Picture Hunt

With what other metals was bronze decorated? 12 13
What sort of household utensils were often made of bronze? 12 17

What sort of troubles did Cellini have with his bronze statue of Perseus? 12-20
Why are Ghiberti's baptistery doors beautiful? 12-23

Related Material

How the Romans came to be the first art collectors, 11 61
When Charlemagne ruled Europe, 12 368
Story of the Renaissance in Florence, 13 60
Decline and fall of the Roman

empire, 5 245, 254
Leonardo da Vinci worked on a grand scale in bronze, 11-149
Pisano, a sculptor who found a new spirit, 11-108
Many Americans have worked in bronze, 11-376

Practical Applications

The casting of bronze statues and tablets for our parks and public buildings is now done much as it has been done for a thousand years. Objects made in

bronze give men a feeling of security because the metal endures well in all climates - and man has a deep desire to have his monuments endure.

Leisure-time Activities

Examine the bronze plaques and statues in your city and try to

see why, in each case, the artist chose to work in bronze.

ART IN BRONZE



This masterpiece of bronze is the work of Verrocchio, a famous Italian artist of the fifteenth century. The bold rider is Bartolommeo Colleoni, the best of the soldiers of fortune who fought, now on one side, now on another, in the glamorous, troublous Italy of that day.

Photo by Altman

WHEN TIN *and* COPPER MELT TOGETHER

Then We Get Bronze, Long the Best Metal for the Worker and the Warrior and Still One of the Best for the Artist and the Craftsman

STEEL is the great metal of our day. We make the skeletons of skyscrapers out of it, and most of our numberless machines, and sometimes even our railway coaches and even our furniture. But the Age of Steel is barely as old as the United States, which is only an infant in history. For thousands of years before men knew how to make steel, they used iron for nearly all their tools and for many of their utensils. And before the Age of Iron was the Age of Bronze. Before men found out how to use bronze for tools and weapons, they did not know how to use any metal at all, but only the sharp edges of stones. Learning to use even stone tools was a mighty step forward, but the use of metal was a second stride as

long as the first. So one of the great landmarks in man's history was the discovery of the way to make bronze.

Bronze is not a pure metal, but an alloy (ă-loi') that is, a mixture of metals. It is mostly copper, but must have some tin in it; and sometimes it has other metals, too, such as a little zinc. There may be anywhere from three to sixteen per cent of tin in bronze, the hardness of the bronze varying with the amount of tin. Ten per cent is usually the best proportion.

Men have known for some five thousand years that adding tin to copper makes a better metal for weapons and tools. Copper itself was the first metal used in this way, for it is sometimes found in a pure state; that is,

ART IN BRONZE

it does not have to be smelted out of ore a thing that took men a long time to learn. Now "native," or unsmelted, copper often contains a little tin, such copper is yellow instead of tawny red. Clever men noticed that the yellow copper was stronger and better for making tools and weapons, and somehow discovered what made it so. The next step was to put the tin in, if it was not there already, and the Bronze Age had begun.

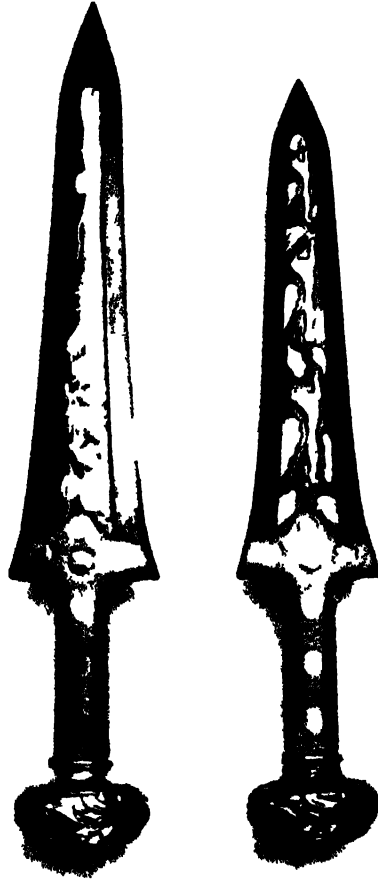
All this was long before people began to write things down in histories. In those dim times, so hard for us to imagine, the knowledge of bronze seems to have come out of the East, from the Sumerians (sū-mēr-i-ān) who dwelt in the lower Tigris-Euphrates Valley. The Egyptians seem to have known about it not long after 4000 B.C., as did also the people who lived in the island of Crete. The Cretans passed it on to the rest of Europe.

This strange and ancient civilization in Crete has disappeared so completely that it is hard for us to remember it was ever there. Yet its cities rose and its kings grew rich from about 3400 B.C. till about 1100 B.C. something like twenty-three centuries, as long as the time from our day back to the days of Alexander the Great. They were a race of seafaring merchants. They lived in fine homes and noble palaces adorned with paintings and sculpture and furnished with rich decorations. They made ornaments of

gold and silver, and now and then a statuette of bronze. But living in the Bronze Age as they did, they thought of bronze as first of all a useful metal.

Trinkets of bronze were fit only to barter to the barbarians they traded with to the north. But bronze weapons were the Cretan's defense against his enemies, and with bronze tools he fashioned his ship-shaped stones for his palaces, carved his statues and vases out of semiprecious stones, and cut storehouses, treasuries, and tombs in the living rock.

At Cnossos (nōs'ūs) and other places in Crete where the inhabitants had cities, we have dug up a wealth of things which those vanished craftsmen made out of bronze. So though all this happened before history began to be written, we know that they could not only hammer bronze into the shapes they wanted, but could also cast it in moulds. Most marvelous of all, they could temper, or harden, it, as we do steel. That art has been lost, and no modern scientist or engineer has ever been able to find out how it was done. But the Cretans made bronze daggers and bronze



The beautiful daggers from Mycenae, two of which you see above, were made of bronze inlaid with gold of different colors, some red and some as white as silver. Lively hunting scenes and graceful plants gleam on the sturdy blades. On some are rows of animals that gallop after one another at headlong speed. This galloping pose, which shows the animal flying through the air with feet off the ground, is often seen in the art of Crete and Mycenae; it was the way in which the artist showed you that the beasts were in motion.

swords with yard-long blades, which must have been tempered. These weapons are often decorated with metal inlay, and adorned with silver rivets and with delicate spiral work, or with pictures of war and the chase. The Egyptians, too, must have been able to temper bronze to make it hard, for

ART IN BRONZE

during their Bronze Age they were able to carve in several kinds of stone that turn the edge of the steel tools we have to-day.

The Cretans, as we have said, were merchants and seafarers. They had a lively trade in the Aegean Sea, along the shores of Greece and Asia Minor, and on the Aegean islands. Of course they brought to these peoples their knowledge of bronze, if only by the barter of bronze trinkets. As time went on, other civilizations sprang up in these lands, and carried on the making of all kinds of things in bronze. You have heard how city after city rose and fell on the site of ancient Troy. In these old cities, before the time of Homer's tale, the craft of working in bronze grew up; Homer's Troy was a bronze-making center too. And Homer's Greeks themselves were workers in bronze.

The Quest for Tin

Now all these peoples, whether from Crete or Greece or the other Aegean lands, were great traders and colonists. And all made their tools and weapons out of bronze. But to make bronze, you have to have copper and tin. There was plenty of copper in the rich mines of Cyprus (si'prūs); but tin was so rare in those regions that it seemed as precious as silver or gold. So little by little the bold traders ventured out across the uncharted waters and into the unknown lands of Northern and Western Europe, in search of tin.

Seeking for tin, they sailed the full length of the Mediterranean in their tiny boats, and opened mines in Spain and Portugal. Still seeking for tin, they adventured northward to distant Britain and the Scandinavian

lands. They pressed north into Russia from the Black Sea. They made their way up the Danube, to barter for the tin of Bohemia. Wherever they went they traded their bronze wares to the natives, and so, little by little, the knowledge of bronze passed to the savage tribes of Central and Northern Europe. The

native peoples began to throw away their clumsy stone implements and make better ones of bronze. And when we dig up their old swords and axes now, we see that the earliest bronze work of the northern peoples was much finer than the earliest bronze work of the older peoples; for they learned all at once from their teachers what it had taken the older peoples thousands of years

to work out painfully for themselves.

Thus, between about 2300 B.C. and about 1800 B.C., the Age of Bronze spread slowly over all of Europe. But it lasted much longer in the more remote places, where trade and civilization were slow to trickle in. It lingered longest of all, perhaps, in far-away Scandinavia and in the deep forests of Northern Germany. There iron, which was going to succeed bronze on the throne, may have been almost unknown as late as the fifth century B.C., during the most glorious days of the civilization of the Greeks.

Yet though the splendor of civilization in those days was in the south, the northern peoples, in their Age of Bronze, were not such barbarians as some people think. They planted crops, and kept horses and sheep and cattle. They wove cloth and made pottery. They buried their dead with great care, surrounding them with fine ornaments, weapons, and utensils, as though fitting them out for a life beyond the grave. This last practice is

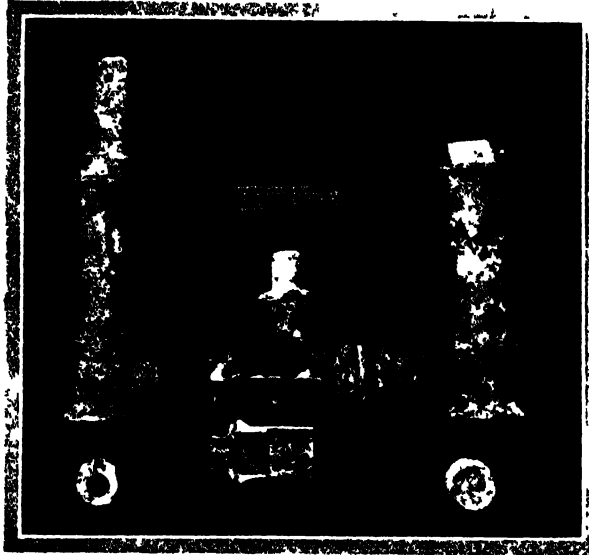


Photo by British Museum

Modern plumbing fixtures? No, indeed! This is a bronze force pump which was made by the clever Romans over 1,900 years ago.

ART IN BRONZE



Photos by Metropolitan Museum of Art

All of these fascinating bronzes were made before the birth of Christ. No. 1 is a Greek lamp and lamp stand. Nos. 2, 4, and 7 are Chinese vessels made in about 800 B.C., at the time of the ancient Chou dynasty, which ruled China for nearly a thousand years. No. 3 is an Etruscan mirror made in about 300 B.C., at a time when the craftsmen of Etruria were influenced by the Greeks. No. 5 is a Greek water jar

which was won as a prize in 475 B.C. by an athlete who took part in the games given in honor of Hera. No. 6 is an ancient Chinese wine cup of about 1000 B.C. The bronzes of this period were decorated with strange geometric designs representing thunder clouds, dragons, demons, and mythological animals. No. 8 is a Greek caldrion; No. 9, an Etruscan vase found in a tomb; No. 10, a lamp from Egypt.

ART IN BRONZE

a lucky one for us, since it is from these burial mounds that we are able to discover just what use the people made of bronze.

By about 1000 B.C. Bohemia, a land rich in minerals, was the center of a great bronze-working region. Soon bronze was being used in Hungary and all through Germany. The art of bronze working passed down the Rhine and crossed to Britain, where it took firm hold and flourished. It went north to Denmark and on into Scandinavia. There it was brought to such perfection as no other barbarian people ever saw.

The work the Scandinavians did in bronze was, indeed, so fine that the time of its flourishing—for a thousand years or so after about 1400 B.C.—is called the Northern Bronze Age. These people used bronze for everything one can imagine. All their war gear was of bronze—shields and battle axes, chain mail, swords, daggers, spears. The bits and bridles of their horses were of bronze, and the harnesses were decorated with it. Their toilet articles were made of bronze—razors, tweezers, toothpicks, even implements for picking the ears. Rings and bracelets, arm bands, chains, pendants, crowns for their kings, all were of bronze. They decorated the bronze articles with gold and silver. If they could not make a thing out of bronze, they would decorate it with bronze. They pounded ornamental bronze

helmet. They moulded it and hammered it, inlaid it and engraved it. The designs included embossed knobs or bosses, punched

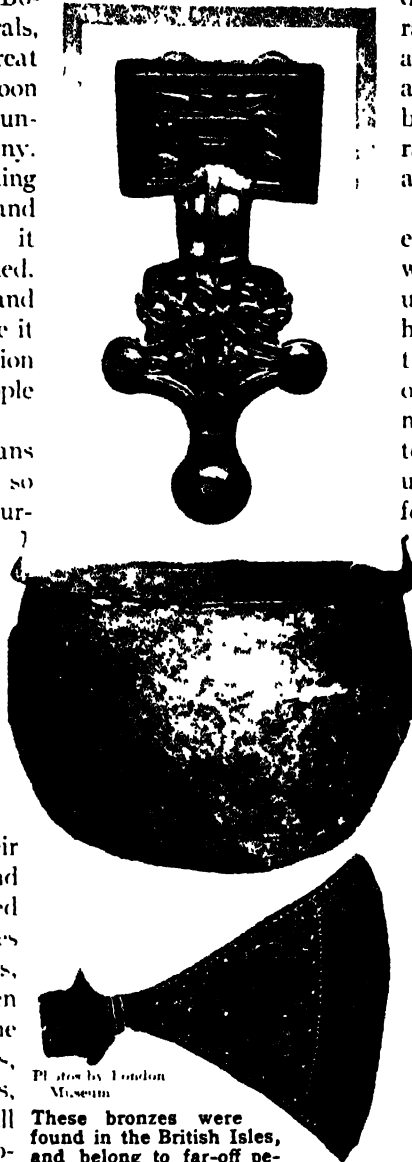
dots, and engraved lines arranged in triangles and circles and in the form of the swastika, a cross which has its four arms bent at right angles. The spirals are fascinatingly varied and interlaced.

Long after iron was discovered and the Age of Bronze was past, men continued to use bronze for war gear, for household utensils, and for things intended first of all for ornament. The Greeks in their most glorious period were masters of bronze work. They used the fine metal especially for making statues and statu-

ettes to adorn their temples and the public places of their cities. Some of these statues were of gigantic size. Of the small ones, the statuettes, there were countless numbers. Later on, when Greece was overrun by enemies, these statues would be carried off for their beauty by the invaders, or melted up for the metal that was in them. In the first century A.D., the Roman emperor Vespasian had his soldiers carry away more than three thousand statues from the city of Delphi alone—and ten years before, the emperor Nero had taken five hundred from the same place. They were set up in the streets and parks of Rome.

During the days of the glory of Rome, thousands of Greek bronze workers carried

on their trade in Italy. They made household utensils and statuettes of emperors and empresses, of famous generals and actors and athletes, and of the gods and goddesses and



Plates by London Museum

These bronzes were found in the British Isles, and belong to far-off periods in English history. Just above is a viking axe head, wielded by one of the fearsome northerners who invaded English shores. In the center is a vessel used by the vikings for cooking. At the top is a brooch, the cherished possession of some early Saxon.

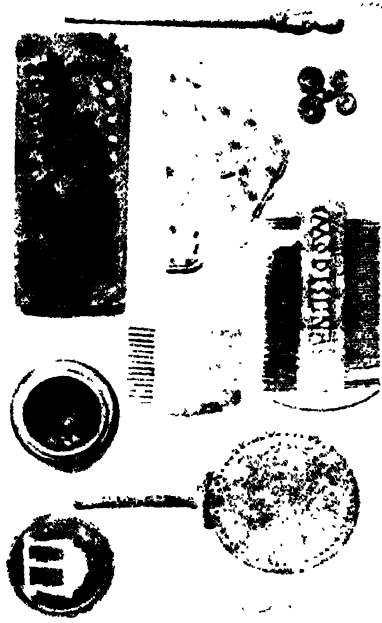
nails into all sorts of wooden articles, from buckets to sword sheaths. They shaped bronze into figures of men and beasts for decorating anything from a hairpin to a

ART IN BRONZE



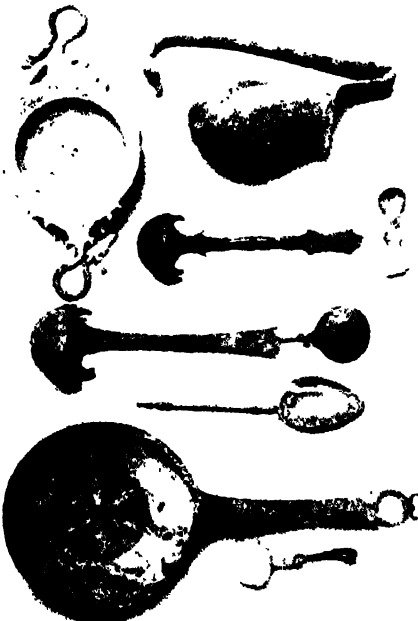
1

These bronze objects were to be left at a shrine as offerings to the gods—either to thank them for past blessings or in hope of future ones. When people were sick, they offered a model of the part affected—like the leg and foot above—hoping that the god would make it well again.



2

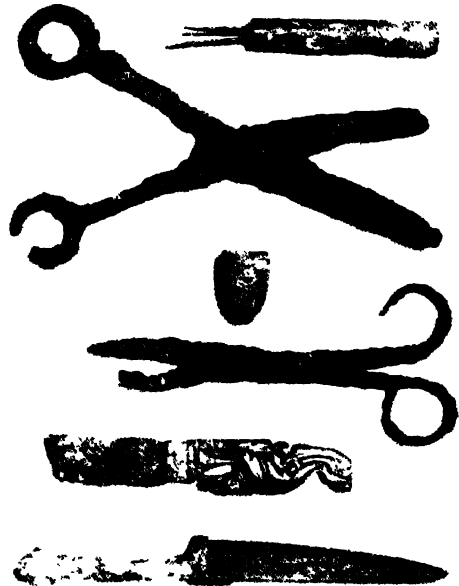
The above toilet articles inlaid with bronze belonged to a lady of imperial Rome—all but the rouge pot with its pretty cover; that was owned by a Greek lady of the fifth century B.C. The other objects are a brush, combs—among them a folding comb—a mirror, a hook and eye, and carved bone pins.



3

Photos by British Museum

A tea strainer is a very modern thing indeed, yet above you see an ancient strainer that looks like a tea strainer—only it was made of bronze. The other bronze kitchen utensils are ladles—one with a hinged handle—spoons, and strainers.



4

No one could mistake these scissors and knives for anything else. At the top is a case of bronze needles, and in the center is—can you guess what?—a bronze thimble! All these objects are Roman except the smaller scissors, which are Greek.

ART IN BRONZE

heroes of mythology. More than twenty thousand such pieces have already been discovered in the ruins of Herculaneum (hŭr'-kŭ-lā'nē-ŭm), a rather small Roman town buried by an eruption of Vesuvius in 79 A.D. From this you may make your own guess as to how many there must have been in the great and fashionable city of Rome!

The Mysterious Etruscans

Among the people of Italy it was not the Romans who excelled in bronze work, but the Etruscans (ĕ-trŭs'kăn). The Etruscans

were a rather mysterious race who lived just north of the Tiber.

They were early conquered by the warlike Romans, but for centuries they kept on supplying the people of Italy with all sorts of metal work, not the least of it in bronze. So many and so skillful were the Etruscan craftsmen that when the Roman general, Publius Scipio (pŭb'li-ŭs sĭp'i-ŏ), was once preparing an expedition against Carthage, Etruscan bronze workers in a single little town made him fifty thousand javelins and thirty thousand shields in fifteen days. They had no modern machinery to do it with, either.

The Etruscans also did bronze work less grim than war gear. They were famous for their mirrors, which were not of glass at all, but were plates of bronze, so highly polished that they served almost as well as glass. Not content with decorating the handles and backs of these elegant mirrors, they traced designs on the face of them also, though so delicately that the image was not distorted. Imagine looking at yourself through a graceful picture, possibly of lovers wandering in a garden!

The Etruscans could cast statues in bronze, too. The famous bronze wolf in the Capitol at Rome is Etruscan handiwork. This celebrates the legendary wolf which is a sort of patroness of Rome because she took care of Romulus (rŏm'ŭ-lŭs) and Remus (rĕ'mŭs) when they were babies. Some sixteenth century sculptor has added figures of the children squatting under the great wolf figure cast by the Etruscan artist.

Like most bronze statues and much other work in bronze, these figures are all hollow. The way to cast or mould bronze into hollow shells was known to the Greeks, and other early workers seem

to have understood it too. The same method is widely used to-day. It is now called by its French name, "cire perdue" (sĕr pĕr'-dŭ'), which means "lost wax."

This name describes the process perfectly. First of all the sculptor moulds a clay image more or less

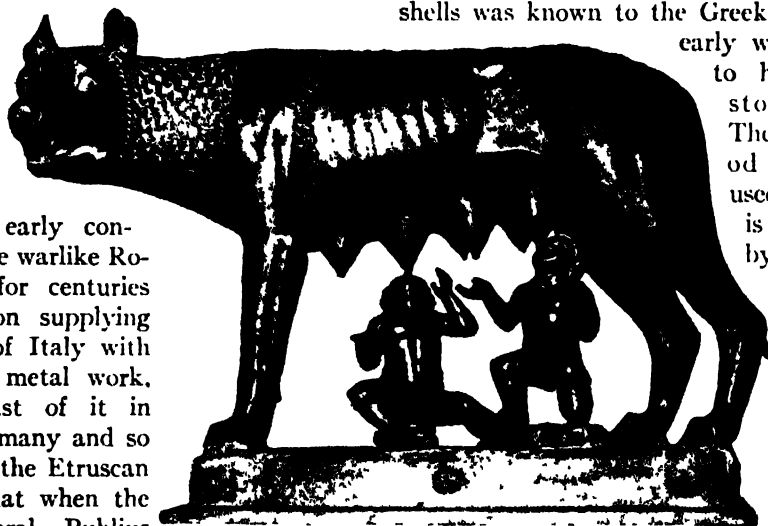


Photo by Chausfourier Rome

This handsome creature of bronze is the famous wolf of the Roman Capitol. It was made by the Etruscans at the time when they were so eager to copy Greek art. The artist was not interested in making the animal really true to life; so he played with the creature's mane and turned it into a pattern. You can see this same patterned effect in the muscles, which are not like those of a real wolf. The wolf's nurslings, Romulus and Remus, were added some two thousand years later.

like the statue he wants to make. Then he coats this "core" with wax, and models the wax, with all the skill he has, to look exactly as he wants the statue to look when finished. Then he daubs clay on it again until the whole figure seems to be only a shapeless block of earth. Through the top of the outer clay covering the bronze caster pierces a hole to pour the molten metal through. He also pierces a few holes through the clay covering at the bottom to let the melted wax escape. Then he pours molten bronze into the mould. It melts the wax, which streams out at the bottom while the metal takes its place, filling every tiniest

ART IN BRONZE



Photos by Alinari

These Etruscan bronzes belong to the early period in Etruscan art. No. 1 is a candlestick. No. 2 is a handle, cleverly decorated with rams' heads. A hole was left for the rivet which joined the handle to the main body of a vase. No. 3 is a caldron fastened to a complicated stand. The strange monsters that rear their fantastic heads from the caldron's sides are near relatives of animals from Western Asia; and when

you read of the art of the Far East you will find that the early Chinese, too, put heads and craning necks on their bronzes. No. 4 is another handle. Remember the pointed caps these riders are wearing, for you will see them again in Etruscan tomb paintings and on Hittite reliefs. Nos. 5, 6, and 7 were made of baked clay, but their sharp outlines and traceries imitate vases made of metal. The Etruscans were very canny!

crease and crevice once filled by the wax that has been "lost," and thus reproducing exactly the artist's design. When the bronze has had time to cool and grow firm, the outer crust is carefully taken off and the clay core is punched out, as far as possible, through little openings cut in the metal shell for that purpose. These openings are then soldered over or patched, the finished figure is smoothed with files and chisels—and there the statue stands, complete.

Now, as we have hinted, iron had by this time long been known. And during the Middle Ages, from about the fourth to the thirteenth century, the use of iron was fast spreading among the peoples of Europe, so that the Age of Bronze, after centuries of overlapping with the Age of Iron, was fading into the Age of Iron at last. Weapons, tools, and other useful implements were more and more being made of iron. Yet this was far from meaning that bronze was no longer used at all. Even weapons were still sometimes made of bronze, and as late as the sixteenth century cannon were cast of this long-lasting metal; these cannon were often very beauti-



Photo by Alinari

This beautiful bronze statue was made by Benvenuto Cellini, the master goldsmith. It represents Perseus just after the slaying of the Medusa, and is the great artist's most famous work. He had a bad time casting it. First he set his workshop on fire, and though a lucky rain put the flames out, the exertion and excitement made him so ill that he had to take to his bed. There word was brought him that the bronze was caking, and not flowing into the mould. So he got up and threw into the mixture over fifty pounds of pewter and two hundred pewter plates and dishes. Then the bronze began to flow, and when, two days later, the mould was broken away, the figure was found to be almost perfectly cast.

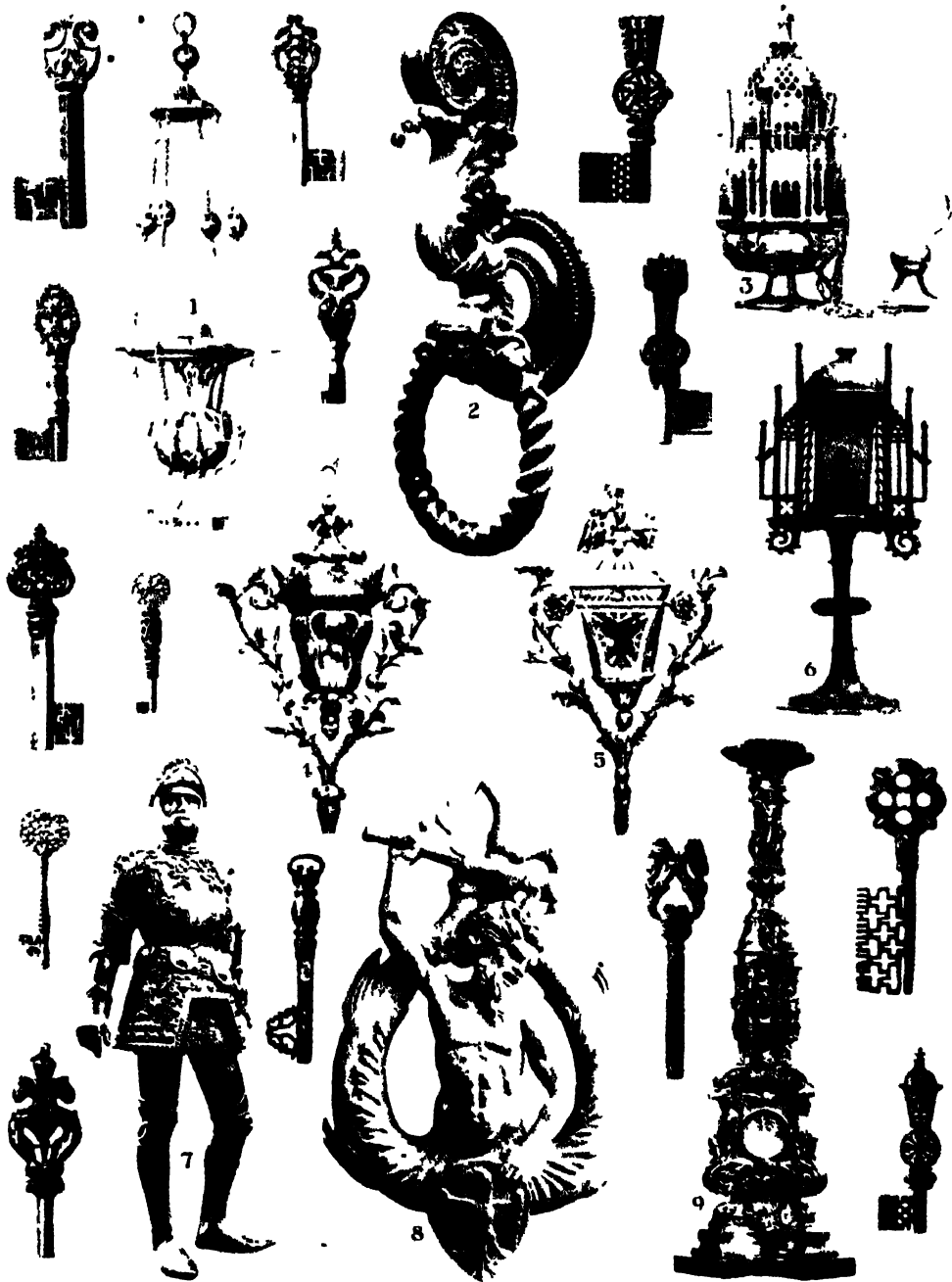
fully decorated, just as armor and swords had always been.

But the chief use of bronze during this time was for ornament. In the great castles of the barons and in the palaces of the kings there would be bronze screens and lamps and other decorative furnishings. Especially in the cathedrals, churches, and chapels there would be a good deal of bronze. The tall branched candlesticks at the altar or before the shrines of the saints, the candelabra (kăn'dê-lă'bră) holding the dim light above the kneeling audience, the crucifix held high by the priest, and the swinging censer full of burning incense—these would be of bronze. The font at which the believer received baptism would be of beautifully decorated bronze, as were the great bells which rang to call him to worship. There might be bronze statuettes of the saints on the altar; the altar itself might be made of bronze. Very often the high altar was separated from the rest of the church by an elaborate and beautiful grille (grīl), like an openwork fence, of bronze.

Many cities became famous for the making of these splendors. Dinant (dē'nōN'), a town in Flanders, grew



ART IN BRONZE



Photos by Alinari

In the old days when almost every painter or sculptor had his early training as a metal worker, the great artists of the time often put as much thought and care into the making of a decorative bronze object as they would have used in making a great statue. And what beautiful things they turned out! No. 1 is a fifteenth century Venetian lamp; No. 2, a door knocker from Siena; No. 3, a Florentine incense burner of the

seventeenth century; Nos. 4 and 5, church ornaments of the eighteenth century; No. 6, a fourteenth century reliquary; No. 7, Peter Vischer's "King Arthur"; No. 8, a door knocker at Genoa, made, perhaps, by Cellini; No. 9, a candlestick made by Cellini. All these keys, of such amazingly intricate and delicate design, were made by Florentine and French artists of the seventeenth century.

ART IN BRONZE

to be so well known for its bronze work that small bronze objects, wherever they were made, came to be called after it, "dinanderie" (dē'nōN'd'-rē').

When the Renaissance (rēn'ē sōNs'), or intellectual "re-birth," came, in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, bringing a great wave of interest in ancient arts and learning, men began again to do more ambitious work in the casting of bronze. Especially in Italy, which was the source and center of the Renaissance, glorious work was done. In Florence, Lorenzo Ghiberti (gē-bēr'tē) made a pair of doors for the baptistery which the great Michelangelo (mī'-kēl-ān'jē-lō), himself a master artist, knew intimately from childhood. Often he gazed on them as in a dream. "They are so beautiful," he said, "that they might fittingly stand at the gates of Paradise." Verrocchio (vēr-rōk'kyō) cast a huge bronze statue of Colleoni (kōl'lā-ō'nē), which shows that princely warrior of Venice astride his charger as though riding into battle. Cellini (chēl-lē'nē), the world's master goldsmith, cast, also, some mighty works in bronze. Antonio Pisano (pē-sā'nō) specialized in medals, coins, and tablets, and

made an art of his expert craftsmanship.

All these great men lived in Italy. But in other parts of Europe things were happening too. In Nuremberg, "the Florence of the North," for instance, lived Peter Vischer (fīsh'ēr), one of the greatest bronze workers of all time. His most magnificent work was the tomb of Saint Sebaldus (sē-bal'dūs) for the church of that saint in his own city. He is remembered best, however, for a statue of a knight in gorgeous armor, which stands in the cathedral at Innsbruck, Austria. The knight is supposed to be King Arthur.

Although those were the greatest days of the artist in bronze, the metal has never ceased to be used for statues and decorations. Practically all the great sculptors have at one time or another worked in bronze. In the seventeenth century the leadership in bronze work passed to France, where it stayed for two centuries or so. From Louis XIV down to Napoleon, the rulers of France

encouraged fine work in bronze. They and their princes and favorites built many grand palaces, and employed the best artists and craftsmen to furnish them. Many of the most elegant furnishings were of bronze.

For a long while the work of these men

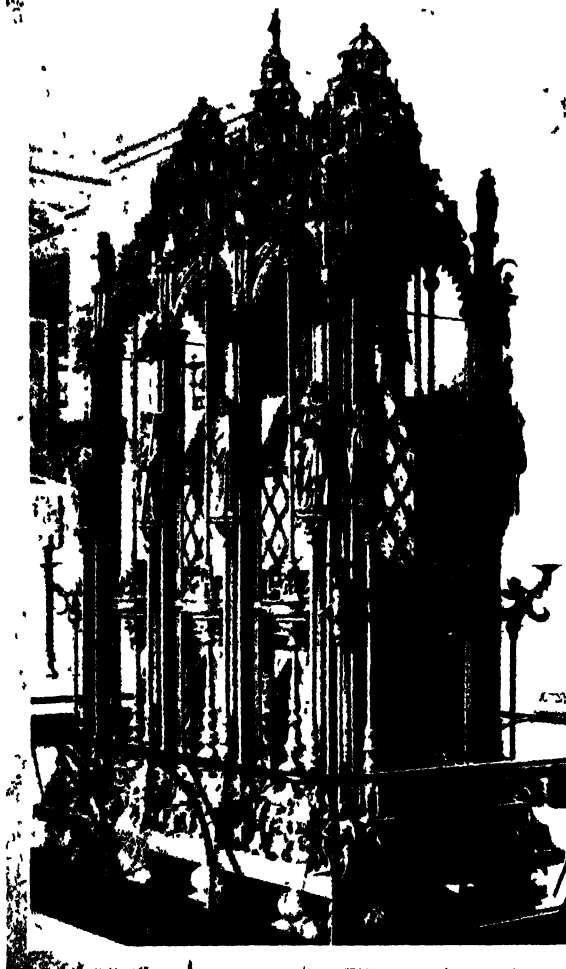


Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

This model of the shrine of Saint Sebaldus is in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where all visitors to New York may see it. The original, made in bronze by Peter Vischer (1455-1529), is in Nuremberg, where the artist lived. It is one of the great works of art in bronze. If you ever see it you must look for the portrait of himself which the artist has introduced among its many figures. He shows himself as a thick-set, bearded man carrying his tools and wearing a leather apron.

ART IN BRONZE



Photo by Alinari

If you go to Florence you must not miss seeing what are probably the most beautiful doors in all the world,

Ghiberti's bronze gates to the baptistery. Above is his second and most famous pair.

ART IN BRONZE

was the model for the world. Styles have changed now, and it is not so much copied; but we admire it still. Besides casting and chiseling fine clocks and candelabra in bronze, they sometimes made such things in tin or lead or pewter, and then overlaid them with gilt to make them look like bronze. Or they combined bronze with many-colored marbles in handsome mantels, or fitted exquisite porcelain vases with bronze handles and bronze vases.

Many of our best modern sculptors have used and are using bronze very extensively. The work of Rodin is an example. Probably no other material equals bronze for sculpture that is to be placed in the open air. Carl Milles in Sweden and America, Bourdelle, Maillol and Charles Despiau in France and Paul Manship in America, are among the great masters of modern sculpture who often have their work cast in bronze. One of the best of our older American sculptors, Augustus St. Gaudens, used it extensively.

The Modern Bronze

A new use has been found for the metal in making parts of machinery. The modern chemist has discovered that a metal which is practically bronze can be made by mixing copper with other metals besides tin, and that these new bronzelike metals can be so made that they are nearly as strong as steel. They may be made soft or hard at will, and sometimes they have a richness and a color which surpass anything the early masters of bronze work ever dreamed.

Yet perhaps the most beautiful coloring that bronze ever takes on is the exquisite green or greenish-blue which you will see on

antique bronzes which had lain long-buried in the earth before we found them. This lovely color, called the patina (păt'ĭ-nă), can be copied almost perfectly by artificial means—a fact which explains why it is so easy for dishonest people to "fake" antiques, making a new statuette which will look thousands of years old to any but the most expert eye.

How We Restore Old Bronze

On the other hand, when a piece of bronze lies too long buried, especially if there is much moisture in the soil, its surface will sometimes corrode (kō-rōd'). Then a thick crust will form over the original image, blurring or even destroying its outlines. Until a few years ago no one knew what to do about this crust. The best that could be done to "restore" the bronze was to chisel the crust off, or bathe it in strong acids, which injured the sound bronze within. But recently a much better process has been worked out at the Metropolitan Museum in New York. Here will be, let us say, a statuette of some Egyptian goddess, so crusted and corroded that it looks lumpish and rough. It is treated, perhaps for months at a time, to an electric bath, and behold, it comes out all smooth and fresh, every line and curve as perfect as it must have been when it was made so long ago. The treatment by "electrolysis" (ē-lĕk-trōl'ĭ-sĭs) has turned the materials in the crust back to metal. In this way we have saved many of the most beautiful of the antique bronzes. It is hardly strange that many of our modern artists should try to copy their fine color and exquisite forms.



HISTORY of the CRAFTS

Reading Unit

No. 3

THE WONDERS WE MAKE FROM SAND

Note For basic information not found on this page consult the general Index, Vol. 15

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index

Interesting Facts Explained

How the Egyptians used glass 4 000 years ago 12 27

When the Romans set their tables with fancy glassware 12 27

How the famous Portland vase was made 12 29

Why the glassmaker's tools have not changed in centuries 12 31

How the Venetians became the

makers of the world's most beautiful glass and were locked up for it 12 32

When other countries learned to make their own glassware 12 34

How glassmaking came to the American colonies 12 36

Beautiful glass to drive a luxury within the reach of all 12 38

Picture Hunt

How did the Egyptians produce the zigzag lines on their glass vases? 12 6

Why is the Portland vase said to be the most beautiful thing

ever fashioned in glass? 12 9

What is the main characteristic of Venetian glass? 12 32

Related Material

The Egyptians and their fine sculpture 11 10

How Mosques are made 12 109

Why we study the Greek vases 11 39

How the Medici family ruled 6 501

Venice an artist's paradise 11

172

The Dutch painters and their love of home life 11 261

The robust English life under Queen Elizabeth 6 57

Why America was slow in developing an art of her own 11

554

Practical Applications

Everything that has ever been learned about glass is useful today to make a product

which for cheapness and beauty is unsurpassed

Habits and Attitudes

Everyone loves glass. Its smoothness, sparkle, beauty of line and usefulness make it a

pleasure to have and to use. It has a charm all its own.

Leisure-time Activities

Go to any large department store or to any other store which sells fine glass and make comparisons between the old and the new designs. Find pic

tures of modern glass in advertisements and see wherein it differs from old glass in design.

THE ART OF MAKING GLASS



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

These are some of the early vases of glass that have been found in Egypt. They are all small in size, and are decorated with zigzag lines. Probably these

zigzags were put on right after the vase was blown. They were threads of glass coiled about the vase and then pulled into zigzags with a hook.

The WONDERS WE MAKE from SAND

Mirrors, Vases, Goblets, Windows, Jewels, and Hundreds of Other Things Grew Cheap for Us When We Found Out How to Change Sand into Glass

ONE day many centuries ago—so runs the story—some Phoenician (fē-nīsh'-ān) traders moored their ship one night near the mouth of the Belus River, in Syria. They were hungry, and went ashore to cook their supper. But they could find no rocks on which their kettles could rest. What to do? Finally they fetched some chunks of saltpeter from their cargo.

The fire had not been burning long when they noticed a strange sight. Some “unknown transparent liquor” was trickling from the coals and flowing across the sand. And when it cooled, it hardened and became brittle, but remained transparent.

They had discovered glass.

What had happened was this—in the intense heat of the campfire, the sand of the seashore had melted and fused with the melted saltpeter, or potash, and had formed glass. For glass is simply sand, or some other form of the mineral we call silica (sīl'i-kā), fused with an alkali (āl'kā-lī), such as potash or soda. Sometimes there is lime

or a form of lead in it, too. From earliest times to to-day, almost the same combinations have been used. For the magical substance that is almost as clear as air and yet so hard and durable is made from one of the commonest, dullest things on the face of the earth.

As for the pleasant tale of how glass was discovered by those hungry sailors, it is only a legend, told by the Roman writer, Pliny (plīn'i) the Elder, in the first century A.D. Nobody knows, really, who made the first glass. The Phoenicians were certainly great traders in glass, and great makers of it too, but did they discover it? If so, they must have taken the art of making it to Egypt thousands of years ago, for much glass has come down to us from the ancient Egyptians. There are even pictures—painted on the walls of Egyptian tombs nearly four thousand years ago—which seem to show us workmen squatting about a pot of molten glass and swinging blowpipes just as glassblowers do to-day. It is not sure, however, that these

THE ART OF MAKING GLASS

pictured workmen are really glassblowers, for Egyptian glass of the time before Christ seems to be made by hand, without using a blowpipe at all.

But though the Phoenicians may have discovered how to blow glass, or may just possibly have been the first to make it at all, the ancient Egyptians were making beautiful things of it long before the Phoenicians began to carry these things all over Europe in their ships. The first Egyptian glass made perhaps as long ago as 4000 B.C.—was more like what we call enamel, and you may read about it in our story of enamel.

But very early we cannot be sure just when the Egyptians began to work in real glass. They made beads of many different colors, some transparent and some opaque (*ô-pâk'*) that is, some that one could see through and some through which one could not see. They made bottles and vases of colored glass, and decorated them with fine threads of glass of another color, laid on the surface in all sorts of patterns. Sometimes they even painted figures in the molten glass. They knew how to gild glass, too, and to make it flash in as many different hues as an opal. They made imitation jewels, and they inlaid furniture with glass made to look like rare woods or leather. They made glass ornaments to lay away with the mummies in the tombs, and sometimes even laid the mummy in a glass coffin.

In the Great Days of Rome

Egypt, especially the city of Alexandria, continued to be about the most important producer of glass right down to the days of the Roman empire. But in the great days

of Rome, the imperial city herself set up as a successful rival. The Roman glassworkers organized themselves into guilds, or trade associations. They were given special privileges, and lived in a special section of the city set apart for their use. Meanwhile glass factories were set up in the chief cities of the imperial provinces. Not only in Italy, but in the lands we now call Spain, Portugal, France, Belgium, Germany, and even in far-away England, the art of making fine glass was known.

In the centuries of Rome's greatest glory, the last century B.C. and the first century or two A.D., the Romans used glass in many of the ways in which we use it. To be sure, they did not know how to make it so clear and perfect that they could look through a glass window-pane, as we do, and scarcely know that the window was there. Yet they did use it for windows, cloudy as it was.

They measured time with glass—in water clocks made partly of glass and in hourglasses which trickled sand just as did those used by our own great-great-grandparents. They used a little glass ball filled with water as a magnifying

glass for fine work, such as the engraving of gems. They even seem to have known something of lenses. The emperor Nero had an eyeglass through which he watched the games in the arena, and there were lenses of some sort in the great lighthouse at Alexandria.

To-day we know how to make glass for everyday purposes better than the Romans did; but in the making of "fancy" glassware they were unexcelled. They used it much more than we do on the table, for they had no porcelain. At a Roman banquet rare fruits would be heaped high on gorgeously colored glass platters made in the most fanci-



Photos by Metropolitan Museum of Art

Were the Syrians the first to discover the secret of blowing glass? If they were, it was probably from them that the Egyptians learned the art. For these two peoples were forever fighting or trading together. There may easily have been glassblowers among the captives brought from Syria to Egypt. Above are glass vases of the eighteenth dynasty in Egypt the dynasty to which Ikhnoton and Tutankhamon belong. It ruled from 1580 to 1350 B.C.

THE ART OF MAKING GLASS

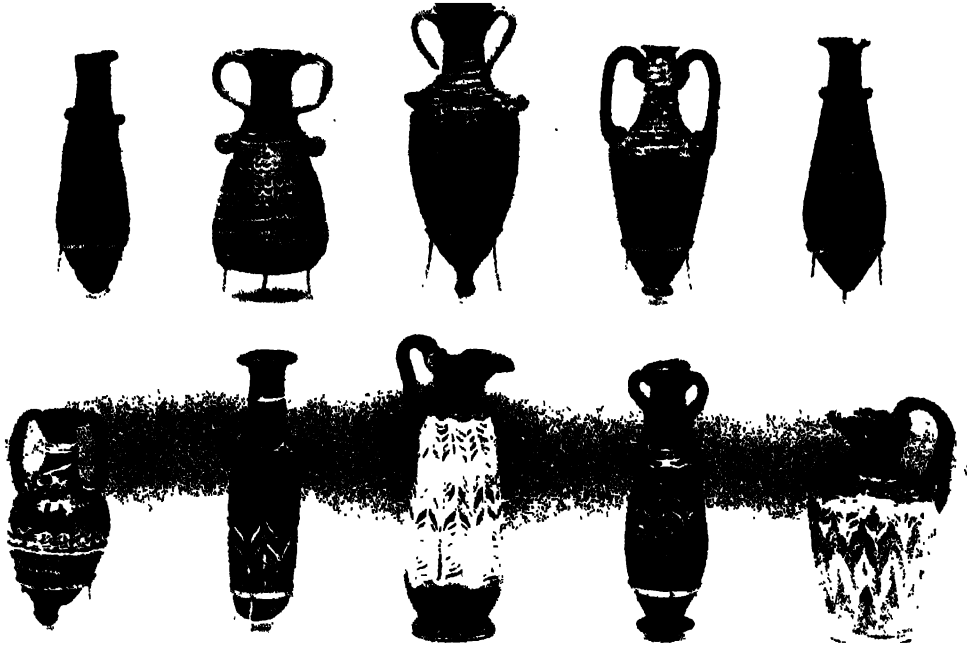


Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

These vases of glass were made by the Greeks and Romans. Except for glass pastes used in mosaics, glass never became common in Greece before the days of Alexander. Some of the lists of the treasures kept

ful shapes. There would be oil and vinegar in lovely glass cruets, and wine in etched decanters with stoppers of moulded glass. The wine had matured in huge glass storage vessels, and would now be drunk from glasses of a hundred different kinds, each with its own name and especial use.

The Roman Glass Age

A Roman lady might very well be tricked out in jewels of glass. For glass jewelry is much older than our five-and-ten-cent stores. The Roman emperors, indeed, had to pass severe laws to keep dishonest people from trying to pass off the glass jewels for real ones. And a Roman lady might wear earrings, collars, bracelets, and beads of glass, or glass pendants shaped like flowers or tiny animals. When she put on her jewels, she looked at herself in a glass hand mirror framed in carved bronze or ivory. Then, if her nose needed powdering or her cheeks more rouge, she turned for help to the array

in Greek temples seem to refer to glass vessels, but the Greeks appear not to have known how to blow glass in early times. What glass they had if they had any—must have been imported and costly.

of richly decorated glass jars and boxes and bottles on her dressing table. And when finally her toilet was completed, she slipped a tiny glass flask of perfume into a fold of her garment, and did not forget to take along the little glass balls she liked to toy with as she talked. Some of those tiny perfume bottles have come down to us to-day, and go by the poetical name of "tear bottles."

Statues Made of Glass

Or if my lady went to the temple, she might see there some magnificent glass ceremonial vessels or even an imposing glass statue. The emperor Augustus had a glass statue of himself placed in one of the temples, and to another he gave four elephants made of glass. We even hear of a theater decorated with colored glass, brought from Alexandria by the consul Marcus Scaurus. It is not quite clear just how the glass was used, but it seems likely that a roof or ceiling was somehow made of it.

THE ART OF MAKING GLASS

Of all this wealth of beautiful things made of glass, very little now remains to us. But we have plenty of stories of the skill of the glassworkers of the empire. There is the tale, for instance, of the unfortunate man who discovered how to make an unbreakable glass that could be beaten into shape with a hammer, like gold or silver or brass. Proud of his discovery, the story goes, he went before the Emperor to demonstrate his wares. The Emperor watched him bounce a glass goblet about on the floor, and then hammer out the dents he had made. Then the Emperor asked who knew the secret of the making of this marvel. With pardonable pride, the inventor assured him that he himself was the only one who knew. Thereupon the Emperor ordered the unhappy man to be beheaded, saying that with glass of that sort in the world both gold and silver would be as worthless as clay—which would not suit the wealthy Emperor at all!

The Famous Portland Vase

One especially famous kind of glass made in the days of the empire was "onyx" (ŏn'iks) glass, first produced in Alexandria. Onyx vessels are made in layers of different colors, with a design cut out in relief from the top layer as in a cameo. Most famous of all examples of this art is the Portland vase, now

in the British Museum, in London. It is named after the Duchess of Portland, who brought it from Italy. When you look at it closely, you will see that it has been broken and mended; a madman got hold of it in 1845 and smashed it to pieces, but it has been so cleverly put together again that you

scarcely see the cracks. The vase is about a foot high, a lovely urn-shaped thing. The inner layer, which makes the background of the picture, is of dark blue glass, and the outer layer, milky white, has been carved to represent a scene from the life of Peleus (pē'lūs), a prince who wed the sea nymph Thetis (thē'tis) and became father of the famous Achilles (ā-kīl'ēz). You will want to stand staring at this vase a long time. Probably nothing more beautiful has ever been made out of glass. Out of glass, did we say? Yes—and so out of sand!

Among the Egyptians and the Romans, as indeed among later peoples too, glassworks were always located either on the seashore or in the forest. For on the seashore there was plenty of sand to use in making glass, and soda could be obtained from the ashes of seaweed. In the forest potash, obtained from wood ashes, could be used instead of soda, and to comfort the workers for not having a handy supply of sand was the fact that the forests gave them plentiful fuel for their fires.



Photo by British Museum

This is the famous Portland vase, which many people think the most beautiful thing that was ever fashioned in glass. It is made in two layers. The upper layer of milky white was cut away and carved into figures, so that the second layer, of dark blue, forms the background.

THE ART OF MAKING GLASS



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

The picture above shows you glassblowers of Murano, an island of the Venetian lagoon. How hot it must be, standing in front of the fiery furnace! And how

skillfully the blowers are working to turn their dull mixture into beautiful, transparent shapes with no flaws to mar their perfection.

The reason why ancient glass was not so clear as ours, is that the materials were not so pure. Probably because those old craftsmen could not get the best effects with their bubbly and cloudy glass, they used much

more colored glass than moderns do. Glass was—and is—colored by adding various oxides (ök'sīd) to the "pot metal," as the molten glass is called—for, odd as it sounds, glass 's a metal after all! Red was the rarest

THE ART OF MAKING GLASS

color, yellow the commonest. Even to-day the finest red glass is very expensive, for its rich shades can be produced only by the use of pure gold.

The tools used in glassmaking have not changed very much during the centuries. Blown glass is made in this way: The glassblower takes a metal-tipped blowpipe about four feet long and dips it into the molten pot metal, some of which clings to the rounded end. Then he actually blows down the pipe and makes a bubble form from the molten glass on the other end—a delicate globule of yellow or red or white, almost like a flower. It is not so brittle as a soap bubble, so a skillful workman, with swift touch and amazing delicacy, can shape it with various tools as it slowly cools. By magic, it seems, the fairylike bubble takes just the shape he desires. He can even set it down on a smooth plate to give it a flat bottom, and then loosen it by a little tap. Handles or stems or ornaments are made separately and fastened on by means of bits of molten pot metal. When it has cooled, there stands your goblet or your bottle, complete.

Glass Blown in Moulds

Sometimes the bubble is shaped in a mould. The pot metal on the end of the blowpipe is inserted into a mould of iron or wood hollowed out to the shape and size the glass vessel is to have. When the glassblower blows down the pipe, the bubble grows in size until it strikes the sides of the mould and spreads itself into the proper shape inside it. Solid pieces can be made by simply filling a mould with pot metal, and so can simpler hollow pieces, such as cups and tumblers.

There are many ways of decorating glass, and most of them the ancients knew. The process of putting a layer of one color on

top of a layer of another color—as in the Portland Vase—is called “flashing.” Then there is “trailing,” which is done by making patterns in threads or “canes” of colored glass on the still-warm surface of the glass that is being decorated. Another way is to cut or carve designs on the surface with grindstones—as in “cut glass”—or with a diamond-pointed tool—as in “etched glass.” But this last was not discovered till about four hundred years ago, in Holland. Another very beautiful kind of etching is done with a rapidly revolving little metal

wheel. About four hundred years ago, too, the Venetians discovered a method of making “spun” glass, or glass in the form of fine threads. They worked it into goblets and vases with the most amazing patterns and crisscrosses of milky white, all made of innumerable little threads of glass

twisted together in the very midst of the clear-glass ground.

During all the centuries from the fall of Rome to the days of the glorious Venetian glassworkers, very little fine glass was made in Europe, though a good deal continued to be made in Egypt and the Orient. That is to say, there were not many fine cups and vases and such things being made—“hollow ware” as we call it. But if you will read our story of stained glass, you will see that other marvelous things were being done in glass during the Middle Ages. The difference was that at that time all the skill went into windows for the churches instead of into jewelry and tableware for the wealthy.

The Fame of Venetian Glass

Many ancient arts and crafts took a new lease of life at the time of the Renaissance (rĕn'ĕ-săns'), the intellectual awakening that came some four hundred years ago; and

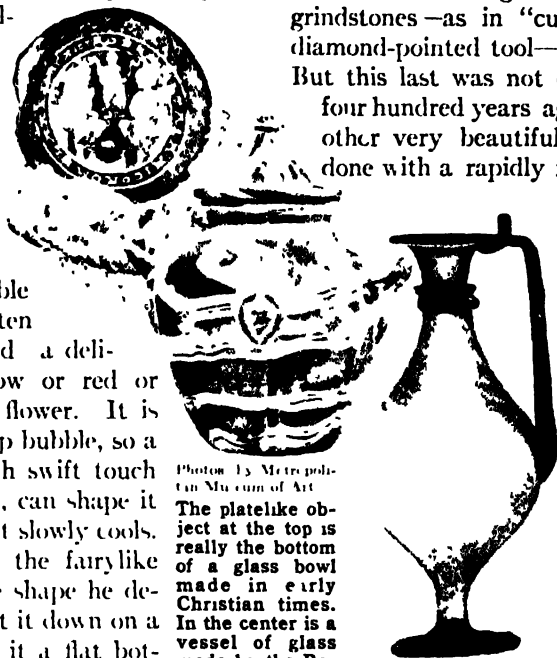


Photo. by Metropolitan Museum of Art.

The platelike object at the top is really the bottom of a glass bowl made in early Christian times. In the center is a vessel of glass made by the Romans in the first century A.D. The glass vase or pitcher to the right was made sometime between the first and fifth centuries.

THE ART OF MAKING GLASS

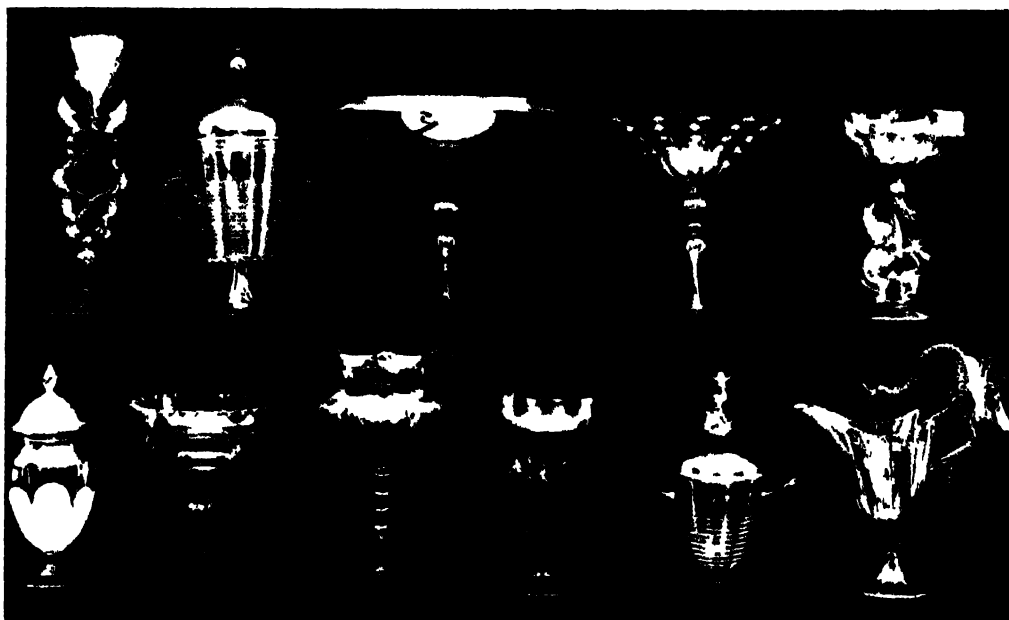


Photo by Metropolitan Museum, of Art

Like the people of ancient Crete, the Venetians have loved the creatures of the sea. Perched on the rim of one of their delicate bowls you may find a sea dragon or sea horse with the most exquisite of transparent bodies and shimmering fins of silvery or golden

glass. Or a fragile goblet may be held up on the curling tail of a wide-mouthed dolphin. All Venetian glass is tinted in delicate shades. From the sixteenth to the nineteenth century the Venetians were making the glass you see above.

the making of glass profited along with the rest. Italy was the first home of the Renaissance, and Venice, in Italy, was the home of the new interest in glass. Besides working out the difficult process of making spun glass, the Venetians revived all the ancient ways of decorating glass vessels. Their wares became so famous that anything made to look like them was called "Venetian glass," whether it was made in Venice or not.

How the Venetians Kept Their Secret

A great deal of it came to be made in other places. To be sure, these Venetian glassworkers were not supposed to tell their trade secrets to anyone outside of Venice. They were shut up on the island of Murano (*mōō-rā'nō*), and forbidden to leave it on pain of death—not because they had done anything bad, but because they were so very good at their work! Yet some of them did get away and went to other Italian cities, and finally to France and Holland and Eng-

land. There they taught the native glass-makers all they knew, and thus spread the art of making beautiful things of glass all over Europe.

Beads for Savages and Queens

What did they make? Beads, for one thing—all sorts of them. They sold tons of brightly colored beads made by fusing canes of differently colored glass. Everybody liked these beads, but perhaps the savages in America and Africa liked them best of all; they are still very popular along the Congo. Then the Venetians made glass pearls. The old Egyptians had known how to make artificial pearls, but the art had been lost for some five thousand years, until the Venetians found it out again in the fourteenth century, when Marco Polo told them there would be a good market for such pearls in India and China. They made imitation jet beads, too, from polished black glass. They charged a high price for "jet" beads, for even princesses and queens had them sewed all over their

THE ART OF MAKING GLASS

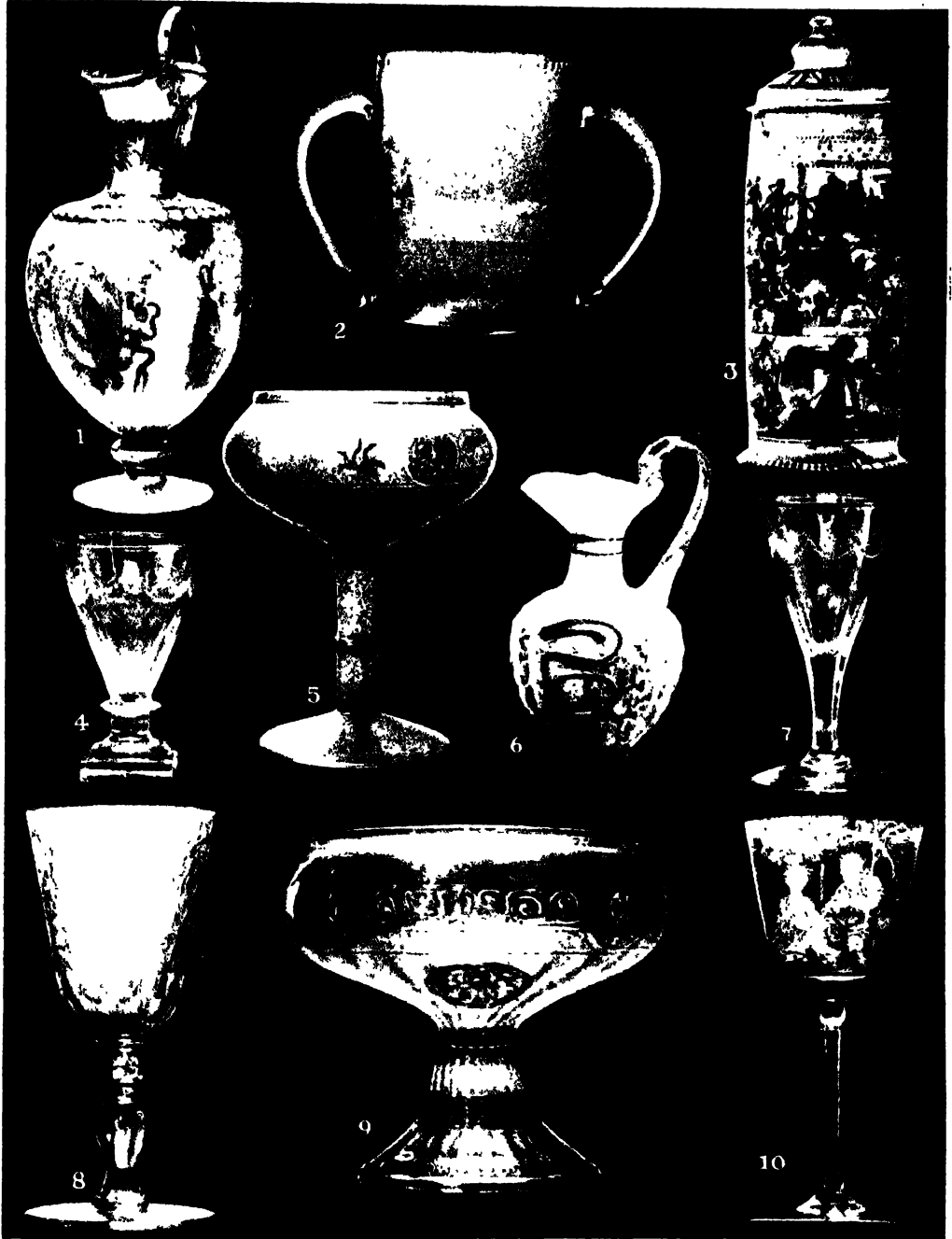


Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

No. 1. Seventeenth century pitcher made in Venice. No. 2. Eighteenth century Bohemian goblet decorated with a hunting scene. No. 3. Glass beaker made in Germany in the sixteenth century. Nos. 4 and 7. Two English wineglasses made in the eighteenth century. England was long the home of beautiful wineglasses.

No. 5. Fourteenth century Syrian cup, for sweetmeats. No. 6. Vase with serpentine decoration, made at Cologne in about 400 A.D. No. 8. Goblet made in Germany in the eighteenth century. No. 9. Bowl made in Syria in the thirteenth century. No. 10. Dutch wineglass belonging to the seventeenth century.

THE ART OF MAKING GLASS

black satin robes and bonnets. Some of these little black beads were very long, and were commonly called "bugles."

Another thing the Venetians were famous for was mirrors. They did not know how to make large mirrors, for the making of any large piece of glass was still beyond the power of glassworkers. But the little mirrors they did make—and they had a monopoly on the making of them—were so popular that they were used not only for looking into but for ornament. They were made into pendants, bangles, and decorations for cloaks and hats. By a gay ribbon from her girdle a lady would hang a little mirror exquisitely framed in carved gold or silver, blue lapis lazuli (lāp'is lāz'û-lī), or tortoise shell, or inclosed in a dainty box of beautifully carved ivory. This was the Renaissance style of vanity case.

But if the Venetians were famous for beads and mirrors, they were just as famous for their glasses, their pitchers, and especially their goblets. The "tazza" (tat'sa), most truly Venetian of all these forms, is a wine-glass shaped like a shallow bowl mounted on a tall, gracefully ornamented stem. These and other kinds of tableware the Venetians loved to make out of spun glass. But they made all sorts of other decorative glass, too—plain or colored, ribbed or scalloped, fluted or twisted, painted or enameled, cut or etched. Sometimes they mounted it in gold or incrustated it with gems; sometimes they made it full of flecks of gold. Many of these fine Venetian glasses are among the loveliest things men ever made.

Even before the days of the greatest glory

of the glassworkers in Venice, Venetians had carried the art of making beautiful glass to Bohemia—the country now known as Czechoslovakia—and there it has flourished to this day. It was the court jeweler at Prague who, about 1700, taught glassworkers to cut glass as if it were a jewel; ever since his day cut glass has been one of the most popular kinds of glassware. To-day the stately etched pieces and the gorgeous ruby-red ware of Czechoslovakia are among our most highly prized forms of glass.

The Rōmers of Holland

Venetians took their skill to Germany, also, and to Holland and Belgium. The Dutch used to make wine goblets of a greenish glass, with a sturdy stem decorated with raised ribs or other raised ornaments. Dutch wine-glasses were usually decorated with the most skillful etching, done with diamond-pointed tools. Among the fine etchers were Katherine Romer (rû'mër) and her sisters, and so famous did they become that to this day a Rhine wine-glass is called a "romet," after them.

Up to the time of Queen Elizabeth, the English were in the habit of drinking out of pewter or pottery, or even leather, rather than out of glass. But then some Venetian glassworkers settled in London, and a little later many French glassworkers came over, fleeing from religious persecution at home.

A great deal of English glass was made at Nailsea or at Bristol, towns which became famous for their glass factories. At Bristol the workers specialized in colored glass for the table, in bottles, and in various things made of a white opaque glass painted to look like porcelain. This was in the middle of the eighteenth century, when porcelain was just becoming cheap and popular in the countries of Europe. The English glassworkers made all sorts of things not meant

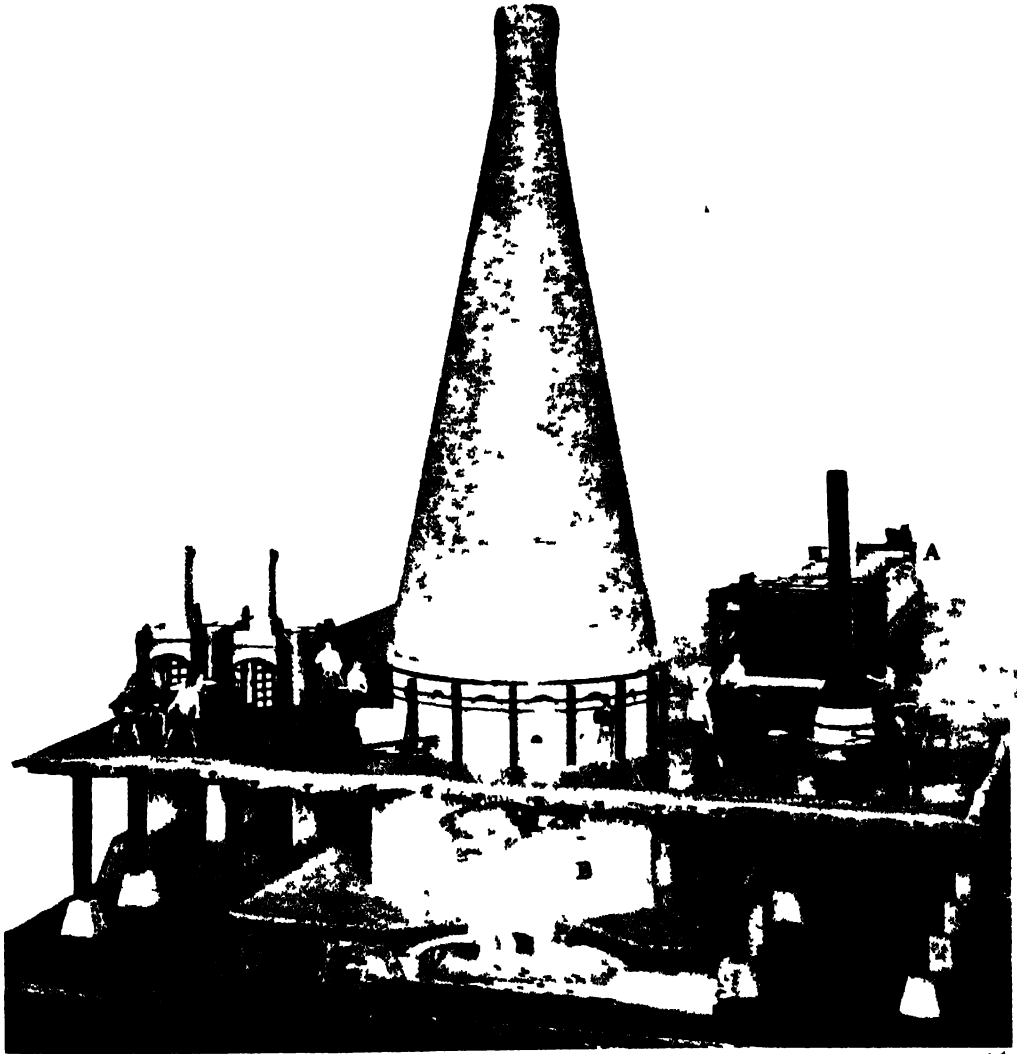


Above is a "romet" made in Holland in the first half of the eighteenth century. It is engraved with the coat of arms of Amsterdam. To the right is a dazzling chandelier of cut glass made in England in the formal days of the eighteenth century.



Photos by Metropolitan Museum of Art

THE ART OF MAKING GLASS



You may often have seen chimneys like this poking their noses out of the ground, but you may not have known that you were looking at a glass factory. The roof and the basement walls of the building above have been cut away to show you what is going on inside. A is the oven where the glass is tempered to

make it strong and durable. B is the furnace where coal or gas are burned to melt the mixture that goes to make glass. To the right are glassblowers. To the left are men "setting a pot." Especially-made clay pots are used to hold the melting mixture in the furnace. One of them broke, so a new one is being set

for the table, too. Little figures of animals, candlesticks, paper weights, vases, and small bells. Often they imitated the things made in Venice, and did it so well one could hardly tell the difference.

Of course some of this English glass found its way to America when Englishmen were

settling the New World. Besides the everyday pitchers and goblets, a few very fine things came over with the settlers. The finest piece of all, no doubt, was the cut-glass chandelier (shān'dě-lēr) made for the room where, later, was signed the Declaration of Independence. When you go to

THE ART OF MAKING GLASS

Philadelphia, be sure to look at this chandelier—for it still hangs in Independence Hall to-day.

Many an American during the 1600's, lived and died without ever seeing a bit of glass. That would be, of course, in regions too far away from the sea for the glass from Europe to find its way there. But even along the seacoast the American glassworkers had a hard time getting started. The European countries thought so much of their glassworkers that they tried to keep them at home; and besides, it was hard to find the right materials in the new lands.

America's First Glass Factory

Yet one of the very first things the English settlers did was to try to set up a glass factory, for making bright beads to give to the Indians in exchange for the land. This earliest factory was built at Jamestown in 1609, but did not last long; another was built in 1620, and the next year some Venetian glassworkers were sent over as managers for it by the London Company. By the middle of the century there were good glassworks at Salem, Massachusetts, and in New Amsterdam.

A century or so later, in Revolutionary times, a real artist was working in glass. This was William Henry Stiegel (*stē'gēl*), a young German who came to Philadelphia in 1750. Young Stiegel married into a wealthy family, and used the money and his own talent to turn out such fine glassware that it soon became the fashion to say that almost any fine American glass was his work. Stiegel himself was an extravagant sort of person, however, who had the proverbial "hole" in his pocket for all his money to trickle through; and he loved pomp and show—he called himself Baron Stiegel, for instance, though he was not a baron at all. So he died poor and broken-hearted. But his glassware is still the delight of collectors, and you may see it in many a museum.

Where Colonial Glass Was Made

The collectors take delight, also, in much other Colonial and early American glass. There grew up fine glassworks at Keene, in New Hampshire, at Saratoga Springs, New

York, at Sandwich and Cambridge, in Massachusetts. At these places and elsewhere were made many beautiful bowls and pitchers, bottles and drinking vessels and vases. Here would be a graceful pitcher, in a rich, deep blue that had to be held to the light to show all its beauty. There would stand a tall green vase, shaped like a half-open lily with fluted petals. Yonder you would find a flat bottle enameled with many-colored flowers.

In 1827 an American invented the pressing machine, by means of which a glassworker can *press* into the glass, before it is hard, a design which looks almost as if it were cut in. Sandwich glass was famous for being made by this process. Pressing is so very much cheaper than cutting that this machine has made it possible for everybody to have delicately decorated glass. Is it not fitting that America should have made so democratic an invention for the shaping of fine glass?

That is not the only machine for making glass which has been invented in America. In 1890 came the bottle-blowing machine, which made almost as much difference in the making of glass as the cotton gin did in the growing of cotton. Just suppose all our electric light bulbs, for instance, had to be blown one by one with human breath! In fact, ever since the Civil War American glassworkers have been thinking up new processes and inventions and machinery, until now the United States is one of the greatest glass-making countries in the world.

The Modern Glass Age

We use glass nowadays for so many things, and glassworkers all over the world understand so well how to make it strong and crystal-clear, that we take it for granted, just as we take all sorts of other wonders. But stop for a moment to count up a few of the things around you that are made of glass. Dishes, of course—whole sets of them in every beautiful color, even to cups for hot coffee sometimes—and vases, and windowpanes. But, speaking of windowpanes, did you ever notice how enormous some of them are? The next time you see the whole side of a building made of glass, remember that only in modern times have even the most

THE ART OF MAKING GLASS



Photos by Metropolitan Museum of Art

This page will tell you something of what American glassmakers were doing in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Nos. 1 and 4 are flasks that were made in 1848. No. 3 is a cream jug made by "Baron" Stiegel in 1763. No. 8 is a flask made in Bridgeton, N. J. No. 11 is a flask made in New Hampshire in

1830. No. 13 is a bottle made in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1855. Nos. 2, 9, and 10 are vases or pitchers of glass made in the eighteenth century. Nos. 5 and 7 are eighteenth century glass bowls. Nos. 12 and 14 are eighteenth century tumblers. No. 6 is a graceful and dignified eighteenth century bottle.

THE ART OF MAKING GLASS



Pl. 15. Steuben Glass

Modern and typically American in its vigorous treatment is the Paul Revere Vase, designed by Sidney Waugh and made of the finest glass heavily engraved



St. Francis is teaching the birds in Vicke Linkstrand's design for this vase of Swedish Orrefors glass. The birds are engraved on the back of the vase

skillful glassworkers been able to make a pane of any size. And next time you go to a hotel or theater where a whole wall is covered with a mirror so clear that you think it is another room until you bump into it, remember that even the cleverest Roman glassworkers did not know how to make glass that was really clear. And did you know that they make glass now that can let in the healing rays of the sunshine which ordinary glass shuts out? or that furniture is now often made of glass, and that architects have begun to talk about making whole buildings of it? One even hears stories of unbreakable glass bricks, of glass that can be bent and twisted without breaking, and of glass so amazingly contrived that people can see out of it quite clearly while no one can see in! Such are the wonderful things we have learned to do with common sand.

Nor have we forgotten the art of making very beautiful things out of glass, as the Egyptians and Romans and Venetians used to do. Indeed, during the last fifty years or so, there has been a true revival of this fine old art. In France, about 1870, a group of artists—Gallé (gal'la'), Lalique (la'lick'), and

others—took the lead, and since then artists in Europe and America have vied with one another in working out beautiful designs, reviving old ways of working in glass, and thinking up new ways. What is probably the clearest and finest glass in the world is now made in Corning, New York. It went to make the huge new lens for the telescope on top of Mt. Palomar in California. Very fine, too, is the Swedish glass known as Orrefors crystal.

Although machinery can now make glass that is surpassingly lovely in form and color, the finest glasswork is still hand-blown with endless care. Often it is adorned with delicate etching, bitten in with acid as if on metal. But charming is etched glass may be, the finest vases are all engraved. And sometimes it is hard to know who must be the better artist, the man who draws the design or the one who, with anxious care, cuts it in glass with his little copper wheels of many sizes—making figures that, from the right side, seem to have been carved in relief. No wonder these superb glass pieces have come to be treasured in the world's greatest museums.

HISTORY of the CRAFTS

Reading Unit

No. 4

THE MARVELS WE MAKE BY BAKING DIRT

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

Interesting Facts Explained

- | | |
|--|---|
| The Greek story about the first potter, 12 42 | ered whole buildings with bright tiles, 12-56 |
| How the Chinese invented porcelain 2,000 years ago, 12 42 | When the Italians made "Majolica" ware, 12 56 |
| How a piece of pottery is made, 12 43 | How "Delft" began, 12-58 |
| How pottery developed in three different parts of the world, 12 47 | How a Frenchman tried and failed to discover porcelain, 12-58 |
| When jars as big as a man were used for storing grain, honey, wine, and oil, 12 50 | How the German discoverer of true porcelain was locked in a castle, 12 60 |
| How the famous black-figured and red-figured ware of the Greeks was made, 12 53 | How a "clay boom" started in France, 12 61 |
| When the Mohammedans cov- | Why Josiah Wedgwood became famous, 12-61 |

Things to Think About

- | | |
|--|--|
| What is the importance of pottery in civilization? | pottery develop? |
| How did the process of making | What can we learn by studying old pottery? |

Related Material

- | | |
|---|---|
| The Egyptian custom of burying pottery figures with their dead, 11 11 | ence, 11 124 |
| The Hanging Gardens of Babylon, 11 28 | Spain's period of glory in the arts, 6 325 |
| The Greeks and their great art, 11 43 | How the French Revolution shook society to its roots, 6-187 |
| The exciting life of the Romans, 5-245 | Modern American architecture and its "dream cities," 11-524 |
| The glamor of the city of Flor- | |

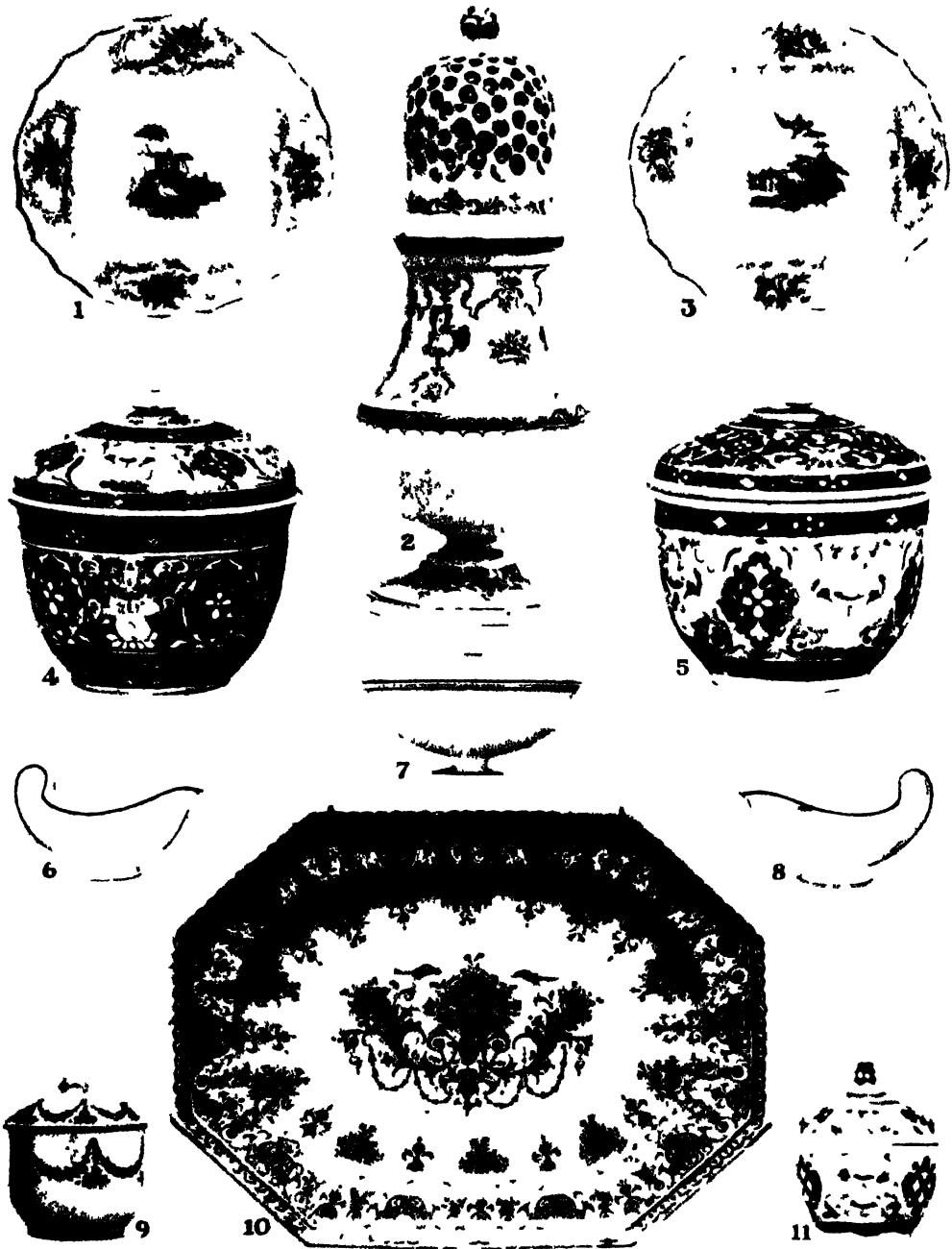
Practical Applications

- | | |
|--|--|
| Though modern potters work more scientifically and with machinery, the many uses for | their products are the same as the uses for pottery throughout the ages. |
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Habits and Attitudes

- | | |
|---|---|
| It is one of the glories of man that he can make beautiful things out of the humble ma- | terials around him, as when the potter fashions exquisite vases out of common clay. |
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THE ART OF MAKING POTTERY



Photos by Metropolitan Museum of Art

It is hard to realize that these shining wares were made from dull clays and hard minerals. They are specimens of the potter's art in the eighteenth century. At that time, when the porcelain of China had reached and passed its height, the art of making true porcelain became known in Europe; the secret so jealously guarded by the potters of the East was out at last.

Nos. 1 and 3 These charming plates, decorated with scenes from nature, were made in Holland. Nos. 4, 5, and 11. These jars, decorated with leafy patterns and quaint figures, come from Siam. No. 9. Chelsea ware. Nos. 6, 7, and 8. Other pieces made in England. No. 2. A strange, tall jar made in Germany. No. 10. A platter made in Bohemia.

THE ART OF MAKING POTTERY



ILLUSTRATION

A race that does not know how to make pottery is primitive indeed. If we travel to the heart of Africa, through the vast jungles of South America, or to distant corners of the world where white men have sel-

dom been, we shall find that practically every race has learned the potter's craft. In the picture above the natives of Nigeria in Africa, are firing their pots by burning them on the inside.

The MARVELS WE MAKE by BAKING DIRT

By Baking Clay the First Men Made Their Rude Dishes, and by Baking Clay We Still Get Our Common Cups and Saucers, Our Priceless Tiles and Vases

ANYTHING made out of baked clay is pottery. A paving brick is pottery, and so is a sewer pipe, and the so-called 'terra cotta' used for facing modern buildings. Pottery may be as coarse and heavy as any of these, or it may be as delicate and fragile and dainty as 'disks of thinnest ice,' as exquisitely colored and graceful as 'tilted lotus petals floating down a stream.' A Chinese emperor of the tenth century ordered his teacups to be made 'as blue as the sky, as clear as a mirror, as thin as paper, as resonant as a musical bell.'

The potter's art is very old. It has been practiced since ages before the dawn of history, by nearly every race, in nearly every corner of the world. Prehistoric man made vessels of burned clay as soon as he shaped weapons of stone for killing wild beasts and enemies, as soon as he wove coarse stuffs for making garments to protect him from the

winter's chill. Perhaps a footprint hollowed in moist earth and then by chance baked into lasting form by the embers of a camp fire gave him the notion of moulding clay into serviceable shapes and baking it for his purposes.

That explanation may be fanciful, but it is not more likely to be untrue than other explanations given by the ancient peoples. The Chinese, who are beyond doubt the supreme potters of the world, say that about 2700 B.C. an emperor named Hwang Tsi discovered the art of making pottery and taught it to his people. They were so grateful that they worshiped him, and lovingly nicknamed him "the welder of clay." Even the gods must have been pleased with him, for it is said they spared Hwang Tsi the pains of death, and carried him, living, from his royal court right into their celestial dwelling place. The old Egyptians said

THE ART OF MAKING POTTERY

that Ptah, chief of their gods, showed his skill as a potter by shaping the first man out of Nile mud and breathing life into him. The Greeks used to tell how Bacchus, son of Zeus and god of wine, married Ariadne, beautiful daughter of King Minos of Crete, and how their first-born child, named Keramos, became the world's first potter. His name has been enshrined in our own proper term for this great art—"ceramics" (sê-râm'iks).

All pottery may be divided into two classes—earthenware and porcelain. Many different kinds of clay may be used for making earthenware, and usually the metallic substances they contain cause them to burn reddish, buff, or brownish. Earthenware is opaque (ô-pāk')—

that is, it will not let the light through—and most of it is porous; but it may be made non-porous by covering it with a thin coat of clay that becomes glassy when baked in a hot kiln. This glassy coating is called a "glaze." A fragment of earthenware reveals the glaze on either side of the body. If porous, the body absorbs water applied to it. Coarse and heavy earthenware is used for domestic utensils such as mixing bowls, jars, and flower pots. Earthenware may be made extremely thin, however, and it may be gorgeously decorated by using glazes of different colors, or by painting it and then coating it with a transparent glaze. Until the eighteenth century the potters of Europe knew how to make only earthenware, but their products were remarkable for good modeling and for fine and tasteful coloring.

The daintiest and most exquisite pottery, called porcelain, was invented by the Chinese

some two thousand years ago. By the year 1000 A.D. the Chinese were selling a good deal of it to other oriental peoples, and by 1100 some of it had reached Europe. Crusaders bought it from Turks, Arabs, and Persians in the Near East, and so highly did they prize their pieces that porcelain was

worth more than its weight in gold. European potters were mystified by the delicacy of the ware, and especially by its translucency (trāns-lū'sēn-sī). For as you know, light will pass through porcelain, though one can not see through it. This translucency is the distinguishing mark of all porcelain.

In 1280 the Italian traveler, Marco Polo, visited the city of King te-Chin and saw the huge porcelain works that

had been established there by the Chinese emperor three hundred years earlier. Marco inquired about the material used for making this beautiful ware, but the Chinese took great pains to misinform him, for they guarded their secret jealously. Some told him one thing, some told him another, and everything they so seriously reported was untrue. Somebody told Polo that porcelain was made of eggs that had been buried a hundred years or more. But nobody was willing to tell just what it was really made of. European potters, eager to produce this beautiful substance, believed most of what they heard, and experimented with every sort of material in an effort to make porcelain like that of the Chinese. But it was not until 1709 that a German, Johann Friedrich Böttger (bû't'gēr), succeeded in finding out what sort of clays the Chinese use. In that year the first true porcelain was made in Europe.



Photo by Visual Education Service

Pottery often gives the scholar his best clue to history. He may find the broken bits packed layer upon layer in the soil he is digging up, and each layer will tell him something of the civilization that lived and died and was buried, only to be followed by another civilization which eventually perished in the same way. Or the layers may tell him the story of how a mighty city slowly rose to greatness and then gradually declined or was snuffed out practically overnight. Above are some of the pots used by the people of Carthage in the days when that city was a powerful rival of Rome.

THE ART OF MAKING POTTERY



Photo by American Museum of Natural History

In the foreground is a potter of old China, hard at work whirling his fine clay into shape on a potter's

wheel. When it is finished the vessel will go into the dome-shaped kiln for firing.

Some years before, Père d'Entrecolles (pĕr dôN'trĕ-kôl'), a French missionary in China, had sent home some samples of the clays the Chinese use. But he did not explain how these differ from others, why two clays instead of one are used, or where the clays could be obtained. One clay was called "kaolin" because it came from a "high ridge." The other was called "petuntse" because "five families" held the monopoly of supplying it to the potters of King-te-Chin. We have since discovered that kaolin (kā'ô-lĭn), or china clay, is a white-burning clay formed from decomposed granite, and that petuntse (pĕ-toon'tsĕ), or china stone, is decomposed feldspar which melts into a glasslike substance at a heat of about 2,200 degrees Fahrenheit. The particles of china clay, which burn white, spread through the mass of molten china stone, and the result is a white, non-porous, translucent ware called porcelain.

For any kind of ware the potter makes, he mixes the clays, which have been carefully cleaned, washed, and purified. Round vessels are the "thrown" on the potter's wheel, a revolving, tablelike disk, some form of which has been used from very early times. Sometimes the potter spins the wheel with his hand, sometimes he drives it by means of an arrangement worked by his foot, as did the ancient Egyptians, and often the wheel is driven by machinery. A mass of moist clay placed at the center of the wheel can be shaped by hand into any symmetrical form as it whirls. Often the potter presses a pattern against the side of the partly finished piece, thus making sure that every vessel of the kind which he is making will be shaped exactly like every other.

Small pieces such as handles for teacups and pitchers are usually pressed out in moulds and later stuck to the vessel by means of some thin clay. In many potteries boys

THE ART OF MAKING POTTERY

and girls do this kind of work at a speed that is amazing. Scrolls, rosettes, wreaths, flowers, and similar small ornaments are also pressed out in moulds, and then applied as handles are. Often the whole vessel is pressed out in a mould, since this method is faster than "throwing" on the wheel.

Large objects
such as huge
orna-

shaped like those of the ancient Chinese and Egyptians and operated in much the same manner as four thousand years ago. First of all, one or more pieces are placed in a fire-clay box called a "sagger." Saggings do not get out of shape when they grow red-hot, and so they protect the delicate pieces of pottery inside that would be crushed by the weight of the ware on top if they were merely stacked loosely in the kiln. The saggings are stacked in the kiln, surrounded by charcoal or coal, and when the kiln is filled it is closed up and the fire is started.

Men called "burners" watch the fires every minute of the day and night for about sixty hours. They adjust openings at the base of the kiln so that the fire will burn well and the kiln heat evenly throughout. The Chinese used to

mental vases may be pressed out in several parts, and the parts then joined to make the whole piece. In many potteries, some of the wares—doll heads, for example—are made by pouring very thin clay about as thick as heavy cream into moulds. When the clay hardens a bit the mould is opened and the piece is removed. Highly complicated ornamental pieces, such as groups of figures, are modeled just as sculpture is, and potters who are skillful enough to do this work are really sculptors.

Firing the Clay

As soon as a piece has dried just a little it is carefully smoothed off either by hand or on a turning lathe. Then it is ready for baking, or "firing," as the potter calls it. This is done in a kiln which even to-day is

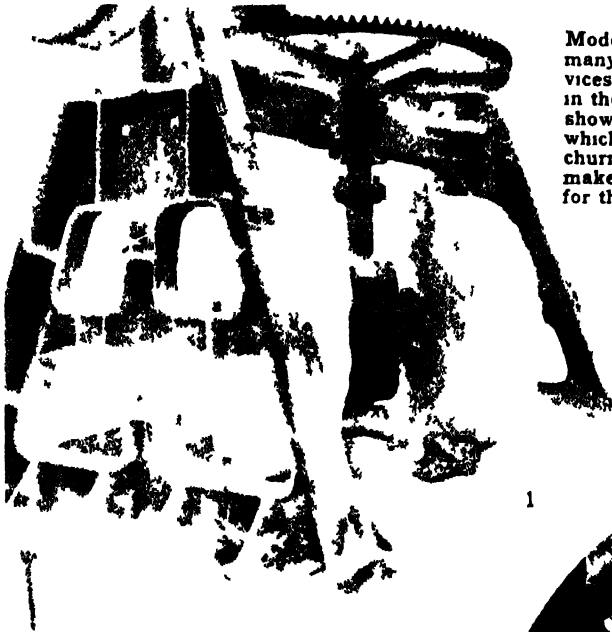
go from kiln to kiln and fan air by hand into those holes wherever a draft was needed. When the firing is completed the kiln is allowed to cool for about sixty hours; then it is opened, the saggings are taken out, and the ware is removed from them. At this stage the ware is baked into form, but it has a dull surface without any glaze at all. It is called "biscuit," and is now ready for glazing, or for decorating and glazing, if either is to be done. Some wares, often of great beauty, are sold in the biscuit state.



Photos by Lull Museum

Here is something that will interest all makers of mud pies! These potters of Luxor, in Egypt, are whirling vessels of clay on a potter's wheel. Hand, eye, and wheel all play their part in making the pots symmetrical. Of course the shape is governed by the potter's fancy.

THE ART OF MAKING POTTERY



Modern potters have many interesting devices that help them in their work. Fig 1 shows the millstone which crushes and churns the clay to make it soft and fine for the potter to use.



Fig 2 Dipping the "bis-cuit," or fired pottery, into a glaze

We have come a long way from the primitive potter's wheel, but even with the aid of modern equipment we cannot make pottery that is more perfect than that of the ancient Greeks. Fig 3 Making a plate



Fig 4 This is the inside of a coal-burning kiln. Notice how the saggars are stacked, one on top of another, ready for firing

THE ART OF MAKING POTTERY

Every clay used for the body of pottery requires a glaze especially adapted to it, but almost all glazes contain a large proportion of some of the clays from which the body is made. Glaze is simply a very thin clay, not much heavier than thin cream, and when it is applied to the biscuit it is either sprayed on or brushed on, or the biscuit is dipped into it. Glaze is either opaque or transparent, and often it is colored by minerals that are added to it. Earthenware may be glazed with a solution of salt or borax or potash, or with a lead solution. If glazed with a tin solution it appears as a dull, white ware when finished, no matter what the color of the body may be. For glazing porcelain the potter uses a thin mixture of the very same china stone that is combined with china clay for making the body.

Colors used for decorating earthenware or porcelain are made of minerals. On the painter's palette they do not at all appear as they do on the finished piece. For example, a color that is gray when on the palette may appear as a gorgeous red after being fired. It is the high heat of the second firing that brings out the true color. Pottery painters are somewhat limited in the colors they may use, because many colors burn out in the firing and so are useless for decorative purposes.

The Art of Decorating Pottery

The potter who makes the vessel is not likely to decorate it. That is work for an artist. Even the old Greeks divided the task of making pottery, as we can tell by many of their vases that bear the names of

the men who put on the designs. In decorating porcelain the artist paints his design right on the biscuit. The glaze is then applied. Cheap porcelains are often decorated by means of transfer designs, colored pictures or ornaments printed on sheets of paper and then dampened and applied to the biscuit, just as children sometimes apply similar transfers for decorating their books—or their faces and their arms!

However the porcelain biscuit is decorated, whether by artist's brush or by transfers, it is then coated with glaze, and after that has dried the piece is again put into a sagger for a second firing at a heat much higher than that of the first firing. When the ware is removed from the kiln after this firing, it is finished. The glaze has fused with the biscuit and the colors have become a part of the piece, not to be removed by any means at all. This sort of ware is said to have "underglaze" decoration.

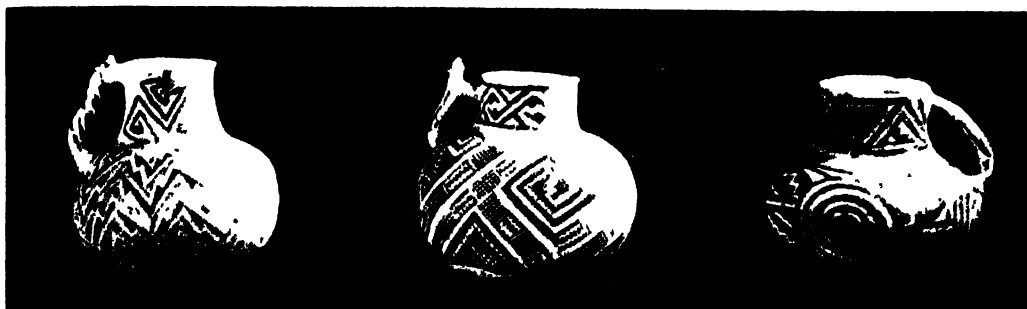
Overglaze ware is made in the following way. The piece is potted, then given the first firing and made into biscuit as has been explained. It is then completely coated with glaze and fired again. When it comes from the kiln a second time the decoration is applied to the glazed surface. Then the piece is fired a third time in a gentle heat called a "muffle fire." This softens the glaze so that the colors melt into it. Overglaze decoration is usually of softer coloring than underglaze, but overglaze ware is by no means durable, as you may know from having seen a plate or cup whose decoration had at least partly worn off in dishwashing.



Photo by Press Photo Berlin.

This artist of modern Germany is decorating a porcelain vase. Under his clever brush the garland of flowers grows. You might be astonished if you could see the colors, for the decorator is using mineral paints which will not take on their proper colors until the vase has received a second firing.

THE ART OF MAKING POTTERY



This pottery was made by the Indians of old New Mexico. Why is it that when they reach a certain stage of development, men turn to geometric design? This is true of the early Egyptians, of the peoples of

the East, of the primitive Greeks, as well as of the Indians of the New World. It is probably because the world of nature is too hard for the untrained artist to imitate.

Some primitive peoples, among them the Eskimos and the original inhabitants of Australia, do not use any kind of pottery at all. Wandering

tribes hardly ever own a piece of it, for it is unsuited to their roving life because it breaks so easily. Men of the Old Stone Age made it, however, though they knew nothing about the selection and mixing of clays or about the potter's wheel. They used any kind of clay that was at hand, scooped their rude and clumsy vessels out of it, and baked them, probably in roaring open fires. Some early men merely baked the vessels in the sun. Some formed the vessels by shaping the clay over baskets they had woven of twigs and reeds. Men of the

before firing, or by painting geometrical designs on it with clays different in color from the body. Early pottery of this kind

is found in ancient graves in nearly every part of the world. That made by North American Indians was chiefly of this sort, and many South American Indian tribes are still making it. It is very interesting, though hardly very beautiful.



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

This vase, with its decoration of ducks, spirals, bands, and dots, was made in about 1600 B.C., and was found at Mycenae, a city on the mainland of Greece. Many of the ideas of the people of Mycenae came from Crete.

Unlike the accounts of some of the other arts, the history of pottery as we know it to-day does not unfold steadily in the European countries, but must be pieced together out of three main stories. The story of pottery in ancient Greece and Rome is one part of

the tale, the story of it in ancient Egypt and among the nations that have dwelt in Mesopotamia and Asia Minor is another part, the story of the way the craft came in from China

THE ART OF MAKING POTTERY

is a third part. Taken together, these stories lay the foundation for the history of pottery in Europe since the early part of the fourteenth century.

The people who dwelt in ancient Crete, around the shores of the Aegean Sea, on the islands of the Aegean, at Troy, and in Greece before the coming of the Greeks, had a highly developed civilization and made pottery that is both interesting and artistic. Crete was the center of that old Aegean world, and there ideas from Egypt and the Orient were combined and new styles of decoration came into fashion.

This island people, whose lives were so bound up with the sea, loved movement and nature and, above all, clear color. Perhaps they had been taught by the bright waves that dashed against the rocks and spread their shining foam over the shores of Crete. At first, of course, their pottery was crude. But by about 2000 B.C. we find them making a truly artistic ware. Spirals, zigzags, stars, and stencil-like flowers spread themselves over the vases—some in neat, balanced order and others as though the forms had been allowed to splash and curl about and shape themselves. One vase looks as if it bore a pin-wheel that threw off sparks in the form of stars as it spun around its pivot. All the vases were painted with bright colors—cherry red, orange, yellow, white, and lustrous black.

Later these vivid colors gave way to more sober tones, and we find the artist painting stately lilies with petals and stems of chalky white against a dark violet background.

These vases were more beautiful than the earlier ones. For one thing, you could take in the design at a glance. Your eye could rest on the vase as it would on a canvas; you didn't have to turn the jar round and round to follow the design.

In about 1700 B.C. the Cretan potter began to do his finest work. He was copying nature much more

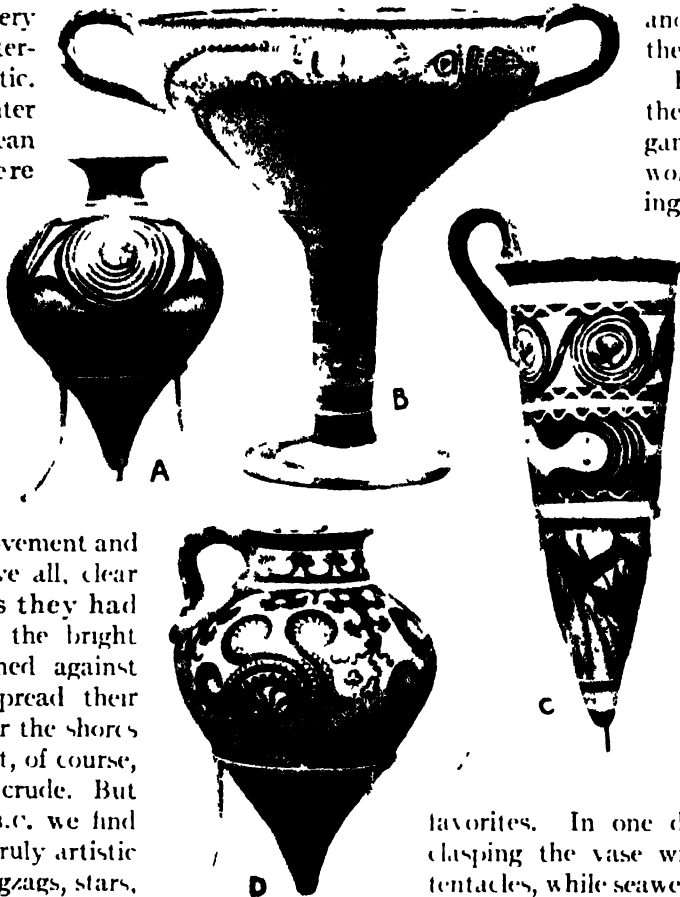
carefully now, though he had by no means forgotten the odd patterns he had been working with before. Now we find him covering his vases with a world of plants and animals, mostly from the sea. The octopus was one of his

favorites. In one design we find it clasping the vase with its ribbonlike tentacles, while seaweed, sea anemones, and sea urchins float in and out between them. The coloring is simple

dark brown against a light buff background—but somehow the effect is not at all monotonous, for the arms of the beast actually seem to writhe, and the design fits the shape of the vase in a really wonderful way. The potter took a bit of clay and one of Nature's wild things and saw how the two could best be made to fit together

These handsome vases belong to the days of the sea kings of Crete; all but the vase at B, which is Mycenaean, come from Crete itself. The pointed vases at A, D, and C are called "filler" vases, and usually have a hole in the bottom. They were probably used in religious festivals, for in some of the wall paintings we see the slim-waisted Cretans carrying in solemn procession just such vases as these. At B you see the octopus made into a stencil-like design. At D is the argonaut, another creature of the sea.

Photos by Metropolitan Museum of Art



THE ART OF MAKING POTTERY

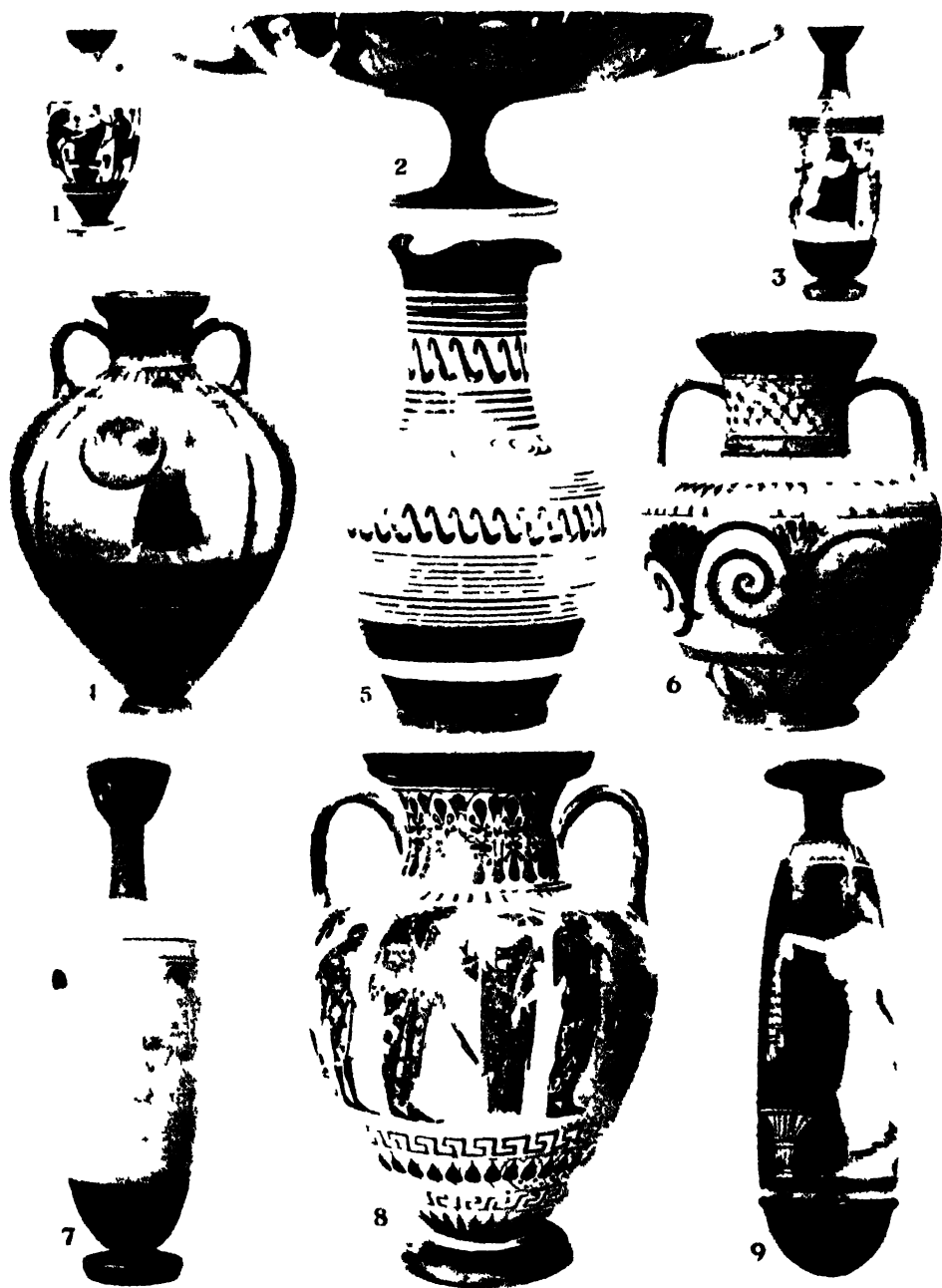


FIG. 1. By Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Here are some of the Greek vases whose perfect shapes and exquisite, detailed decorations have been the despair of later imitators and the inspiration of poets. No. 1. Black-figured oil jug made in about 600 B.C. No. 2. Red-figured drinking cup of about 475 B.C. No. 3. Black-figured oil jug of the same period as No. 1. No. 4. Black-figured amphora painted with a figure of Athena and made in about 600 B.C.

No. 5. Jug of geometric period made in about 800 B.C. No. 6. Amphora made in Rhodes in about 700 B.C.—at the time of Eastern influence. No. 7. Oil jug decorated with the figures of mourners outlined on a white ground. No. 8. Black-figured amphora made in about 600 B.C. A woman is shown pouring out an offering of wine. No. 9. Red-figured ointment vase made in about 500 B.C.

THE ART OF MAKING POTTERY

He had plenty of chance to learn how it might be done by looking at the frescoes that better artists than he were painting on the walls of the great palaces of Crete.

But the Cretans were making another kind of pottery, too, at this time—not quite so artistic, perhaps, but certainly very imposing. These were huge many-handled jars, taller than the average man; the Cretans used them for storing their oil. These monstrous affairs must have been used on the Greek mainland, too, for the story goes that when Hercules returned with the Nemean lion slung over his shoulder, the king for whom he was working was so frightened at the sight that he jumped into an oil jar to hide!

But all this fine art was overwhelmed when a horde of barbarians came sweeping down from the north, bringing the "dark ages" that wiped out most of the Greek culture for several hundred years. It was not till the eighth century B.C. that a little light began to flicker and we find art beginning to awaken. It woke slowly, for most of the great civilization that had gone before was dead, and the new artists had practically everything to learn over again. Pottery was one of the first things to revive. This was partly because vessels were such useful objects to man, in a multitude of ways. And more than that, those early Greeks, like many another ancient people, would never have thought of burying their dead without putting some of the comforts of home in the grave—a few vases and pots for use in the afterlife.

And how many uses those sturdy jars were put to! For instance, there was the amphora (ām'fō-rā), a plump, two-handled vase that might be used for storing grain, honey, wine, or oil. When put to those humble uses it was usually undecorated and had a pointed bottom that could be thrust into the ground

to keep the jar from toppling over. Other vases of this kind were made with flat bases and were beautifully decorated with designs such as only the Greeks could make. They might serve as ornaments or gifts, or, filled with the oil of sacred olives, go to the prize winner in the athletic games.

Then there was the krater (kra-tēr), with its conveniently wide mouth, and a water jar called a hydria (hī'drī-ā), and a useful affair called a lekythos (lēk'i-thōs) that was used for oils and ointment for you must remember that with the Greeks, oils took the place of lard and butter.

And there were jars that served for refrigerators—for of course there were no ice boxes in those days. That is why the Greeks invented the psykter (psik'tēr) - its very

name meant "cooler." It had double walls, with a space between them where snow could be put, to cool the wine or other liquid inside the jar. To pour the wine the Greeks used an oinochoë (oi-nōk'ō-ē), or wine pitcher; or a kyathos (kī'ā-thōs), which was a long-handled cup that served as a sort of dipper.

The actual drinking cup, or kylix (kī'liks), had the loveliest of shapes. It was wide and shallow, with spreading handles, and was delicately set upon a slender stem. The vase painters loved to decorate it, and sometimes



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

Some of the quaintest and most fascinating objects of ancient times come from Cyprus. Here are some early vases from there, decorated with geometric designs and most fantastic animals.

THE ART OF MAKING POTTERY



Fig. 1. Metrop. litan. No. 1. A. C.

Here is pottery from various periods in Egypt's history, from the far-off days before Egypt was ruled by a 7 dynasties of pharaohs—and really before Egypt's history had begun to the days when the history of Egypt, as an ancient country, had ended. Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 7 are predynastic. Nos. 3 and 7 are decorated with boats which even in those remote days traveled up and down the Nile. The lines that look like hairs are really oars. No. 4 is decorated with

a row of antelopes and geometric designs. No. 6 is a faience vase of the New Kingdom. It was made in about 1400 B.C. and is adorned with buds and blossoms of the lotus. No. 8 is also from the New Kingdom, and was made in about 1400 B.C. It is a cup in the form of a lotus, and on it is a scene in a marsh animals and people among fan-shaped stalks of papyrus. No. 9 is a stone vase made in about 400 B.C., and No. 5 belongs to the fifth century A.D.

THE ART OF MAKING POTTERY

painted it both inside and out with charming scenes.

But vases were used to hold other things than food and wine. There was one dainty kind that could be used as a jewel box, or, standing on a toilet table, might be filled with all sorts of delightful odds and ends dear to milady's heart. This was the pyxis (pik'-sis). It had any number of charming shapes, but generally it was round and fitted with a cover.

Of course all of these beautiful forms did not spring up overnight, and the shapes never became fixed. Vase forms appeared gradually, and the shapes grew in beauty as the potter's art was perfected.

But let us see what the Greek potter was doing in the eighth century B.C., when the clouds of the dark ages were beginning to lift. We shall find him busy making what is called "geometric" ware and you cannot mistake it for anything else!

The vases are large and bulky, and covered with endless bands of geometric decoration. Every bit of space is crowded with rows of dots, zigzags, stars, and circles, and with checkerboard patterns; and there are pictures of men, animals, and ships whose strange, angular shapes look as though they had been stenciled on the clay. The painter did not want to make his figures look true to life; what he liked was designs and patterns. So a triangle would make a man's body; ovals did very well for the thighs; and long, spindly legs and arms, with a small blot for the head, completed the figure!

When Greek Pottery Began to Bloom

Then came the seventh century, the time when the great merchant powers began to grow in Greece—in Corinth and in the cities

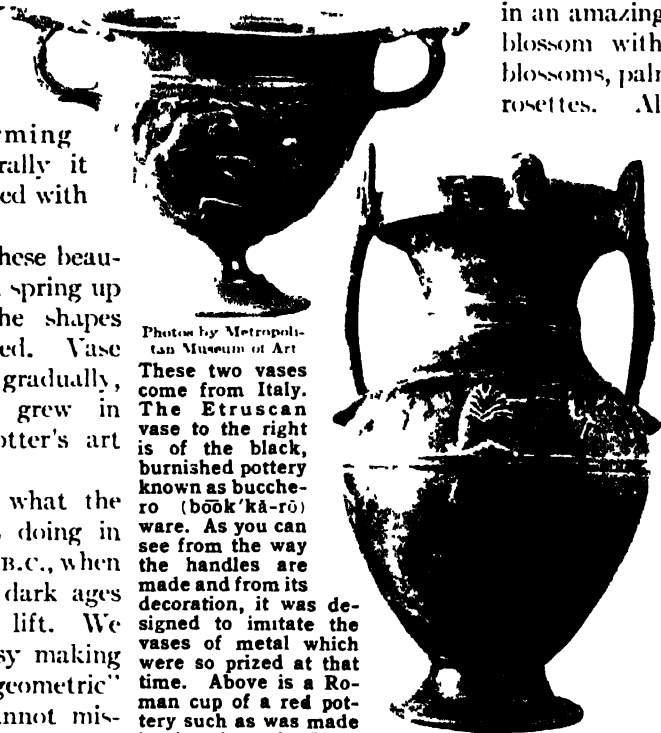
of Ionia. Greece began to send out colonies and venture far and wide over the perilous Mediterranean. And of course trade sprang up between Greece and the lands of Western Asia. All this had a tremendous effect upon pottery. Basking in the sunshine of growing trade and wealth, the art began to blossom

in an amazing way—literally to blossom with lotus buds and blossoms, palmettes, and dainty rosettes. All the marvelous

array of mythical beasts from the East found their way to Greece and to the Grecian islands, and began to march in single file, row on row, upon the surface of the new pottery. Gryphons, sphinxes, sirens, gorgons, and harpies are some of the romantic monsters which, with goats, deer, ducks, chickens, lions, boars, and

many other real beasts, made up the animal kingdom of the seventh century Greek potter. The vases look as if they were covered with tapestry or embroidery, and they are beautifully colored with glossy black, all shades of brown, reds, purples, yellows, and creamy or bluish white.

There are men and heroes on the vases, too, but they are not typical of this time; it is not until we come to the Athens of the sixth century that we find man taking his proper place as a subject for vase painting. Then the little city that had been so overshadowed by its Corinthian and Ionian neighbors in the century before, was coming into its own, and an art was taking shape there which many people believe to be the most perfect of all time. And just as animals had flourished on the vases the century before, so men—kings, heroes, gods, and the



Photos by Metropolitan Museum of Art

These two vases come from Italy. The Etruscan vase to the right is of the black, burnished pottery known as bucchero (book'-ka-ro) ware. As you can see from the way the handles are made and from its decoration, it was designed to imitate the vases of metal which were so prized at that time. Above is a Roman cup of a red pottery such as was made in Arretium, in Italy.

THE ART OF MAKING POTTERY



THE TOMB OF AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN

Many of the ancient peoples reverently laid their dead to rest with jugs and jars for use in afterlife, and in this way much of the pottery has been preserved in those old graves and tombs. Many of the Greek

people of mythology begin to do their mighty deeds upon the vases of this century and of many centuries to come.

At first they appeared in bands or friezes, as the animals had done. Later, each figure took its place in a picture as carefully composed as if it had been meant to adorn the wall of some great public building instead of a mere vase made from a lump of clay. The colors grew more subdued, and vases were painted in what is called the "black-figured" style.

When Red-figured Pottery Came into Use

Now it is easy to see that to paint a figure in silhouette—that is, in black against a light background—did not give the artist much chance to show his skill. His figures could have beautiful shapes, but what about the details of the face or of the drapery? The only way he could put them in was by scratching thin lines in the black paint so that the color of the clay showed through. Or he could add touches of a lighter paint. As the artist grew in skill—toward the end of the sixth century B.C.—he began to leave his figures in the color of the clay, and to fill in the rest of the space with the black paint. Then he could paint in the features

vases that we admire so much have been spared for us only because the Etruscans, too, admired them, and hid them away with their dead. Above is such a carefully furnished grave in ancient Egypt.

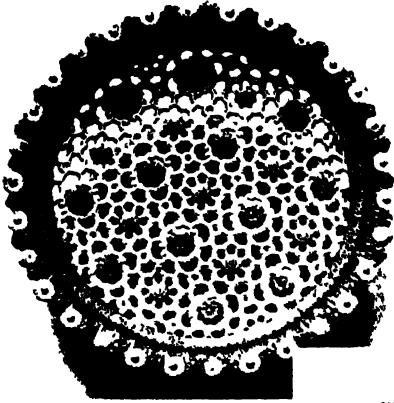
and other details of the figure, and the folds in garments or designs on armor, with a darker paint just as artists do to-day. We call this the "red-figured" style.

These black-figured and red-figured vases are considered so beautiful that they are worth their weight in gold. The ancient Greeks would probably be surprised to see the products of their useful craft so treasured, but we value these vases not only because they are lovely in themselves, but because they are about our only chance to see what Greek painting was like. The paintings of the famous painters of Greece are lost. But the vases, although they can reflect only in miniature the great art of that day, do tell us something about it. For that reason, as well as for their own beauty, they deserve to be treasured.

What Is a Figurine?

From about 500 B.C. to 200 B.C. great numbers of little statuettes were made at Tanagra (tăn'a grî), a town of eastern Greece, and shipped from there over all the Mediterranean world. These "figurines" (fig'û ren'), as they are called, were moulded of red clay, and after the first firing they were coated with a chalky glaze, painted in

THE ART OF MAKING POTTERY



Photos by Metropolitan Museum of Art

These elaborate dishes were made in the sixteenth century. The one in the center is, of all things, a salt cellar. The other two were made by Bernard Palissy, one of the most famous of the experimenting potters who tried to find the secret of making porcelain and failed.

brilliant colors, then lightly fired again. Tanagra figurines representing actors, all sorts of familiar street figures, children, and pretty girls were used as household ornaments, and some that pictured gods and goddesses were placed on graves as offerings. These little figures are very precious ornaments to-day.

By the year 200 B.C. vase painting was becoming an unpracticed art in Greece, for most of the wares were being decorated with little ornaments pressed out in moulds and then stuck to the body of the vessel. In those days Greek potters went to Italy in great numbers and soon they were well established all over the peninsula. Arretium (a-rē'shī-ŭm), in Etruria, became a center of the industry, and there too red ware and black ware were made in moulds. Often the moulds themselves were made over beautiful bronze vessels that had been carved or modeled by famous sculptors. Wherever Roman camps and colonies were established, the ware of Arretium was used and peddled about by merchants; so to-day it is frequently



dug up in all the countries of Europe, in Northern Africa, and in distant parts of Asia. Less civilized peoples used it as a model for their own work; and by means of it and of the potter's wheel which they learned about from the Romans, the Gauls started on a career in pottery that has placed their French descendants among the leaders of the world.

Perfection of form is what the Greeks gave to pottery, and the ancient Egyptians gave it perfection of color because they were masters of glaze. They very thoroughly

understood the preparation of opaque and transparent glazes, and they had a wide range of mineral colors at hand. And a thousand years before the Greeks were turning out the splendid Athenian figured vases, the Egyptians were making rings and beads, armlets, amulets, and all sorts of tiny objects, beautifully glazed in blues, greens, and violets of several lovely hues, in bright and orange yellow, in rich reds, and in a creamy white.



They excelled in making glazed pottery figures of the scarab, the sacred Egyptian beetle. Hundreds of these were placed in the folds of linen bandages that mummies were wrapped in, and a huge pottery scarab, bearing verses from the Book of the Dead, was laid upon the mummy's breast. Tiny

THE ART OF MAKING POTTERY



This is the workshop of Bernard Palissy, the potter. It is said that when he had no money to buy fuel for his kiln, he chopped up his furniture and the floor boards of his cottage and used the pieces to fire his beautiful creations of glazed earthenware. Palissy was a glass painter by trade, a naturalist by preference. His platters seem to be filled with living creatures: frogs and toads, little snakes and lizards, fish, snails,

human figures little more than an inch in length were also wrapped with the mummy. Such a figure was called an ushabti (oo shub'ti) and those who could afford it often placed as many as four hundred of them in a single mummy case. The ushabtiu represented all sorts of serving folk and work people, craftsmen and artisans, boatmen, farmers, fishermen, and what not, who were to minister to the wants of the departed in the land where he had gone to dwell.

The Potters of Western Asia

Nations to the east, especially the Babylonians, Chaldeans, and Assyrians who lived in the Tigris Euphrates Valley, either learned the art of glazing from the Egyptians or discovered it for themselves. They glazed large bricks with which to face the walls of

and shells of many kinds are modeled in high relief and colored with lifelike glazes. So marvelous was his work that the French king invited the potter to make his home in Paris and produce wares for the royal household only. Palissy lived many years in Paris but at last was arrested under the French religious laws against Protestantism and was put in prison where he died.

their buildings both inside and out. Each brick carried a small part of a design, and when all were properly placed in a wall the decoration that resulted was a huge frieze filled with a procession of gigantic figures.

The Beautiful Tile of the Persians

The Persians, who succeeded these nations in power, continued the art of making glazed bricks and tiles. They developed a new process too. First they baked a tile, as others had done. Next they put a white, opaque, tin glaze on it and baked it again. Then they painted designs on that brilliant glaze, covered the whole surface with a transparent glaze, and fired the tile again. Looking at the finished tile, nobody would ever suspect that underneath the gorgeous design was a body of common, dull, red clay.

THE ART OF MAKING POTTERY

The discovery was to be of great importance to potters, as we shall presently learn, and so was another made by these same Persians. They found some way of giving a golden glint to the transparent glaze. Their finished tiles and vessels not only carried the design, but they gleamed like opals and flashed a tender, shimmering glow having the colors of the rainbow. Work of this kind is called "lusterware."

Persians continued making beautiful tiles and other ware from 500 B.C. to about 1550 A.D.; but when the Mohammedans overran their country in the seventh and eighth centuries, the new religion had a strange effect upon their art. The Koran, the Mohammedan Bible, forbids Mohammedans to reproduce any animal form; so the artists are limited to flower forms and to scrolls and other line ornament. Mohammedan artists make so much use of this style of decoration that it is called "arabesque," after the Arabs who were the first Mohammedans. Mohammed himself warned his followers that they who lay up treasures of gold on this earth will never dwell in paradise. With this in mind both Persians and Turks made great use of golden lusterware, for if they might not possess true gold they could at least own a splendid imitation of it and still be good Mohammedans.

The Most Beautiful Tiles in the World

Thus they developed a pottery decorated with geometrical designs and with exquisite arabesques devised from beautifully written passages from the Koran, and finished with lusters of every hue. Mosques, palaces, and bazaars, baths, fountains, and every other

sort of public and private structure were decorated inside and out with a wealth of tiles. Some buildings, among them the famous "Green Mosque" of Brussa (brōō'sā), in Turkey, are completely covered with tilework whose beauty is beyond all words.

In 711 the Mohammedans came into Spain.

During the hundreds of years that followed the potter's craft was brought to perfection in that land, and pottery was used for ornamenting public and private buildings as in the Orient. Arabesque decoration was employed as among the Turks and Persians, and here a lusterware, known as "Hispano - Moresque," surpassed any other ever made.

The palace of the Alhambra (al-hām'brā), at Granada, and the Giralda (chê-rāl'di), a monumental tower of Seville, are even more gorgeous in their beauty of tilework than are the mosques of Asia Minor. So commonly were tiles used in even the humblest dwelling houses of Spain that the saying "He has no tiles in his house" came to mean that the man of whom it was spoken was a ne'er-do-well.

The beautiful Spanish lusterware made its way to other countries, and since most of that taken to Italy was carried in ships from the island of Majorca, the Italians came to call it "majolica" (mā-jōl'y-kā), their way of mispronouncing the word. Similar wares were made at various places in Italy during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and especially at Florence, Gubbio, and Faenza. The Italians specialized in large platters made for ornamental purposes, brilliantly painted with designs of all kinds, with coats of arms of noble families, and even with copies of paintings made by eminent



Many of the precious vases of ancient times have come down to us in tiny fragments. An excavator may find the pieces of one vase scattered through several adjoining tombs. Piecing them together is worse than putting together a picture puzzle, for in the puzzle you at least are sure that your pieces are going to turn into one picture in the end; but who knows how many vases will come out of the broken bits of clay? The people who put these clay puzzles together are skillful workmen—so skillful in fact that it is often hard to tell where the vase was broken!

THE ART OF MAKING POTTERY



Photos by Metropolitan Museum of Art

Here are some of the exquisite Chinese and Japanese porcelains which so excited the envy of European potters. And no wonder! For who can resist their delicate transparency, the softness of their dark or creamy or snow-white backgrounds, and their amazing combinations of blue and white, or red and green - all in durable, dazzling porcelain? No. 1 is a seventeenth century Japanese vase. No. 2. A Chinese bowl.

No. 3. Chinese eighteenth century vase of porcelain. No. 4. Japanese eighteenth century teapot. No. 5. Chinese seventeenth century porcelain vase. No. 6. Japanese seventeenth century incense burner. No. 7. Chinese seventeenth century vase. No. 8. Ming vase with decorations inspired by mythology. No. 9. Chinese seventeenth century green "hawthorne" vase of porcelain, decorated with birds and a blossoming tree.

THE ART OF MAKING POTTERY

artists. Some of the craftsmen won great distinction, among them Giorgio Andreoli (jôr'jō an-drâ-ō'lē), of Gubbio, who invented a ruby luster that no other potter has ever been able to duplicate because the secret died with Andreoli.

The rich and powerful Medici (mēd'ē-chē) family owned a pottery at Florence, the Duke of Urbino (ōor-bē'nō) owned a famous one at Gubbio (gōōb'hyō), and the town of Faenza (fä-ēnt'sä) was filled with them. So much of the pottery made at Faenza was sold in other countries of Europe that the term "faience" (fä'yōNs') — the French way of spelling the word — came to be used for majolica made in Italy and elsewhere. In England all majolica decorated with pictures was called "Raphael ware" because the Italians claimed that Raphael himself had made drawings for pottery painters.

About 1600 the Dutch began making an earthenware that soon became famous, especially in England. It was all decorated by painting in blue on a white, opaque glaze. The decorations consisted chiefly of little views of Dutch landscapes and seascapes, with here and there a Dutch figure. Many of the decorations were of a different sort, copied from Chinese porcelains. So much of this ware was made at Delft, in Holland, that the English gave the name of "Delft" to all white ware decorated in blue. And it is still known by that name, no matter where it is made.

During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries some exquisite faience was made

at many places in France, especially at Nevers, at Moustier-Sainte-Marie, and at Rouen. It was decorated with landscapes, with religious pictures such as that of the Crucifixion, and with sumptuous designs copied from damasks and other rich fabrics. Here, too, all the potters were not only

making faience but trying in every way they could to imitate Chinese porcelain. One of the most famous of the experimenting potters was Bernard Palissy (bēr'nar'päl'sē'), a glass painter by trade, a naturalist by preference, and a man of deep religious seriousness. He took up pottery making late in life, resolved to find the secret of the "white enamel"

that is, the secret of porcelain. Though brave Palissy never discovered the art of making porcelain, he did produce some of the most remarkable earthenware ever made.

During all the seventeenth century Dutch and English

traders had been bringing wonderful porcelains from China to Europe, and even more wonderful tales about the porcelains the Chinese would not part with. For the Chinese, who at that time had already been complete masters of the art for a long time, and who had known how to make very fine porcelain for nearly a thousand years, never shipped any of their finest work to foreigners. Those pieces were kept for the palaces of the emperor and for the homes of the powerful and the rich. European merchants had visited such homes, they had even spent time in the city of

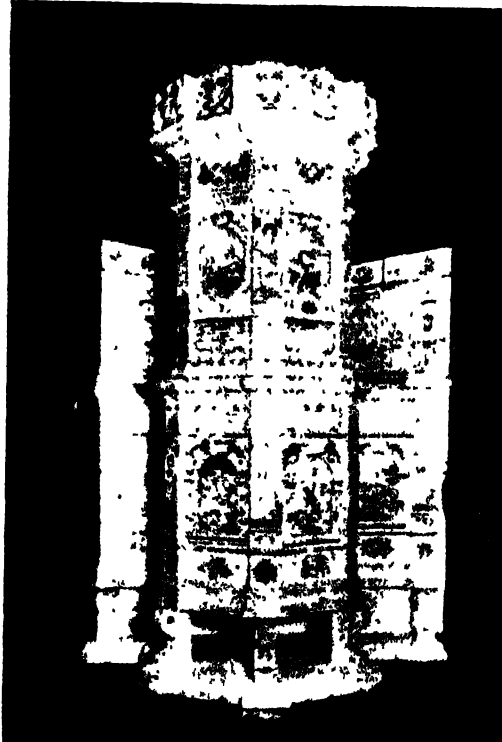


Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

This glorified stove was made in Switzerland in the seventeenth century. It is coated with glistening pottery on which are pictured scenes from the Bible and figures of the virtues.

THE ART OF MAKING POTTERY

King-te-Chin, and they were able to tell about the wondrous things the Chinese potters could do. Nobody, however, could tell what porcelain was made of.

King-te-Chin was the only place in all China where porcelain was made, for in the year 1004 A.D. the emperor Chin-Tsung had

ordered all potters to come to that place, and had forbidden the making of porcelain elsewhere. The pottery works were a royal manufactory. More than a million workmen lived in the city, and at night the gleam of the three thousand burning kilns made the whole countryside seem to be a lake of fire. Everybody who lived there had some share in the making of porcelain, even the aged, the crippled, and little children had to do their part. The blind could help, too, by grinding colors. The whole town was governed by the master of the royal porcelain factory, and so carefully was it policed that strangers had to sleep on boats in

the near-by river lest they might by chance prowl around at night and discover some secret. No one craftsman knew the whole of the process, for each did only his own little share of the work. Sometimes a painter spent his whole life putting just one color on piece after piece.

Chinese porcelains are usually distinguished according to the name of the royal

family that ruled when they were made. From 1368 to 1644 the Ming emperors reigned, and this is generally considered the greatest period of Chinese porcelain.

From time to time during the seventeenth century some European potter announced that he had discovered how to make porce-

lain. So much Chinese porcelain was coming into Europe that almost any potter could study it and use better judgment than before in making experiments. At least they were going about their experimenting in sensible fashion, for they refused any longer to believe that porcelain was made of any unusual material or by any mysterious method. At last, in 1673, Louis Poterat (pô'tê-râ'), a potter of Rouen, received a patent from the king of France permitting him to make "the true porcelain of China, whose secret I have found," as he himself claimed. At once a factory was established at Saint Cloud (sâN

klô), about six miles from Paris, and there Poterat and his men began to turn out porcelain.

But by that time it had been discovered that the white, translucent ware was not the porcelain of the Chinese. It consisted of chalk, a white clay, and a substance called "frit." Frit is made by melting quartz sand, saltpeter, gypsum, alum, soda, and sea salt into a glasslike substance.



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

Do you know the legend of the willow-pattern plate? Once upon a time there lived a beautiful Chinese maiden named Koong-Shee. Her father wanted her to marry a rich man, and when he found that she had fallen in love with Chang, his humble secretary, he became very angry indeed and sent the poor girl away to a little house at the end of the garden. There she sat day after day staring at the willow and the fruit tree that grew outside her window—a very lonely and unhappy little maiden. One day Chang wrote her a letter asking her to elope with him. He put the note inside a coconut shell and attached a sail so that the wind would waft the little bark across the lake to his beloved. Koong-Shee consented, and Chang boldly set out to fetch her away. Just as they were crossing the bridge, Koong-Shee clutching her distaff and Chang following with her jewel box, her father ran up behind them with a whip. But he could not catch up with them, and they escaped to a house on the other side of the lake, where they lived very happily for a time. Then the rich man who had wanted to marry Koong-Shee set fire to their little house, and the pair of lovers was seen no more. Some say that their spirits took the form of birds and that they flew off together, happy and free.

THE ART OF MAKING POTTERY

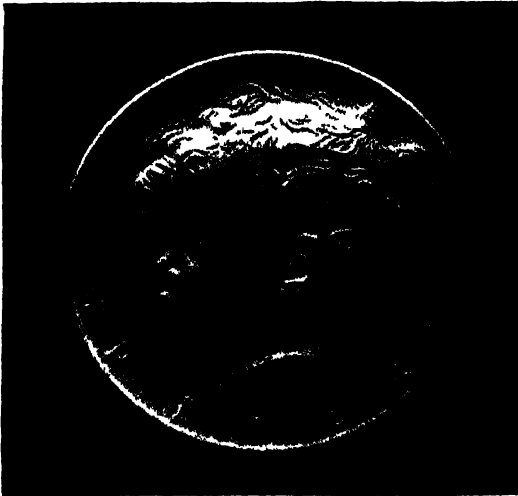


Photo by the courtesy of Carl Paul Jennewein

Modern sculptors often make their figures of pottery. Paul Jennewein, a leading American sculptor, has used it in this charming head of his little son.

Poterat had discovered an artificial material which is now called "soft paste" porcelain. It is beautiful, and exquisite wares may be made of it. Soon after the founding of the factory at Saint Cloud, Europe was being flooded with the lovely wares made there. Makers of faience, of majolica, and of "Delft ware" began to lose their business at once, for since beautiful, white, translucent ware could now be afforded by everybody, no one any longer cared for earthenware dishes, no matter how fine they might be. But the secret of true porcelain had not yet been discovered, and the search went on.

What Is "Dresden" Porcelain?

It was not unusual in those days for alchemists (äl'kê-mîst)—men who worked with chemicals in an unscientific manner—to claim that they could change lead into gold by some mysterious means. Johann Friedrich Böttger, an apothecary of Berlin, was just such a person. Frederick Augustus I, the ruler of Saxony, heard of Böttger's claims, and his princely treasury being short of money at the time, he asked Böttger to come to Dresden and try his hand at turning lead into gold. When Böttger arrived he was shut up in the Albrechtsburg, an old castle in the near-by village of Meissen (mî'sên), to carry on his experiments. Fred-



Photo by George Jensen, Inc.

The Royal Copenhagen potters of Denmark have long excelled in making exquisite figurines, which are delicate in hue, as a rule, and highly glazed.

erick had no thought of letting such a clever man escape if his efforts should prove successful.

In the course of his experiments Böttger used a clay that seemed to produce porcelain. A bed of kaolin had been found near by, and by means of it and some further experiments he and his assistants turned out some pieces of true porcelain in 1709.

Frederick Augustus I was shrewd enough to see instantly that this discovery could be as valuable to him as any other that Böttger might have made. Turning clay into gold was an even better business than turning lead into gold. At once he brought potters and sculptors to Meissen, and that was the beginning of the royal factory that ever since has turned out Meissen porcelain, often misnamed "Dresden" porcelain.

For fourteen years Böttger and his fellow workmen were kept prisoners in the castle of Albrechtsburg. Every worker was told that if ever he revealed any of the methods or processes he would be put to death. It is said that in every workroom of the factory was a huge sign, reading "Secret unto Death," so that no worker might ever forget the promise he had made. At last, however, two of the men escaped, made their way to Vienna, and told what they knew to the emperor of Austria. Presently true porcelain was being made in a royal factory there.

THE ART OF MAKING POTTERY

too. At last the secret of porcelain was common property. Anybody could make it if he had kaolin, but kaolin deposits were not readily located.

Meissen porcelain was modeled by the best sculptors and decorated by excellent artists who did original work and also copied from the finer Chinese wares. Because of its superior durability it quickly began to outsell the French "soft paste" porcelain. This was not well suited to domestic use, for it was easily scratched, it cracked easily, and it soon showed grease spots.

The "Clay" Boom of Western Europe

When the French saw their flourishing business begin to disappear they immediately began to hunt for kaolin deposits so they too might produce true porcelain. Governors of provinces offered a reward to anybody who could discover a bed of the badly needed clay. In 1766 the wife of a poor doctor found a kaolin deposit near Limoges (lē'mōzh'), in the south central part of France, and soon afterwards other deposits were found. Within three years true porcelain was being made in the factory that had been established at Sèvres (sēvr') in 1756. During the next fifty years the French regained much of their lost trade, and the royal porcelain works at Sèvres, controlled by the king of France, turned out wares of such beauty and taste that all Europe was astonished. From that day to this Sèvres porcelains have been considered among the finest in the world.

Shortly after the Dutch began to gain fame with their "Delft ware," English earthenware makers began to turn out the same sort of product. Bristol and several towns in Staffordshire were the centers of the industry. As soon as Bottger discovered kaolin in Germany, the English also began to hunt for it and about 1755 a druggist named William Cookworthy found both china clay and china stone in Cornwall. At once potteries for making true porcelain, which the English usually call "chinaware," were started at Plymouth and at many other places. Fine wares were made at Bow and

at Chelsea, both near London. Excellent ones were also made at Lowestoft, in Suffolk, and at several towns in Staffordshire, among them Stoke-on-Trent, Fenton, Longton, and Burslem. Burslem was the birthplace of Josiah Wedgwood, England's most famous potter. He preferred to work in earthenware instead of porcelain, and he succeeded in producing pottery of a most unusual sort. Most of Wedgwood's decorative pieces are of what he called "jasper ware," an unglazed biscuit in blue, yellow, green, red, or black, decorated with white moulded ornaments that resemble those of the ancient Etruscan "Samian" ware. He gave the name "queen's ware" to his cream-colored glazed table ware, and that term is used even to-day to designate any kind of table porcelain or earthenware.

One of Wedgwood's pupils, Josiah Spode, was the first of a long line of famous English potters. In 1796 his son, Josiah Spode II, founded a factory at Stoke-on-Trent which continues to this day as the renowned Minton works. This Spode developed a discovery made by a Bow potter in 1744, and used bone ashes as a principal ingredient of the material from which he made a "natural soft paste" porcelain. Many of the finest wares made in England to-day—the Coalport, Worcester, Minton and Copeland porcelains, are made according to Spode's method and are known as "bone china" for that reason. These English wares are now among the most valued in the world.

The making of pottery is now a vast industry. England, France, Denmark, Italy, China, Czechoslovakia, all have fine wares. In the United States individual potters are many and active—aided by the New York State College of Ceramics at Alfred University. And Lenox table ware made in large factories in Flinton, New Jersey is beautiful and durable. The Indians of the pueblo of San Ildefonso (sān ēl'da-fōn'sō), near Santa Fe, New Mexico, make an extremely handsome black ware upon which they use their ancient symbolical designs. It is the finest of much fine work that Indian potters do.

HISTORY of the CRAFTS

Reading Unit No. 5

THE FINE ART OF ENAMELING

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

Interesting Facts Explained

How enamel can be used for both bathtubs and beautiful portraits, 12-63
What materials go into enamel, 12-63
What the two methods of enameling are, 12-63
How the process of enameling was carried to China, 12-64
How the Byzantines became its

greatest masters, 12-66
When Charlemagne turned to Constantinople for his artists, 12-66
The discovery of two other ways of making beautiful things in enamel, 12-66-68
When tiny snuffboxes became treasures, 12-68

Things to Think About

Why is enamel useful to us?
What are the advantages of the two methods of enameling?
When did great artists work in

enamel?
How are portraits done under enamel?

Picture Hunt

What different objects were covered with enamel in the Middle Ages? 12-65
When was it fashionable to dis-

play a beautiful snuffbox? 12-67
What new method of enameling has been invented? 12-68

Related Material

The Sumerian use of enamel, 11-25
The realism of the Greek painters, 11-50
Story of the Byzantine empire, 5-287
How the crusades began, 11-90
How the Renaissance grew in

Florence, 13-60
When Louis XIV of France set the world's standards for taste, 11-231
China's glorious history in art, 5-324
The art of the Middle Ages, 11-94

Practical Applications

Though enameling is done on a great commercial scale to-day, there are frequent uses for it

in the arts, and many excellent examples are to be found.

Summary Statement

Enameling, as a method of decorating objects of art, and later even as a medium for portraiture and painting, has made for itself a high place in the field

of man's artistic achievements. Because of its lasting qualities, its cleanliness, and its gaiety of color, it has always appealed to man's love of the beautiful.

THE ART OF ENAMELING

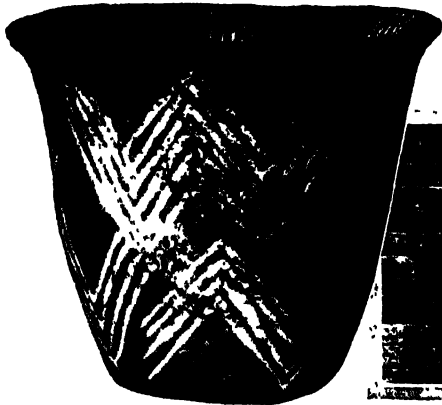


Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

To the left is an enameled vase from Egypt—one of the earliest bits of enamel in the world. Below is one of the enameled lions from the "Procession Street" which led to the famous Ishtar Gate of Babylon. These handsome animals are white or yellow with flaming manes, and stand against a background of bright blue.



The FINE ART of ENAMELING

You Have a Bathtub of Enamel, and You May Have Vases and Jewels, or Even Your Portrait, in the Same Glassy Substance

MOST bathtubs are made of enamel ware; so are kitchen sinks and many of our pots and pans. These things are smooth and stainless, and good enough to look at in their way. But did you know that for thousands of years enamel has also been used for the most gorgeous artistic effects—for vases and decorated daggers and jewelry and painted wall panels? Even now there may well be an enamel tablet in your church or school, with the names of soldiers who fell in the World War on it, or an enameled trophy cup at the athletic club, or an enameled tile under the teapot. And halfway between the useful kitchen sink and the ornamental cup or vase, are many bright-colored vanity cases and cigarette boxes and toilet articles done in enamel. So what exactly is enamel?

It is really a peculiar kind of glass; but it is strong and lasting like metal. It is made of silica (sil'ī-kā), potash, and minium, all fused or melted on to a base. This base is almost always metal of some kind, though it may also be of pottery or glass. In most of our enamel ware it is of sheet iron or steel. This metal foundation is dipped into a bath of melted enamel and then fired in an oven. Sometimes as many as four coats are put on,

one after another. Strong as the resulting surface may be, it must not get too hot again, for the iron expands faster than the enamel crust, and may crack it. Yet you need not be afraid to pour boiling water into the sink, for good enamel will not crack from that.

When some bright and beautiful design is to be made with the enamel, a true artist or craftsman will be needed. In this case the enamel has to be put on by hand with a brush. So it is hardened and ground to a fine powder and mixed with water, to form a paste. There are many ways of applying it to the metal. The two oldest and simplest, still the most popular in handmade enamel, are called "champlevé" (shōN'lē-vā') and "cloisonné" (klwā'zō'nā').

"Champlevé" could be translated "a raised field." For the design has been traced on the base, and the parts to be filled with colored enamel are gouged out with a delicate chisel, leaving little ridges standing between spaces that are to be of different colors. When the paste has been carefully put in, the whole is placed in a furnace and heated enough to turn the enamel paste into a substance like glass, and to make it stick tight to the base. When the firing is over, the piece is scoured and polished smooth and fine.

THE ART OF ENAMELING

"Cloisonné" means "partitioned"; it too is French, coming from a word meaning a "partition." In this kind of work the artist again traces his design on the base. But instead of scooping out hollows for the enamel, he takes strips of very thin, flat wire, bends them to exactly the shape of his design, and solders them edgewise to the base. These are the partitions, and into the little cells they mark off he puts his colored enamels. When the piece has been fired and polished, the edges of the partitions are like delicate metallic threads that outline every part of his design. The Chinese, who are adepts at cloisonné work, like to gild the tiny threads to make the design even sharper than before.

But though the Chinese and Japanese are famous for enameling, the art was not born in China. It came to the Far East in the fourth century A.D., carried by craftsmen who may have been Persians or Arabs, and who probably had learned it in Byzantium (bī-zān'shī-ūm), the old name for Constantinople. For there the art had long flourished, and there was done some of the finest enamel work ever seen anywhere.

But where had the Byzantines learned it? The art is very old. Something very much like modern enameling was done in ancient Egypt, Babylonia, and Assyria. There are magnificent walls of enameled brick in the palace of Ramses III, built in Egypt perhaps thirteen centuries before Christ. These an-

cient peoples enameled pottery, too. And the Egyptians decorated gorgeous jewelry by laying out a design in little metal squares and filling the squares with colored paste.

The Greeks—those worshipers of beautiful things—used a sort of enameling not only for vases and jewelry, but even to put the finishing touches on some of their great stat-

ues. Sometimes they made a statue's eyes of enamel. Phidias (fīd'ī-ās), perhaps greatest of the sculptors, made in the fifth century B.C. a huge statue of Zeus (zūs), father of all the gods, and embroidered his mighty robe with exquisite figures and flowers in colored enamel.

But the Byzantines could not have learned enameling from the Egyptians or the Greeks. For the art seems to have been forgotten for some hundreds of years and then discovered again. Perhaps the Byzantines learned it from the Celts (sēlt), a people who lived in Northern Europe, especially in what we now call Ireland

and France. We do not have, now, any British enamel work from before the sixth century. But in the third century a Roman writer wrote of the Britons: "The barbarians who are neighbors to the sea spread colors on burning brass; the colors stick to it, and get as hard as rock, and the design stays where it was put." Of course that must have been enamel. And plenty of it has come down to us from a little later time—buckles, brooches, and pins, bridles, bits, and shields, in brilliant blues, reds,



Above are some enameled porcelain rings made by a clever Egyptian craftsman of the Middle Kingdom.



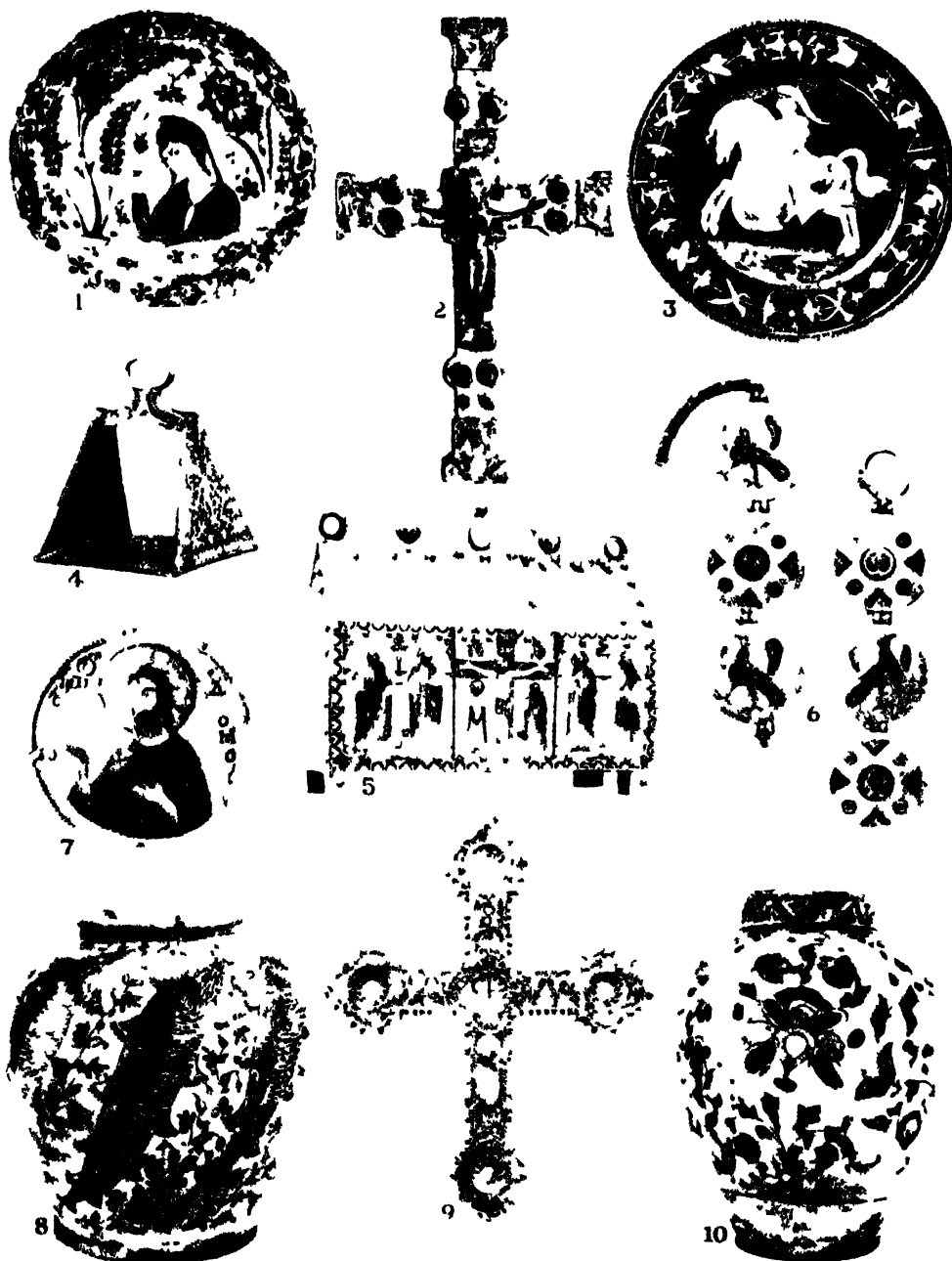
The bit of enameled porcelain at the left forms the ugly features of Bes, a god of ancient Egypt.



Phot. by Metropolitan Museum of Art

These are two of the famous daggers of Mycenae. You will see their beautifully inlaid blades again in the pages where we tell of bronze. The shining knobs which cap the handles are made of hard enamel.

THE ART OF ENAMELING



ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. F. A.

All of the fascinating objects on this page are examples of the enameleur's art. But you must go to see them in a museum, for no page of photographs can do justice to their marvelously colored, jewellike surfaces. No 1 is a seventeenth century plate from the Caucasus. No 2, twelfth century French crucifix. No 3, sixteenth century French plate showing Caesar crossing the Rubicon. No 4, fifteenth century Spanish stirrup of

cloisonné. No 5, French reliquary of the end of the twelfth or beginning of the thirteenth century made of champlevé enamel on copper. No 6, two parts of a cloisonné necklace. Byzantine work of the twelfth century. No 7, eleventh century Byzantine enamel on gold. No 8, seventeenth century Caucasian jar. No 9, Italian bassetaille reliquary. No 10, late seventeenth century Anatolian jar.

THE ART OF ENAMELING

greens, and yellows. These things are often dug out of ancient Celtic graves, where they were buried with Celtic warriors long ago.

So the art may have come to Byzantium from the Celts. Now the people of the Byzantine empire, which had grown out of the ruins of the empire of Rome, were passionately fond of color. The colorful art of enameling won their hearts, and by the ninth century they had become the greatest of all masters of it. They loved especially to work on a base of gold, making their designs in clear, bright colors with no softness or shade; often the design had human figures in it, but these figures would be oddly stiff and doll-like.

though fascinating as mere designs. Most Byzantine

work was meant for use in the churches. You may still see the most famous example of it if you go to St. Mark's in Venice; this is the Pala d'Oro, a great altarpiece in cloisonné.

In the ninth century, when Charlemagne (shar'lê-mân) wanted beautiful fittings for the churches he was building in France and Germany, he naturally turned to Byzantium for aid. He persuaded some Byzantine en-

amelters to settle in northern cities of his empire, at Aix-la-Chapelle (êks'lâ-shâ'pêl'), at Cologne, and elsewhere along the Rhine. So at last the art had come back to its former home in Northern Europe. There it flour-

ished widely, for people loved its fine glow. The enamellers decorated altars, crucifixes, bishop's staffs, Mass books, and reliquaries (rêl'î-kwâ'îr) for holding the sacred relics of the saints. One of the most gorgeous of the reliquaries is still in the cathedral at Cologne; it is supposed to hold the bones of the three Wise Men who visited the infant Jesus at Bethlehem.

In the eleventh and twelfth centuries the center of the art was at Cologne. But gradually it passed to France, and by the four-

teenth century Limoges (lê'môzh') was the center of it. All this time champlevé had been the favorite process for enameling. But in this century a new way was devised, a difficult and beautiful way which needed the most delicate skill of both sculptor and enameller. It probably started in Italy, though it is known by a French name, as the older ways are; it is called "basse-taille" (bas-tâ'y'), which means "low cut." On a gold



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

It is easy to tell where this charming and elaborately ornamented vase came from! It was made in China in the eighteenth century. Although you cannot see them in this picture, each of the vase's tiny patterns in enamel is surrounded by a wall, or tiny partition. This is what is called "cloisonné" enameling.

THE ART OF ENAMELING

3



Elizav. Metropolitan Museum of Art

All through the eighteenth century and into the nineteenth, jewelers, enamelers, inlayers, and other craftsmen had their hands full making the dainty, jewellike boxes that fashion demanded! For snuff taking was the rage, and no fop or gallant could feel that he was properly equipped without one of these artistic little

snuffboxes. Indeed, he might have several, to go with his various costumes! Some were made of gold and set with diamonds and other precious stones. Above are enamel snuffboxes—mostly of the eighteenth century. Here you see cloisonné enamel, and miniatures painted upon enameled surfaces.

THE ART OF ENAMELING

or silver base the enameler delicately engraves or carves a design in very low relief, but outlines it sharply so that it will show through the enamel. For he then covers it completely with a coat of transparent enamel. The beauty of this comes from the way it gives lights and shades to the surface; where the enamel is thin, the gold or silver shows through and reflects the light; where it is thicker, the masses of it form the shadows of the design. The famous King's Cup in the British Museum, one of the finest enameled objects in all the world, is *basse-taille*.

In the fifteenth century another discovery was made in Italy, and soon spread to Flanders and other places, and especially to France. It was found that a coat of enamel may be fused all over both sides of a metal plate; then a picture or other design may be painted on that coat of enamel with mineral paints which will fuse with the enamel; then if the piece is fired a second time, the painting fuses into the enamel and forms part of it, without its lines and colors being harmed or changed at all. This process is called simply enamel painting.

You can easily imagine what fine effects could be made out of this discovery. Enamel

painting was very popular in France in the centuries that followed. Leonard Limousin (*lé'moo'zāN'*), a famous French enameler of the sixteenth century, is said to have made nearly two thousand enameled pieces. Louis XIV was fond of gay enameling, just as he was of other gorgeous things. His medallions, snuffboxes, watch cases, and other enameled pieces are now among the treasures of the world. One of his snuffboxes was as delicate in color as a butterfly's wing.

Sometimes enamel painters have been really great artists, just as if they worked, not on metal, but on canvas. Portraits were—and still are—done on enamel, as were paintings of anything else the artist chose for his subject. And these delicate pictures are often of startling beauty.

But, bathtub or fine painting, it is all enamel. The excellence of enamel is that it is both serviceable and beautiful. The bathtub ought to be in its humble way beautiful, and the most delicate picture in enamel is sturdy and lasting. We ask the bathtub for service first and beauty afterwards, and the picture for beauty first of all. We should certainly not like to get along without either of them!

One of the most distinguished of modern enamel workers is Mitzi Otten, whose fine study of New York skyscrapers against the evening sky is shown here. In this work called "Central Park South"—Mrs. Otten, by birth a Viennese, has shown the city of her adoption in one of its most lovely moods. The sky is a soft blue, with silver leaf underlying the enamel to give it the brilliance of natural light. Silver leaf also underlies the yellow that pricks out the windows. The tall masses are sharply outlined.



Photo by courtesy of MITZI OTTEN

Fine and vigorous color is perhaps the outstanding quality in this artist's work. She has invented her own methods. Over a metal foundation in this piece, a copper tray is spread a coat of enamel that may be of any color. It is then fired. On top of this foundation the colors to appear in the finished picture are spread. Only a few are applied at one time. They are fired immediately and then allowed to cool before more color is put on. Each application of color fuses with the enamel base and becomes a part of it.

HISTORY of the CRAFTS

Reading Unit

No. 6

THE MOST GLORIOUS WINDOWS IN THE WORLD

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts consult the Richards Year Book Index.

Interesting Facts Explained

How stained glass was developed during the Middle Ages, 12 71

Why glass is not only stained but painted, 12 72

How the early glassmakers got their colors, 12 72

How glass is painted with glass, 12 74

How a stained-glass window is put together, 12 76

When all the churches had beautiful windows, 12-77

How many windows have been lost in riots and wars, 12 77

When two Americans revived the art of stained glass, 12-77

Picture Hunt

How is a stained-glass window made to-day? 12 73

What sort of stains were used in various windows? 12 74

When was the loveliest glass

made? 12-75

What sort of subjects have modern glassmakers turned to? 12 70

Related Material

The lack of comforts in the Middle Ages, 5 203

How the Christian monks made fine picture books, 11 84

How the Crusades began, 11-90

Story of Richard the Lion-hearted, 12-371

Gleam and gloom in the Middle

Ages, 5 301

The inspiring Gothic architecture, 11 459

What the cathedral meant to the people of the Middle Ages, 11 90

What glass has meant to man, 12-27

Habits and Attitudes

The artists of the Middle Ages could work unforgettable beauties with nothing more

than bits of colored glass placed in a window opening.

Leisure-time Activities

Visit the churches in your neighborhood and compare the stained-glass windows to be found in them with examples

of the old windows shown in museums or in pictures that you may find in books and magazines.

Summary Statement

Much of the beauty and inspiration to be found in early Gothic cathedrals can be traced

to the windows, which are marvelous works of beauty in themselves.

ART IN STAINED GLASS



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

It would be useless to try to compare this modern window by Tiffany with the early windows of the Middle Ages. The artist's aims and methods have changed. This beautiful landscape is like a painting,

and has no need for any particular setting. The early windows, on the other hand, were meant to look like clusters of gems, their setting was the Gothic church, and they told simple people the stories of the Bible.

ART IN STAINED GLASS



Photo by Keystone View Co.

The craftsman haru at work in the picture above has received an order to make a stained-glass window for a country church. His customers wanted to be sure that what he was planning to do would please them, so they had him submit the small sketch which now

stands upright on the table. The worker is standing in front of a large outline drawing, or "cartoon," which you can dimly see upon the wall. It is from this that the worker gets his pattern for each piece of glass that goes into the window—which is shown on the left.

The MOST GLORIOUS WINDOWS in the WORLD

*Here Is the Story of Stained Glass, an Art Which Was Long
Lost to the World, and Which Has Never Been
Wholly Learned Again*

WHEN we step into a great church, particularly if it is one of the fine old cathedrals built long ago in the Middle Ages, what is it that makes us feel at once an atmosphere of hushed and solemn beauty? It is partly the Gothic columns, no doubt, and partly the high altar with its carvings and its candlesticks. But most of all it is the light—the soft and lovely light which comes through tall, many-colored windows of stained glass.

"Storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim, religious light,"

as Milton put it. "Storied windows"—scenes from the Gospels and the lives of the saints, many stories in glass. "Richly dight" clothed in rich color, glowing with the light

that shines through them. "Casting a dim, religious light"—surely it is this rich half-light which gave us that first feeling of awe!

How is it done? How can men make those glowing pictures in glass? It is an art which the ancients did not know. It was developed during the Middle Ages, and from the first was used mostly to make the churches more solemn and beautiful. The nearest thing to it earlier was glass mosaic (*mō-zā'ik*)—small bits of colored and gilt glass set into plaster so as to make designs or pictures. These mosaics were used in pavements or on walls. In Asia Minor some of the Mohammedan craftsmen learned to use mosaic panels as windows; of course such windows could not be seen through, any more than those in the cathedrals can, but they let in a little light.

ART IN STAINED GLASS

Perhaps merchants from the rich trading city of Venice brought the secret of these bright-colored windows home with them. At least we know that by about 1000 A.D. they were being made in Italy, in France, and in Germany.

But true stained-glass windows, as we know them, did not come to their full bloom until the thirteenth century, about seven hundred years ago. The art flourished and grew and changed for three or four hundred years after that, and then fell into decay not to be revived until almost our own time. Of course during all that time the ways of working could not be exactly the same, but always the beauty of the design or picture comes partly from pieces of colored glass fitted together and partly from painting done on top of the glass. So "stained glass" is really both stained and painted.

The older windows, dating from the thirteenth century, are mostly stained. The color is *in* them, not *on* them, for the glass was colored when it was still "pot metal"—that is, when it was melted in the pot. Glassmakers, or glaziers, of that day did not know how to make large pieces of glass, or how to make their glass clear and smooth, as ours is to-day. Their "white" glass was really a sort of sea green, and could not be seen through very perfectly. All their glass was full of bubbles and had an uneven surface. But these imperfections only made the colored glass more beautiful. And the

makers worked out some very lovely colors for their pot metal—yellow, olive, and emerald green, light and dark blue, a dark brownish purple, a lighter brownish purple, a dark ruby red.

The ruby red was so dark that it looked nearly black and did not let enough light

through. So the makers worked out a process called "washing," by which they made it lighter. The glassmaker took a mass of molten white glass on the end of his blowpipe, and then dipped the blowpipe into the red pot metal, too. Then he blew out a huge bubble made of both red and white—white inside and ruby red all over. He blew and blew until the bubble was so thin that the shade of red was just right, then deftly he slit the bubble and laid it out in a flat sheet

white on one side, ruby red on the other. This same process came to be used for all sorts of pot metals, so that the glazier could get any shade he desired.

Let us imagine that our thirteenth century glassworker is making a window with the figure of a saint pictured in it. The holy man stands pointing to heaven, the great scarlet cloak which is his garment falling away from his uplifted arm. The picture has first been sketched out on a whitewashed board. The glassworker now lays a piece of stained glass over the saint's face, and with a sharply-pointed red-hot iron he touches the glass, following the outline beneath very carefully. This iron serves him as a glass cutter, for



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

With soft lights streaming through his golden halo and monk's garments, Saint Bruno sits in state upon his throne. This stained glass was made in Flanders or Northern France in the sixteenth century. And how different it is from the mosaic-like windows of the earlier centuries! Large pieces of glass have taken the place of the tiny pieces which, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, were often only half an inch wide and one or two inches long!

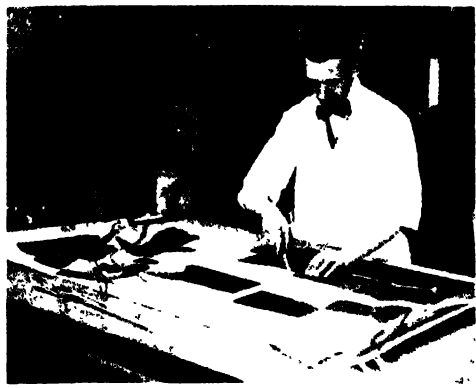
ART IN STAINED GLASS



There are no short cuts to the making of stained-glass windows. Each step in the process must be taken with care and precision. First the artist must make a painting or "cartoon." This is shown in the picture above. In the oval you see the artist tracing the cartoon on transparent paper. At the upper right he is cutting out pieces of cardboard which he will use as patterns for cutting the glass. In the pictures at the bottom of the page he is assembling the bits of glass that have been cut from the cardboard patterns, and is binding them together with strips of lead. In the center are two windows that are practically finished. All they need now is a little retouching and a final careful inspection to see that they are strong and perfect in every detail.



Would you like to make a stained-glass window? It wouldn't really be of glass, because that would be too difficult; but colored cellophane cut into odd, irregular shapes of different colors and "leaded" together with strips of thick black paper can be very pretty. You may even try to make a figure. Cut a piece of white cellophane the size and shape of your window—you may want it larger so that the edges can be tacked to a wooden frame. Then place the different colored pieces of the pattern or figure upon the white piece, gluing the edges—which will be hidden later by the black strips—with a collodion glue or cement. Windows like this are very charming for your room or for stage scenery. They should be lighted indirectly, for an electric bulb directly behind them will show through.



Photos by Subelman Syndicate

ART IN STAINED GLASS

there were no diamond glass cutters in those days. Next our glassworker breaks off the glass around the outline he has cut into it, chipping off the uneven edges with a grazing iron, which is a little like a pair of pincers.

So he goes on, cutting the arms, the red robe, the background, of glass of different colors. But he has to be careful about the size of his pieces, because they all have to be held together afterward in lead, and the glassworker wants the finished window to be as strong and beautiful as may be. So he never cuts pieces that are too small, not only because they are hard to cut with his red-hot iron but also because the lead strips between them will take up too much room and spoil the effect. Besides, the leading around tiny pieces has a way of collecting dust— which is a serious matter when your window is to be high up out of reach in the church. And lastly and most important, our glazier knows that a win-

dow with too many little panes will be so weak that it will bend and sway with every gust of wind. On the other hand, he cannot make very large pieces, and would not use them anyway, because that would make the window weak too, and besides, the leading is a part of his design, and a few very large pieces would be out of proportion to the rest.

So he cuts one piece for the upper arm of his saint and another for the lower arm, and makes the red cloak in several parts. But he cuts the whole hand out of one piece,

instead of making a separate piece for each finger. In every piece he cuts he will remember not only the size but the shape too, since odd-shaped bits are hard to cut and to lead together; and he never forgets to picture to himself how the dark lines of the strips of lead between the bits of glass are going to fit into his design.

But he is not ready yet to put his window together. The saint's face is just a featureless blur of glass, all his fingers are run together, and the background pieces are mere staring white bits which will let in too much light and spoil the picture by showing scraps of outdoor landscape. This is where, from the first, the *painting* part of making stained glass comes in.

The flesh color has been made by staining the white glass with a solution of chloride (klo'rid) of silver. But the outlines of our saint's features and fingers, the folds in his crimson cloak, and any other sharp lines in

the picture have to be put in with a dark brown enamel. Now enamel, as we have said in our article about it, is really a sort of glass. So what our glassworker does is to paint on glass with glass! When, with his enamel paint, he has put into the picture of the saint all the details he thinks necessary, he puts the painted pieces into an oven. The powdered glass in the enamel fuses in the heat with the surface of the stained glass and becomes a part of it.

Our glassworker uses this brown enamel on his background, too. Perhaps he puts a



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

The stained-glass windows of the Renaissance were not so beautiful as those that had gone before, for the artists were using too much enamel. In Switzerland, however, the artists put enamel to good use. They used larger pieces of glass and, consequently, less leading. Dark brown enamel was used for the drawing, and a golden effect was obtained with silver stain. Above is a sixteenth century coat of arms which was made, not for a church, but for the home of some important person in Switzerland.

ART IN STAINED GLASS



Photos by Olivier Alinari and Metropolitan Museum of Art

Some of the loveliest twelfth and thirteenth century stained-glass windows are in the cathedral of Poitiers in France. Nos. 1 and 3 show you two of them, but of course you cannot see their beautiful colors. Like all early windows, they are made of many tiny pieces. No. 2 is a German early sixteenth century panel made

from a design by Dürer. It represents the Descent from the Cross. Nos. 4 and 7 are windows of the early sixteenth century showing scenes from the life of Christ. Nos. 5 and 6 are from the cathedral of Arezzo in Italy and tell the story of the conversion of St. Matthew.

ART IN STAINED GLASS

mass of foliage back of the pointing saint, perhaps a lovely arrangement of scrolls. Then he fills in all about this design with fine crisscross lines called "crosshatching." Or perhaps he coats the glass all over with enamel, and when it is partly dry pounds it lightly with a stiff-bristled brush. This "stippling" breaks up the enamel into tiny specks and gives it a powdery appearance; it is called "grisaille" (grī-zāl'), which means "grayish." This is one of the most beautiful backgrounds of all. How gorgeously the red robe and upraised pointing finger of our saint stand out against it!

Now at last our glassworker is ready to put his window together. He lays out all the pieces in order, as though he were putting together a puzzle. Then he fits between them little bars of lead, shaped to hold the glass. Wherever these "leads" meet, he solders them together, and, to make all firm and tight, rubs putty or cement into the crevices between the lead and the glass. He solders in at its middle point a piece of copper wire, too, here and there. Finally the whole picture, now all leaded together, is ready to be put in the window opening. That done, the workmen twist the copper wires around the "saddle bars" that are to support the glass. These are iron bars that span the window opening every few feet; they are sometimes shaped to follow the main lines of the leading so as

not to spoil the effect of the window.

And now our red-robed saint stands in the cathedral in all his glory, pointing the kneeling worshipers to Heaven. The sunshine streams softly through and around his figure, glowing with the reds and greens and blues and golden yellows of the glass and making it seem as though the pictured holy man himself gave forth a holy light.

This window, and all the others, would be fitted carefully into the general scheme of decoration of the church. It was a part of the beautiful Gothic architecture. At first the windows were tall, narrow, and pointed at the top. For these "lancet" windows the glassworker usually prepared several round medallions, and put them one above another with small panes, or "quarries," between. Later the lancet windows were often set close together to give the effect of a single window, with only narrow columns of stone called "mullions" between, then the glassworker could plan a picture or design that took in the whole opening. At the top of these great windows would be a rounded space, which the glassworker filled with scrollwork or other designs.

As time went on, the makers of stained glass came to depend more and more on painting their pictures and less on piecing pot metal colors together. They wanted to tell stories in their pictures, and it was very hard to put in details of the story when



Photo by Cathedral of St. John the Divine

This great window shows you what modern stained glass can look like. It is in the cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City. Notice how the scenes have been made to fit the shape of the window. The angel with his spreading wings fits into the circle, and the tall saints below fit into their tall arches. The artists of stained-glass windows have always had this problem of making their designs to fit a certain space. And that is one reason why stained glass is often called the "handmaid of architecture."

everything had to be pieced together like a picture puzzle. The painters learned to make fine pictures on glass, almost as fine as could be made on canvas. They did it, however, in an odd way, more like etching than painting; that is, they usually put on a solid coat of enamel and then scratched off what they did not want. It worked very well. But the more enamel, the less pot metal; and it is the pot metal which glows and gleams like jewels. So many people prefer the way the earlier glaziers worked.

Thus the Early Gothic of the thirteenth century became the Middle Gothic of the fourteenth and then the Late Gothic of the fifteenth. By that time nearly every cathedral and chapel and minster in Europe was lovely with stained and painted glass. The windows at Cologne and Nuremberg and Augsburg, in Germany, were famous everywhere. In France there was the glory of Rouen and Chartres and Rheims, Bourges and Amiens and Paris. Spain, Italy, Austria, Switzerland, and the Netherlands could also boast of marvels in glass. Magnificent, too, were the windows of the English churches. Pilgrims to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket, at Canterbury, saw windows made by the finest glassworkers of Europe. At York the cathedral had the largest and finest grisaille windows ever made. Westminster Abbey, in London, the cathedrals at Winchester, Salisbury, Wells, and Lincoln - all had gloriously beautiful glass.

A good deal of this splendor is lost to us now - destroyed by riots and wars. During the time of the religious troubles in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries many people were breaking away from the older church, and mobs of rioters or of angry soldiers often broke into the cathedrals, smashing and slashing all about them at the symbols of the religion they had learned to hate. And of course glass windows, unless they are too high up, are temptingly easy to break. At Canterbury, they say, a madly excited rioter named "Blue Dick" armed himself with a ladder and a long pole, and systematically punched out piece by piece every bit of glass he could reach. Nor have the guns of modern heavy artillery always been

more careful than were those old mobs.

Yet much remains. And many of the windows that were broken have been restored, though the new glass cannot be quite so beautiful as the old. The reason for this sad fact is not that the secret of staining glass is lost - though it is true that most modern glaziers depend too much on painting the glass. But the uneven surfaces and bubbly inequalities of the old glass make it soften and "mellow" with time. Whether the clearer modern glass will ever mellow so charmingly with age we cannot be sure.

The art of making stained glass windows was by no means forgotten when the Middle Ages passed into the time of intellectual awakening which we call the Renaissance (rĕn'ĕ-sôNs'). Fine stained glass continued to be made, especially in Germany and Switzerland. Much of it was now used in private houses instead of churches, and so the craftsmen had a chance to picture other things besides bishops and saints. But the period of its greatest glory was past, and during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the art fell very low.

It has been revived in our own day, and that, surely, is a thing to make us glad. At first the men who revived it - William Morris and Edward Burne-Jones and other artists in England - tried simply to copy the designs of the Middle Ages. But it is never a very good idea naively to try to do things as others have done them, for men must express their own ideas and feelings in art, not those of anyone else, however beautiful. So more recent artists in glass have tried to work out their own notions of what is beautiful, and especially to see if all the new things we have learned about making glass cannot be used to make stained glass better. Two Americans, Louis C. Tiffany and John La Farge, have been especially successful in these experiments with a new stained glass. Tiffany invented a new shimmering glass which he called "favrite" (fāv'rĭl), and La Farge, a well-known painter, made with it some windows which are a feast of lovely color. Windows such as these may now be made for private houses as well as other buildings.

HISTORY of the CRAFTS

Reading Unit

No. 7

WITCHERY IN GOLD AND SILVER

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

Interesting Facts Explained

How the Egyptians worked wonders in pure gold, 12-79
How Croesus hoarded gold in a temple, 12-82
When the Greeks built a huge statue of ivory and gold, 12-84
When the wealthy Romans loved to show their silver services, 12-84

How the Crusaders brought back gorgeous pieces from Constantinople, 12-86
How the Renaissance raised jewelry and gold work to its peak of beauty, 12-88
The early gold and silver smiths in America, 12-90
How silver plating was discovered, 12-90

Picture Hunt

What sort of animals were used to decorate the famous Rospigliosi cup? 12-79
What sort of gold work has been dug up at Ur? 12-81
What kind of work was used on

the chalices of the 14th and 15th centuries? 12-85
What are the main characteristics of early American silver work? 12-91

Related Material

The workmanship of the Egyptians, 11-12
The ancient Greeks, creators of the ideal, 11-31
The Romans as architects and engineers, 11-61
The wealth of the Byzantine empire, 5-287

The spirit of the late Gothic Age, 11-94
The late flowering of English art, 11-293
How America has developed an art of her own, 11-354
Industrialism and its effect upon ideas, 7-217, 241

Practical Applications

The working of gold and silver have changed very little in their methods since earliest

times, and the pleasure of the individual craftsman is as great to-day as ever.

Leisure-time Activities

Study the gold and silver work that appears in jewelers' windows, and compare it with

that in the museums or in pictures that you may find. How do you think it has changed?

Summary Statement

Man has always loved to combine artistic beauty with precious materials, packing as much value and beauty into as small and per-

fect a thing as possible. Many objects of great beauty have been made from gold and silver.

This is the famous Rospigliosi Cup or saltcellar. It got its name from the fact that it was once owned by the Rospigliosi family of Rome; but it is now in the Metropolitan Museum in New York. This ornate but somehow beautiful jumble of tortoise, monsters, and sea shell is made of enameled gold, and is thought to be the work of Benvenuto Cellini.

Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art



WITCHERY in GOLD and SILVER

How the Expert Artist in the White and Yellow Metals Can Rival the Painter with His Brush and Colors

YOU may read in the Book of Exodus of how the ancient Israelites wrought in gold and silver for the glory of the Lord. At the command of Moses, the people gathered together all sorts of precious and gorgeously colored materials; "they came, both men and women, as many as were willing hearted, and brought bracelets, and earrings, and rings and tablets, all jewels of gold." Then Moses appointed Bezaleel and Aholiab, men "skilled in all manner of workmanship," "to devise curious works, to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass, and in the cutting of stones, to set them," and "to work all manner of work, of the engraver." They and their helpers built the tabernacle and all its furniture and fittings, the tables, the Ark of the Covenant, the seven-branched candlestick with its cups like almond flowers. The doors turned in sockets of brass; the

walls were plated with beaten gold. Thus the goldsmiths and the silversmiths made beautiful the holy place.

Perhaps the Israelites had learned something of this skill in gold and silver while they were laboring as slaves in Egypt. For the Egyptians and the Sumerians were the first peoples, so far as we know, to win skill as goldsmiths, as they were the first to do so many other things. Five thousand years ago Egyptian goldsmiths were as skillful craftsmen as any who have ever lived. We know this from the magnificent furnishings in the royal tombs which are from time to time discovered and opened.

In these tombs, what splendor of silver and gold and bright enamel and precious stones! Chairs and bedsteads, tables, thrones, and even state chariots were plated with gold and silver. Toilet articles and jewelry of

ART IN GOLD AND SILVER

every kind were made of gold, set with precious stones, and highly decorated with something very like modern enamel. The coffins were made of gold and silver and covered with hammered and engraved designs. And the magnificence of crowns and scepters, of diadems and breastplates, is beyond all words. The height reached by the Egyptian civilization is shown by the work of the goldsmiths as fully as by that of the sculptors and architects.

Of course, to have worked in gold and silver at all, the Egyptians would have had to be both rich and civilized. Savages sometimes wear nuggets of pure gold, picked up among the river sands, for gold is one of the few metals ever found in a pure state instead of hidden away in ore. But when men begin to hammer the gold and decorate it, they are beginning to work upward out of savagery. Gold is too soft for weapons or tools, but for the more delightful and "useless" purpose of making ornaments, its softness is all in its favor. You can hammer it into almost any shape. You can beat it into sheets thinner than tissue paper, and use this "gold leaf" to cover baser metals such as iron or copper or brass. From the half-civilized gypsy to the most skillful goldsmith, every craftsman uses hammer and anvil, mallets and chisels and punches, for shaping his gold.

The Many Ways of Working Gold

Sometimes goldsmiths and silversmiths hammer a design into the soft metal in very low relief; such work is called "chasing" or "repoussé" (rē-pōō'sā'). Sometimes they engrave the metal, carving delicate lines in it. Sometimes they fill the fine lines with a black substance that hardens when exposed

to gentle heat; this black-outlined engraving is called 'niello' (nī-ě'l'ō) work. When they inlay the gold with silver or other metals of contrasting color we call it damascene (dām'-â-sēn') work. When they draw the gold or silver out into fine wires and then twist the wires together into beautifully interlaced designs, we call it filigree (fil'ī-grē) work. Often

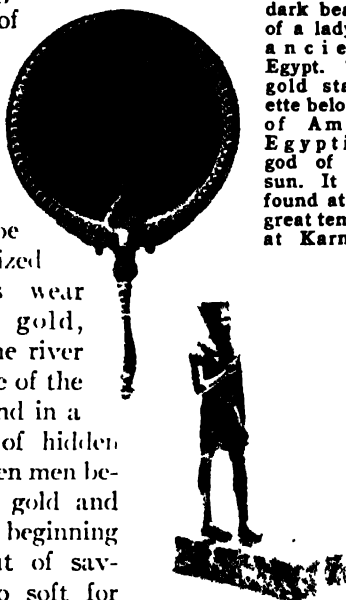
the gold or silver object, whether it be cup or dagger or ring, is decorated with enamels or set with precious or semiprecious stones, with coral or amber or glass.

Because gold and silver are so often used with precious stones and made into jewelry of all sorts, the goldsmith's and silversmith's art is very like the jeweler's. They have to know how to do the same things. They both have to be delicate, sure craftsmen, and men of artistic talent and taste. Only an artist can conceive a still lovelier design for each successive brooch or ring; only a fine craftsman can fit the jewel and its setting perfectly together. For centuries there was no

distinction between the jeweler and the goldsmith, and even yet the maker of hand-made jewelry must be both at once.

The real difference between the two men lies in

what they are most interested in doing. A jeweler is interested in setting off his jewel to the best advantage, and he uses his gold and silver all for that end. A goldsmith or silversmith, on the other hand, is interested in making his gold or silver as beautiful as possible, and he uses precious stones and anything else that he needs just to adorn his design. Then too, a goldsmith or silversmith makes many other things besides jewelry—vases and flagons, saltcellars and spoons, and all sorts of decorative objects. Often he works in other metals as well as in gold and silver—in bronze, perhaps, or tin or pewter. His whole idea is to make beautiful things out of metal.



To the left is a silver mirror which once reflected the dark beauty of a lady of ancient Egypt. The gold statuette below is of Amon, Egyptian god of the sun. It was found at his great temple at Karnak.

Silver usually grows quite dilapidated with age, but this ancient vase with its plant design and fragile handles has withstood the ravages of time.



Photograph by Metropolitan Museum of Art

ART IN GOLD AND SILVER



Photo by University of Pennsylvania Museum

This harp, one of the most beautiful of ancient works of art, was recently dug up on the spot where Ur once stood. The bull's head is of gold and lapis lazuli, and the delicate inlay is of shell. From this and other works of art found in the royal graves at Ur, we know that the Sumerians were skillful workers in gold and silver at a very early date. One prince was buried with a beautiful helmet of beaten gold upon his head.

It was made in the form of a wig, with the hair shown in relief. It waves over the top, comes down in curls over the forehead and cheeks, and is tied up behind in a very modern-looking knot. The same tomb held an exquisite fluted bowl of gold, a golden lamp in the form of a sea shell, weapons made of gold or decorated with gold and silver, and earrings, bracelets, and beads of the same precious materials.

ART IN GOLD AND SILVER

But all this time we have been forgetting about the Egyptian goldsmiths, who had brought their art to such perfection. At about the same time goldsmiths were laboring among the ancient Sumerians (sū-mē'-rī-ān) in the Tigris-Euphrates Valley. We have dug up a few pieces of their work, and it shows that they well understood the art of moulding melted gold. They moulded little figures of men and animals, and then soldered the figures to vessels hammered out of gold. Sometimes they engraved gems, and decorated their gold and silver objects with them.

From Egypt and Sumeria the art of working in gold

must have spread all over the Eastern world. There were skillful goldsmiths among the rich and adventurous race of sea rovers who dwelt in Crete for many centuries before the rise of Greece. In the ruins of their palaces and in their tombs we have found many beautiful things made of gold. There are countless vessels of beaten gold, and even some figures in the round beaten out with hammers. There are tiny figures, too, which have been cast, like those made by the Sumerians. There is filigree work. One tomb had as many as seven hundred small ornamented disks of gold, which may have been nailed on a coffin or may have been used to decorate some gorgeous garment. There are even masks of thin beaten gold, which seem to have been connected with the funeral ceremonies, perhaps as portraits of the dead.

The Cretans—or Minoans (mī-nō'ān), as they are called—traded and colonized around

the shores of the Aegean Sea, and the early goldsmithery we have dug up at Mycenae (mī-sē'nē) and other places in Greece shows Minoan influence. At Mycenae, also, a new kind of work in gold has been found—inlay, which does not seem to have been known to the Minoans. One dagger has an inlaid picture of some cats stalking

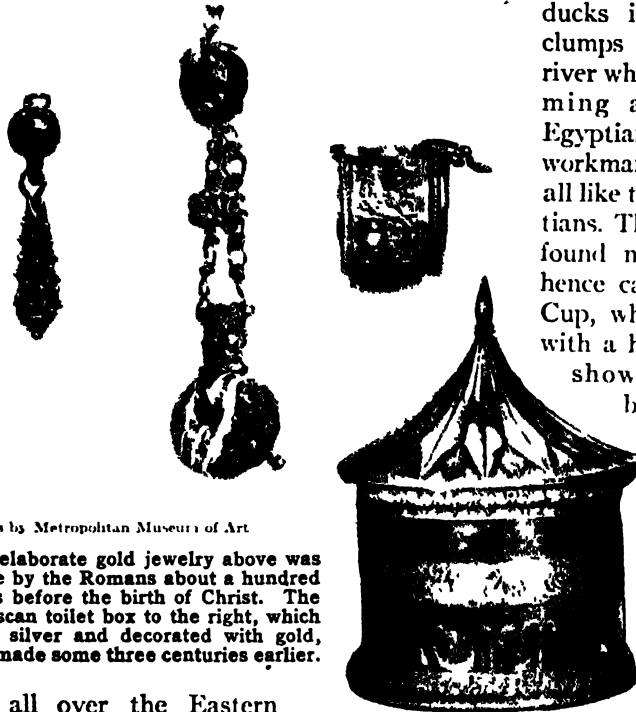
ducks in the midst of clumps of papyrus by a river where fish are swimming about; this is Egyptian scenery, but the workmanship is not at all like that of the Egyptians. There is a gold cup, found near Vaphio and hence called the Vaphio Cup, which is decorated with a hammered design showing wild bulls

being captured with nets.

Many of these designs from Mycenae are drawn with a free, bold stroke and are most delicately modeled.

Mycenae and Vaphio are in Greece, of course; yet the people who made these things were not of the race of Greeks who later built up the glorious Greek civilization. Those later Greeks, of the "classical" period, must have had fine goldsmiths among them, for they were excellent in all the arts. But not much of their work remains to us. There came first one conqueror and then another, and each carried off more of the precious objects in gold and silver and melted them up for the metal in them. So we have to depend on the glowing accounts that the old Greek writers have left us of the goldsmith's work in ancient Greece.

Some of it must have been very beautiful. Herodotus (hē-rōd'ō-tūs), the historian, tells us of the splendor of the work done by the goldsmiths for the temple at Delphi (dēl'fī) at the command of Croesus (krē'sūs), that



Photos by Metropolitan Museum of Art

The elaborate gold jewelry above was made by the Romans about a hundred years before the birth of Christ. The Etruscan toilet box to the right, which is of silver and decorated with gold, was made some three centuries earlier.

ART IN GOLD AND SILVER



Photos by Metropolitan Museum of Art

The Greeks were skilled workers in gold and silver long before Greece rose to the height of her power. No. 7 is one of two gold cups from Vaphio, in Greece, made some 3,500 years ago, when Crete was flourishing. This one shows the hunting of wild cattle. No. 3 is a gold bowl from Cyprus, made in about 1200 B.C. and decorated in an Egyptian style; No. 5 is a vase from Cyprus, made about 700 B.C. No. 2 is a Greek

vase handle, and Nos. 1, 4, and 6 were fashioned by the Greeks. No. 1 is a helmet of gold made about 500 B.C. The Greeks carried on a brisk trade with foreign peoples. Among their customers were the Scythians, to the north. No. 4 is a bit of gold plate which once adorned the sheath of a Scythian sword. No. 6 is a bowl of gilt silver made in the second or third century B.C.

ART IN GOLD AND SILVER

Lydian king whose very name has come to mean great wealth. Then there was the statue of Athena (ă-thē'nă) which the great sculptor Phidias (fīd'y-ās) made for the Parthenon (păr'thē-nōn), a great temple at Athens. This was of gigantic size, fashioned of ivory and gold. The garments were strewn with flowers engraved in the metal and colored with precious stones. Gorgeous indeed must have been this mighty shrine of the goddess of wisdom, patroness of the Athenians!

The Romans learned goldsmithery, as they learned all the other arts, very largely from the Greeks. Greek craftsmen went to Italy or sold their work to Romans, and of course instructed some Italians in their art. The Etruscans (ē-trūs'kăn), a race of people living just north of Rome, seem to have been very apt pupils. They learned from the Greeks and from the Egyptians, and had a knack of their own at goldsmith's work, especially at the making of filigree. So, between the Greeks and the Etruscans, no wealthy Roman had any difficulty in finding goldsmiths and silversmiths to fill his orders.

When Silver Was Stylish in Rome

And you may be sure the Romans wanted splendid things, and gave orders for every gorgeous ornament you can conceive. They were especially fond of magnificent table services of gold and silver, for they liked to give great banquets and astound their guests with the gleam of their wealth and the perfection of their taste. Silver vessels ornamented with designs in relief were fashionable for many generations. At the time of Augustus the designs were very elaborate—pic-

tures from history or legend, flowers and people and animals and birds. To own splendid silver pieces, to know their styles and beauties and value, was at one time all the fashion among the rich men of the Roman empire.

Even when they went on campaigns in

Syria or Gaul, the Roman generals would carry their precious table services with them. Sometimes, fearing defeat or capture, they would bury them on the sites of their camps. Sometimes they could not return for their hidden treasure, and then it might lie in the earth for

long centuries, to be dug up, perhaps, by some lucky modern, to show us what a Roman table service was like. One such treasure, found near Hildesheim, in Germany, may still be seen in a Berlin museum. But all too many of the masterpieces of Roman art were melted up by the barbarians who conquered Rome.

Yet when the Roman empire fell before these barbarians, in the fourth and fifth centuries, the

art of the goldsmith did not fall with it. During the next few centuries, known as the early Middle Ages, it flourished in two main centers in Gaul, or France, in the West, and in Byzantium (bī-zăn'shī-ŭm), or Constantinople, in the East.

There had been skillful metal workers in Gaul even at the time of Julius Caesar's invasion there. They knew how to make beautiful interlaced designs in bronze and silver, and how to decorate their work with coral and amber and enamels. From their Roman conquerors they learned how to use precious stones and colored glass. When the Romans had declined, however, the northern people began to forget the more elegant tastes of

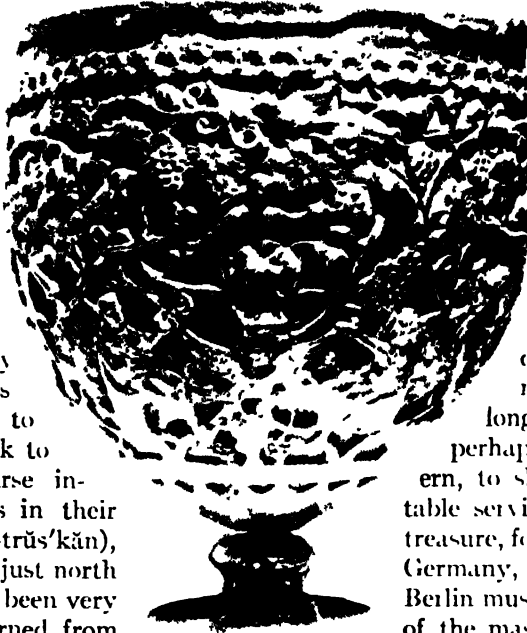
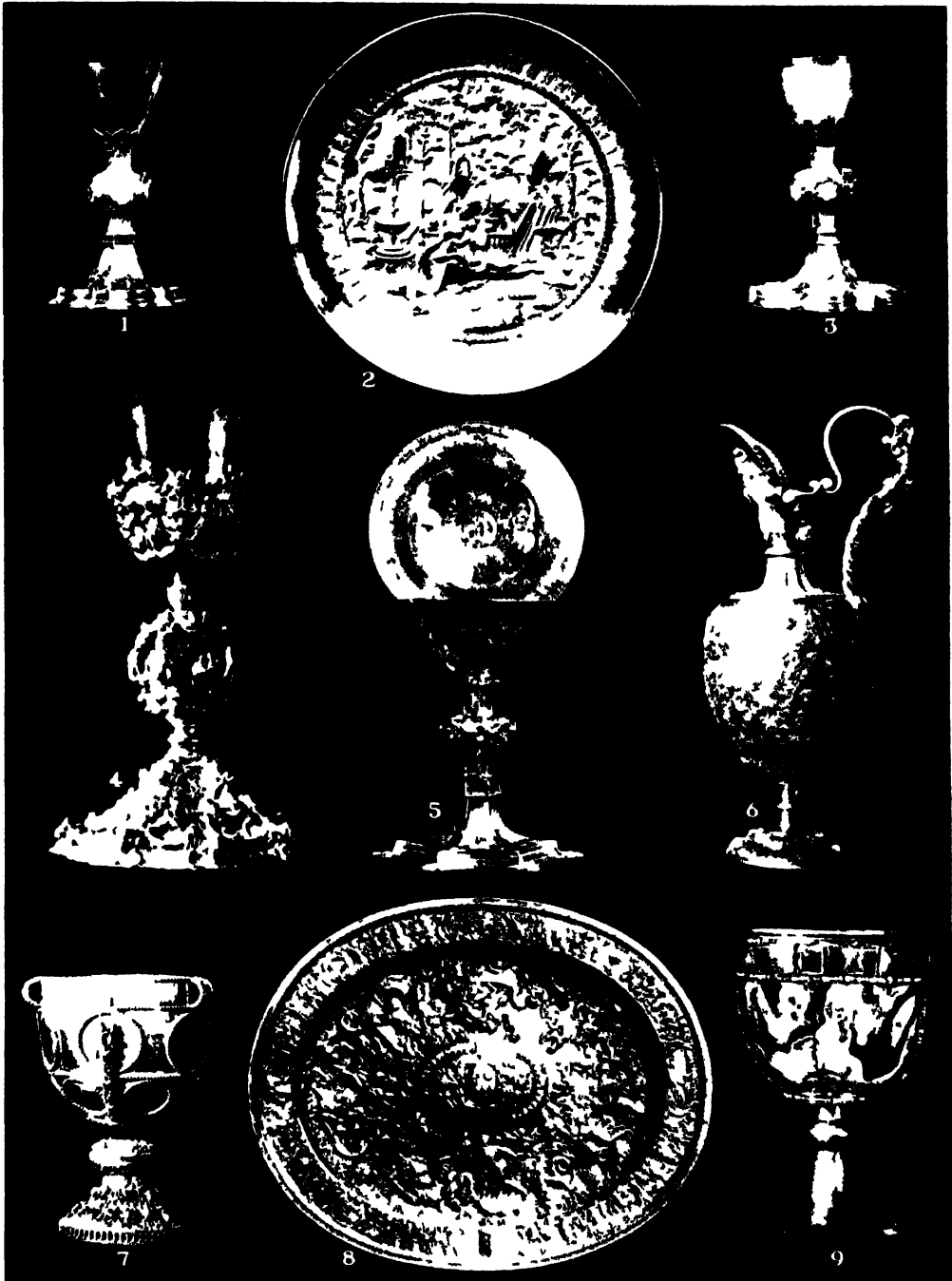


Photo Copyright by Kourchak Freres

This is the famous Antioch Chalice. It is made of silver and decorated with figures of Christ, Peter, and Paul. Some people believe that the chalice was made not later than the middle of the first century A.D. and that the figures may, therefore, be real portraits. Others think that the chalice was made much later—in the fourth or fifth century.

ART IN GOLD AND SILVER



Photos by Alinari

All of these beautiful examples of metal work are from Italy. Nos. 1 and 3. Fourteenth and fifteenth century copper chalices covered with silver, gold, and engraving. No. 2. Plate of silver. No. 4. Silver chalice. No. 5. Fifteenth century silver chalice. No. 6. Beaked

water pitcher of gilt silver done in the manner of Cellini. Nos. 7 and 9. Byzantine chalices of the tenth and eleventh centuries, made of gilt silver. No. 8. Gilt silver platter elaborately decorated with a legend of the sea nymph Amphitrite.

ART IN GOLD AND SILVER

the civilized south, and to grow more and more like their half-barbarous neighbors of Germany and the Scandinavian countries.

Yet there was much goldsmithery to be done, for kings and princes and barbarian chieftains wanted plenty of ornaments for themselves, their women, their weapons, and their horses. Christian bishops, leaders of the missions to those lands, wanted gold and silver and jeweled ornaments for their new churches. The church, in fact, took the goldsmith to her bosom. Many of the best workshops were in the monasteries, and even some of the bishops were goldsmiths. One of them, Eligius (ê-lîj'-î-ÿs), became a saint. Because he was so famous a goldsmith, and because he encouraged all the goldsmiths of France with his enthusiasm and religious zeal, he has ever since been revered as the patron saint of those who work in fine metals.

Meanwhile, at the new seat of empire at Byzantium, in the East, goldsmithery was flourishing as it had never flourished before. The Emperor and his court loved color and pomp and lavish display. Christian patriarchs and bishops liked them too, and since there was no lack of wealth and skill, workers in precious metals and precious stones were inspired to do their best. The furnishings of the palaces and churches built by the emperors Constantine and Theodosius were magnificent beyond description. The em-

peror's chapel was as splendid as a jewel box. The decorations of the church of Saint Sophia and the church of the Holy Apostles were more gorgeous than those of any church in the whole world to-day, perhaps than those of any other church ever built anywhere. The fame of Byzantine craftsmen spread far

and wide. Half-savage German kings would buy jeweled swords from Constantinople, and tankards in enamel and gold. Even from France came a call for Byzantine (bî-zăn'tîn) goldsmiths to come to Charlemagne's (shar'lê-măn) capital, where they made decorations for churches throughout his vast empire.

Throughout the following centuries more and more fine goldsmithery continued to be brought into the Western lands from Constantinople and the East. Crusaders, coming home from the long wars in the Holy Land, and often passing through Constantinople on the way, brought back with them a delight in

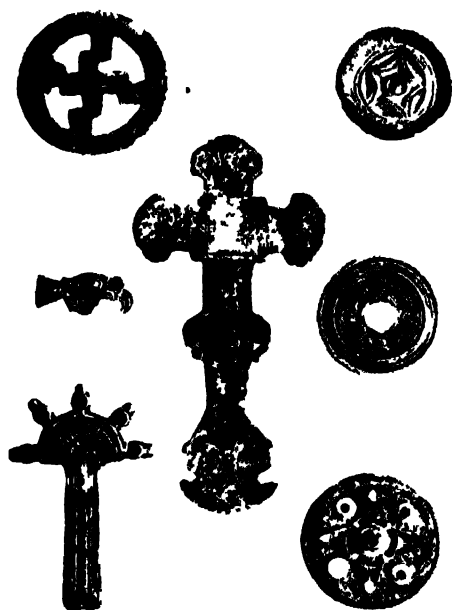
oriental splendor. They wanted golden cups and silver spoons and gorgeous jewelry to brighten their huge and somber castle halls. And they had brought home holy relics from Palestine, and would not be content unless these were enshrined in some beautiful box or reliquary (rêl'y-kwâ-rî). Or they had brought ostrich-egg shells, coconut shells, horns of the water buffalo, or horns so they were assured—of the fabled unicorn; these they caused to be mounted with gold



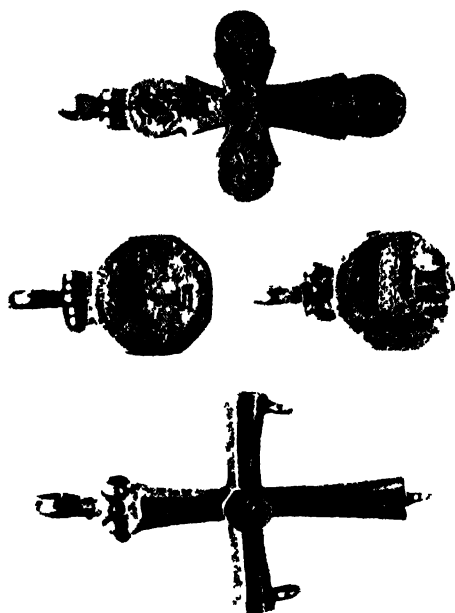
Photo by British Museum

This is the "King's Cup" which was made in France late in the fourteenth century and is now in the British Museum. The kings of France once drank from its shining bowl, but after the wars of Henry V and John, duke of Bedford, it came into the possession of the English crown. This lidded cup is made of gold and is decorated with scenes from the life of St. Agnes; they are done in the most exquisite of transparent enamels.

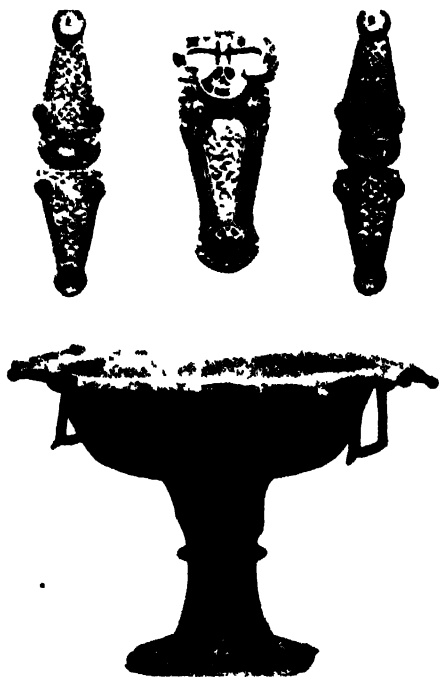
ART IN GOLD AND SILVER



These brooches were made in England during the early Anglo-Saxon period from about 500 to 600 A D. when Christianity was just getting a foothold in the pagan isles.

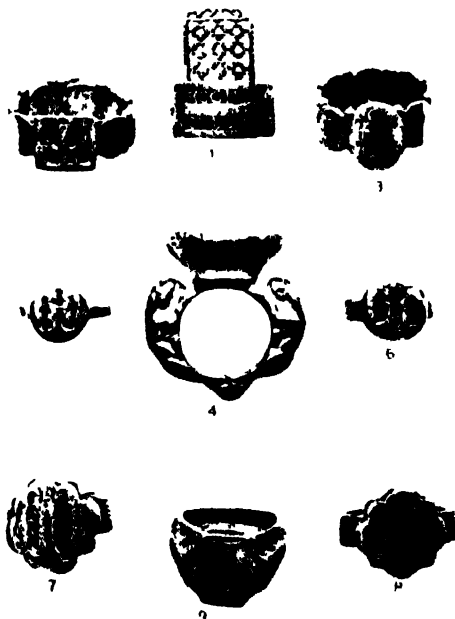


Here are two Byzantine crosses of gold. In the center is a locket which once held a sacred relic. It was "a sure protection against all ills," according to the Greek words inscribed upon it.



Photos by British Museum

Twelve hundred years ago a certain English warrior was buried, and above are some of the things that were put in his grave. The center buckle is of gold set with garnets. The vase is of silver.



All of the above except Nos. 3, 4, and 9, which are seal rings—are marriage or betrothal rings. Nos. 1 & 4 were made before 500 A D. The others were made in later centuries.

ART IN GOLD AND SILVER

and silver and set with gems, to serve for drinking cups at the banquet. Often the things they brought had merely been taken as loot. Thus, in 1204, when Constantinople was pillaged, they carried off untold treasure. One of the finest pieces of work from this treasure, a gorgeous altar cover, was brought to Venice and set up in the church of Saint Mark. There you may still see it to-day, and from it get some idea of what Byzantium must have been like in the days of its glory.

In the fourteenth century there began to stir in Italy that great re-awakening of appreciation for the art and thought of the ancients which we call the Renaissance (rĕn'-ĕ-sōn's'). The movement spread all over Europe, and ran its course for some three hundred years. To the goldsmiths and the silversmiths it meant new models and new styles, and a new inspiration. Gone were the massive designs of the Middle Ages, copies from the stone tracery of Gothic cathedrals. Instead of them the Renaissance goldsmiths sought designs that should be elegant and graceful. They studied whatever Greek and Roman models they could get, and added all that they could learn from their own skill and genius, and from their study of nature and of man. The results were glorious. Never before nor since has such goldsmithery been known as that of the Renaissance.

Master Craftsmen of the Renaissance

For the first two centuries or so most of the best work was done for churches. It was often done by great artists. The names of these men are now famous for their painting or sculpture, but often in their own day they were equally renowned as goldsmiths. So great was the honor of the worker in precious metals in those days! There was Ghiberti

(gĕ-bĕr'tĕ), the illustrious architect; there was Donatello (dŏn'a-tĕl'lŏ), famous for his sculpture; there was Luca della Robbia (lŏŏ'kă dĕl'lă rôb'byă), maker of the great pottery—all were masters of the goldsmith's art. About the middle of the fifteenth century, in which they all lived, Tomasso Fini-

guerra(tô-măs'sŏ fĕ nĕ-gwĕr'ră) made the finest niello work ever produced.

The greatest of all goldsmiths lived in Italy in the sixteenth century. This was Benvenuto Cellini (bĕn'vă-nŏŏ'tŏ chĕl-lĕ'-ne), of Florence. As we read his famous "Autobiography," we may see what a stormy sort of person he was, and how many kinds of art he mastered. Above all else he was a loving and

The sword guards of Japan are often beautifully decorated with gold and silver work. The one below tells the story of Toddmoei, who mistook an old priest for a robber and rudely dragged him across the ground by his coat tails. The poor old fellow's rain hat and oil jar have fallen to the ground. To the left is a holy-water bucket from the Rhine Valley. It was made in the tenth century and is adorned with scenes from the life of Christ.



Photo 16. of Art
Left Museum and Metropolitan Museum

exquisite goldsmith, famed for his art.

Only a few pieces of Cellini's work remain. The reason for this is the same as the reason for the loss of so much Greek and Roman work—the stupid greed of warring kings and princes, who wanted gold for hiring soldiers more than they wanted things of beauty to use or look at. But in New York City you may still see, in the Metropolitan Museum, the Rospigliosi (rŏ'spĭ-glyŏ'sĕ) Cup made by Cellini. Or if you chance to go to Vienna you may see the marvelous saltcellar he made for Francis I, king of France. These two pieces are enough to prove that the world is right in calling him the prince of goldsmiths.

Slowly, over the rest of Europe, the new Italian ideas blended with the native art developed in the Middle Ages. Each country—Holland, Germany, Spain, and France in particular—developed its own peculiar

ART IN GOLD AND SILVER



Photos by Metropolitan Museum of Art

In 1742 an English craftsman, Thomas Bolsover, was mending a knife made of copper and silver. He overheated it by mistake and found that the silver had stuck to the copper in a thin coat. This chance dis-

covery brought about the making of the old "Sheffield plate," which became so famous for its beauty and solidity. Above are examples of Sheffield plate made in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

style. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries Denmark and Norway were famous for their silver-mounted drinking horns. More and more silver forks and spoons were being made for domestic use. One spoon pattern, popular for two centuries, had figures of the apostles on the handle. These are called "apostle spoons." In Germany it was the thing to have a combination fork, spoon, and toothpick made of silver. In the sixteenth century, Augsburg and Nuremberg produced immense quantities of spoons and drinking cups; sometimes the drinking cups were fitted out with clockwork to propel them along the table! In England during Queen Elizabeth's time it was the style to have huge saltcellars in elaborate designs; one, for instance, is like a sturdy tower standing on four golden lions, with the cover, topped by a tiny human figure

good workmen, they were not especially good designers. Their patterns, many of them devised by Charles Le Brun (lē brŭN'), Louis's artistic dictator, used mostly interlaced scrolls, foliage, and shellwork.

The silversmiths of England, who had long been famous, did some exquisite work during

the eighteenth century. A great deal of it went into things for the table - trays, cups and mugs, porringers, tureens, and decorative articles like vases and candlesticks. The work done during this time is notable for its simple elegance.

It was from England that the silversmiths in the American colonies learned their art. Much fine work was done in silver at Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, even in colonial times. The famous Paul Revere was admired by his neighbors for his fine silver-

smithery as well as for his patriotism. Most of the colonial silver, like that of England during the same period, is of simple, graceful design, and elegantly executed. If you go to see the fine collection of early American silverware in the Metropolitan Museum in New York, you will have no doubt of the taste and skill of our ancestors, even when they lived at the edge of the wilderness.

Much of the table silver we use to-day is not solid, or "sterling," but plated. A method of plating silver dishes was discovered by an



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

This gold vase is a product of Tiffany, in New York. While we may not, perhaps, admire its elaborate design, and may prefer the simplicity of earlier works, it is easy to see that it was made with great skill and required a complete mastery of the methods of working in metals.

The Court of the Sun King

Through a large part of the seventeenth century the center of art in Europe was the court of the magnificent Louis XIV of France, who liked to hear himself called the Sun King. But not many of Louis's artists worked in pure gold and silver. They were more likely to execute their designs in tin or pewter, in copper or bronze, and then gild them over. Although these men were very

ART IN GOLD AND SILVER



Photos by Metropolitan Museum of Art

All of these beautiful and simple shapes in silver were made in America. No. 1. Teapot made by Daniel Van Voorhis in the late eighteenth century. No. 2. Tea caddy of early nineteenth century. No. 3. Teapot, Josiah Austin, eighteenth century. No. 4. Spoons made by Paul Revere, who was well-known as a silversmith besides being a famous rider! No. 5. Sugar

bowl, William Gilbert, late eighteenth century. No. 6. Pitcher, Thomas Skinner, mid-eighteenth century. No. 7. Sugar castor, William Pollard. No. 8. Sugar bowl, Christian Wiltberger last two made in the early eighteenth century. No. 9. Coffee pot, Charles Faris, late eighteenth century. Nos. 10 and 11. Porringer and tankard, Benjamin Burt, eighteenth century.

ART IN GOLD AND SILVER

English cutler in the middle of the eighteenth century. This "Sheffield plate," as it is called, was first made by laying a thin sheet of silver on one side only of the copper base. Later a way was found to plate both sides, and to cover the edges with little folds. This kind of plate was popular for a long time, until, almost exactly a hundred years after it had been invented, it began to be displaced by the product of the new process still in use to-day. This new kind of plating is done with electricity—the silver being deposited particle by particle on the metal base. It is so cheap and efficient that it allows nearly everyone to have spoons and knives, and even a vase or two, that are at least covered over with silver.

But beautiful things are still being made out of sterling silver, usually by machines but sometimes, even yet, by hand. The hand work is naturally expensive, as it has always been, and so is confined largely to the homes of the rich. Fairly little work, either by machine or by hand, is now done in gold. Even jewelry has of late years been

wrought more and more of silver. Silver is less showy and more chastely elegant, and it is, of course, far less expensive. But goldsmithery has by no means perished from the world.

For here and there, in various countries, is a goldsmith or a silversmith of talent, patiently turning out beautiful creations for the joy of the work rather than for gain. One of the greatest of these is Georg Jensen (yén'sén), of Copenhagen. His work may be seen in great museums, along with that of the great metal workers of the past. And here and there in little villages, or in the midst of some great city, are many unknown craftsmen, fashioning rings and necklaces of silver, framing semiprecious stones in hand-wrought settings of gold.

We must not forget, either, that the designs, often very lovely indeed, which are fed to the machines, must be conceived and worked out by artists. There seems little danger that the art of working in gold and silver will ever be forgotten while people continue to love beautiful things.



We are far from Fifth Avenue or Bond Street! This Arab jeweler has set up shop in a street of Algiers and is busily at work on a golden chain. But though his tools are primitive, he may turn out something very beautiful in design.

HISTORY of the CRAFTS

Reading Unit

No. 8

WHEN WHITTLING IS A FINE ART

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

Interesting Facts Explained

The difference between carving and sculpture, 12 96

Why the Chinese and Japanese are master carvers, 12 100

Why the Greeks wore beautifully carved stones as charms, 12 103

When the liking for gems reached its height in Rome, 12 105

How a cameo is carved, 12 105

What ivory carving meant to the Middle Ages, 12-105

When wood carving came into its glory, 12-107

How glass is carved, 12-107

Why machinery has made carving seem unnecessary, 12-107

The modern carver as a "model maker" for the machine, 12-107

Things to Think About

Why has man always loved to carve?

Why have the carver's tools remained the same for centuries?

What did carving mean to the Indians, Egyptians, and Greeks?

Why do you think one sees very little carving to-day?

Picture Hunt

Why did the Indians carve their towering totem poles? 12 96

What is the chief quality to be found in Chinese and Japanese carvings? 12 97

On what part of the temples and palaces did the early stone carvers work? 12 94

What are the carvings on the column of Trajan? 12-104

Related Material

The beautiful Greek vases, 11-49

The Egyptians' work in hardest stone, 11 12

The Babylonian use of gold and enamel in ornaments, 11 25

The Renaissance and the changes it brought, 11 107

How Ghiberti carved realistic

panels in Florence, 11 127

The law of perspective and what it meant to all art, 11 114

The artistic manner of the early Christians, 11 74

Workers in the Gothic Age were anonymous, 11 94

America advances in art, 11 354

Leisure-time Activities

Obtain a set of simple carving tools and some seasoned wood.

Invent a design of your own and carve it out.

Summary Statement

Though the art of carving is not practiced widely to-day because our tastes have grown more

simple, it still has many fine uses and is capable of giving us much pleasure.

THE ART OF CARVING



Fig. 1 to 13 by Granstonoff Bros. Alinari, Antwerp, and Metropolitan Museum.

Ever since the days of ancient Egypt, architects have decorated their buildings, temples, churches, and palaces with beautiful carvings. Here are some of them, from famous buildings of all ages. No. 1 is a Byzantine capital from the basilica of San Vitale in Ravenna, No. 2, egg and dart border from the Erechtheum, Athens, No. 3, capital from church of San Giovanni, Ravello, No. 4, Ionic capital, No. 5, column

in St. Peter's, Rome, once thought to have come from Solomon's Temple, Nos. 6 and 8, fifth century French columns, No. 7, Corinthian capital, No. 9, Egyptian palm-leaf capital and shaft, No. 10, Roman architectural frieze, No. 11, thirteenth century capital, No. 12, section of the entablature and capital from the temple of Castor in Rome, No. 13, twelfth century capital from the basilica of Saint Mark in Venice.

THE ART OF CARVING



The to by Grunstoff Bros

It is easy to tell who is the great artist seated surveying his work. No one but Michelangelo could have made the giant figure of Moses you see on the left,

or the slaves straining at their bonds on either side of their gifted creator. Pope Julius II, his patron, is entering from the right.

WHEN WHITTLING IS *a* FINE ART

Give Him a Sharp Knife and a Block of Hard Wood, and the Carver Will Turn Out a Statue of Apollo or an Arbor of Interlacing Grapevines, Rich with Luscious Fruit

LEAVE a boy alone with a jackknife and a stick of wood, and he will not need anyone to tell him to begin learning the art of carving. Just so, long ages ago, our primitive ancestors taught themselves to carve.

They did not have jackknives, of course, and if they carved on sticks, the wood has all rotted away and is no more to be seen. But even in the time before men knew the use of metals, in the Old Stone Age, they knew how to carve. Some unknown artist took a sharp bit of stone and scratched a picture on the rock wall of the cave in which he lived. From this it was only a step to scratching lines and pictures on the bone of some animal killed in the chase, or on the drinking horn made from the antler of a

reindeer or the tusk of a mammoth. Then someone tried making the figure of a woman or the head of an animal from the bone or horn, cutting it out, as we say, "in the round." A great many of these antique carvings have been found in Europe, especially in Southern France, and they tell us much about the men of those old days. Most of them, naturally, are pretty crude, but some of the carvers of the Old Stone Age were really artists.

Since art and science develop among different peoples at different times, we do not have to go back to the cavemen of Europe for all our primitive carvings. The Eskimos in Alaska, for instance, were decorating their snow goggles and harpoons with fine carving a thousand years and more ago, and are doing

THE ART OF CARVING

it still. They carve in ivory, using the tusks of walrus and even of mammoths buried for ages in the snow. The Alaska Indians, too, are famous for their carving, this time in wood. Have you ever seen one of their mammoth totem poles? A totem pole is a fetish (fē'tish), or sacred object, and is carved all over with monstrous and fantastic heads of men and beasts, each one with its meaning in the history and religion of the tribe.

Perhaps even more famous for their wood carving are the Negro tribes of the Congo and other places in Africa, and the peoples of some of the islands of the South Seas. The African tribes make queer wooden images of their gods, with immense heads and tiny bodies, perhaps as they suppose their ancestors used to look long ago. They make huge wooden spoons with handles shaped like the head of a giraffe or a gazelle, and use them for spoon, fork, knife, cup, and plate all in one. They carve their wooden shields and war clubs and the shafts of their spears. But the most fascinating things they carve are fantastic and hideous wooden masks to be worn by medicine men and by the dancers in religious dances. Many American Indians make such wooden masks, too.

Some people think that all this primitive carving—that is, carving by simple and uncivilized people—is crude

and ugly. But others like it because it is vigorous and alive, and sometimes even beautiful in its own way.

As a matter of fact, many "modernist" artists have lately been trying to copy it.

But before we start talking about the many kinds of carving done by civilized peoples, we had better be sure we know what carving is. The main trouble is that carving is easily confused with sculpture, for the maker of statues carves things too. As a matter of fact, it is sometimes very hard to say whether a thing is carving or sculpture. But usually we can tell by asking this question: Did the artist carve this thing to be looked at for itself alone, or did he carve it as a decoration for something else? If he did the first, he has produced sculpture; if the second, carving. Thus the famous statue of Venus of Milo (mē'lō), in the Louvre (loo'vr), is sculpture: it is a complete work of art in itself. But the beautiful carved paneling in some fine room, or the tiny carved figure hung from a watch chain, is carving, for the paneling decorates the room and the watch chain decorates the chain—or the man, if you prefer. It is true that statues are usually larger than carvings—for mere size sometimes seems to lend dignity to a thing and makes it look as if it were done for itself alone.

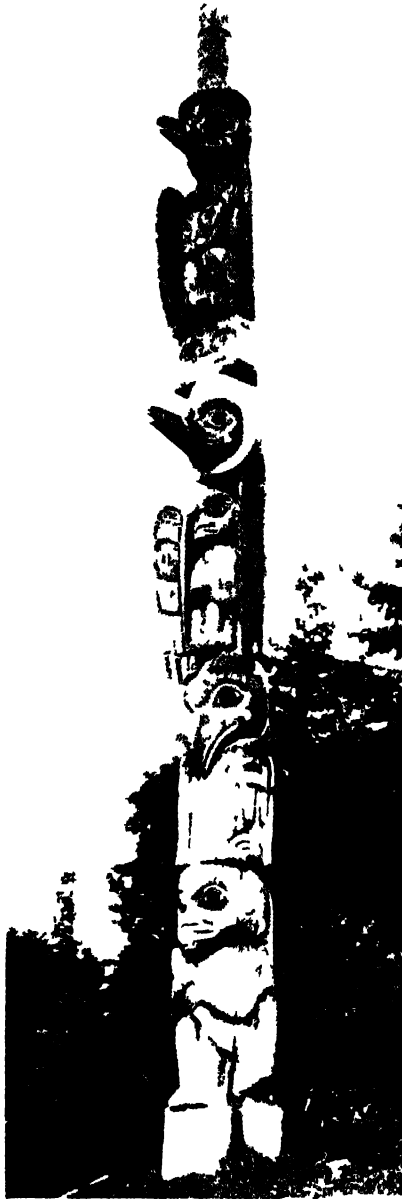


FIG. 13. Totem pole in Museum of Natural History.

This totem pole from Alaska is carved with raven-demons and is painted with bright colors as crude and startling as the carved figures themselves.

THE ART OF CARVING



Fig 1 This delicate design, which represents a harnessed elephant, is carved in lacquer

From China and Japan come more entrancing carvings than one could count. The few shown on this page can give you only a notion of their delicacy



Fig 2 A Chinese artist made this lovely vase out of one block of soft green jade. The creatures that sprawl about its sides are dragons

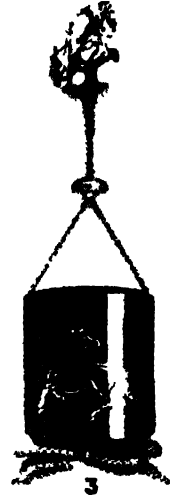


Fig 3 From Japan comes this spirited horse carved upon a surface of gleaming lacquer.



Fig 4—These odd little ivory figures, so complete in every detail, were carved in Japan.



Fig 5 Flowers of jade! They seem almost to be growing, in their pretty enamel pots. And although they are made of stone, we can think we smell their perfume



Fig 6 This active little fellow comes from Japan, where he was carved from a bit of ivory.



Fig. 7—An ivory screen like this shows you how much the Chinese love simple outlines and low relief.



Fig 8—This is the Chinese war god who, carved of ivory, sits impassively upon his ivory throne. But see how his drapery swirls to his feet in agitated lines! Below him is the tortoise, symbol of the north.



Fig. 9—To the Chinese artist who carved this ivory screen, a few clusters of grapes were as beautiful as anything in the world.

THE ART OF CARVING

The primitive carving we have been talking about is mostly in wood, or in ivory or other bone. But there are many other materials for the carver—leather, glass, certain stones such as quartz and jade, metals, precious and semiprecious stones. Each of these materials has to be treated differently, and

from abroad, they carry on the old art. They make all sorts of things—brush holders and pendants and smoking implements and cages for birds and singing crickets. You would hardly believe what tiny figures and delicate lines they can make. Imagine, for instance, a wee ivory model of a palace, all fitted out with little figures and trees and

plants so fragile-looking that it seems as if a breath would break them.

Most fascinating of all Chinese ivories, perhaps, are the concentric (kōn-sēn'trik) spheres, or, to call them by their more amusing names, the "puzzle balls" or "devil's work balls." From a solid piece of ivory the craftsman carves a ball covered

These outlandish masks might well be the product of some hideous nightmare. At the top is a cow-face mask from Tibet. Anything less gentle or less cowl-like would be hard to imagine! In the center is a Bellacoola Indian mask from the northern Pacific coast. Below is a fringed mask from Africa. False faces like these are worn in certain primitive religious ceremonies.

much of the skill of the carver depends on his understanding of the particular material in which he is working. If he is working in wood or leather, for example, the grain often decides what design he may use. If his material is shell or some many-colored stone such as agate, he must try to use the natural coloring skillfully in his work. If he is working on precious stones, he has to know how to cut extremely tiny figures in the very hard surface—and you know how valuable these gems are and how sad it would be to put a single line in wrong.

Yet the tools used in carving are very simple, and have not changed so very much in all the ages. The Chinese and Japanese, famous carvers, use to-day the same simple tools their forefathers used. The Chinese are great carvers in ivory. It is supposed that in ancient times there were many elephants in China, whose tusks furnished the Chinese with plenty of ivory for carving. Even now, when they have to get their ivory



Photos by American Museum of Natural History

with flowers and little figures clambering about; the ball is done in pierced work, that is, the design goes clear through. And through the holes the clever craftsman carves out another, smaller ball, covered like the one outside, with designs—and within that

THE ART OF CARVING



Illustrations by Metropolitan Museum of Art

Nos. 1 and 3 are Egyptian birds of many-colored inlays, made in about 500 B.C. to decorate a wooden shrine. No. 2, a tube carved in the shape of a palm column it once held the kohl, or black paint, with which the Egyptians used to "make up" their eyes. No. 4, a seventeenth century ivory cup carved with little cupids. No. 5, German twelfth century horn,

No. 6, Saxon eighteenth century hunting sword. No. 7 Byzantine ninth century casket. No. 8, Egyptian statuette of wood made in about 1500 B.C., No. 9, Syrian tenth century writing case carved in ivory. No. 10, eighteenth century Turkish chest carved in wood and inlaid with mother-of-pearl. No. 11, Byzantine tenth century ivory.

THE ART OF CARVING

ball, he carves another—and so on, till sometimes he has as many as ten, each moving freely inside the next. No wonder these contrivances are called “devil’s work,” as if no one but the devil could be so clever! Yet many of these incredible balls are being made in Canton to this day.

The Chinese are famous, too, for their work in lacquer (lăk’ēr) and in fine stones like soapstone, rock crystal, and especially jade. Lacquer is a sort of varnish, with which they cover wooden objects, such as boxes, to a thickness of anywhere from one-fourth to one-half inch. Then they cut the design in this lacquer coating. Soapstone is soft and highly colored; rock crystal is hard, nearly transparent, and veined with delicate color; jade is a semiprecious stone in the loveliest of soft greens. From all these materials, the Chinese carve little figures and vases and other “objects of art” which are eagerly bought by people from Europe and America as well as by the Chinese themselves. The Chinese think that there is nothing in the world more precious than finely-carved jade.

Both the Chinese and the Japanese do wood carving, too. The Chinese like to carve elaborate patterns all over the beams of a ceiling or the pillars and doors of a house. The designs often are full of meaning—the lotus, for instance, is one of the eight

symbols of Buddha (bōōd’ā), the great religious teacher, and the peach, in their religion, stands for the tree of life. The Japanese

like to keep their houses very simple, and so do not have decorated ceilings or other heavy carvings. But they do sometimes use beautiful pierced-work carving in the oblong ventilating panels set over the screens between their rooms. These have the same graceful designs of birds and flowers that you see in Japanese prints. The

Japanese make wooden masks, too, to be used in solemn plays.

But they are better known for little things, made out of ivory and similar materials. If you have read, in our story of tea, about the fine custom of tea drinking in Japan, it will interest you to hear that the cover of the ceremonial teapot is nearly always made of carved ivory.

In the past, the best Japanese carving was to be found in the fittings for swords; for every Japanese nobleman used to wear a fine sword, of which he was very proud. The handle and the guard of the sword were both finely carved. The work might be done in wood, ivory, bone, mother-of-pearl, shark-skin, horn, or metal, or in several of these things combined. Most exquisite of all was the metal work, for the Japanese used to know how to color many metals very brilliantly, though it is a lost art now

The pagodas of China were built to fit in with the surrounding landscapes. Some people believe that their jutting roofs, placed one above the other, may have been inspired by the spreading branches of a tree. The “Porcelain Pagoda” below, which was exquisite with carving, stood at Nanking, and was known as the “Reward of Kindness.” It was built by a fifteenth century emperor in honor of his mother. The walls were covered with white porcelain, and all the overhanging eaves were covered with green porcelain tiles. A golden ball decorated the very top, and from every angle of the eaves hung little bells that set up a fairylike music in the breeze. This most famous of all pagodas was destroyed in the middle of the last century.

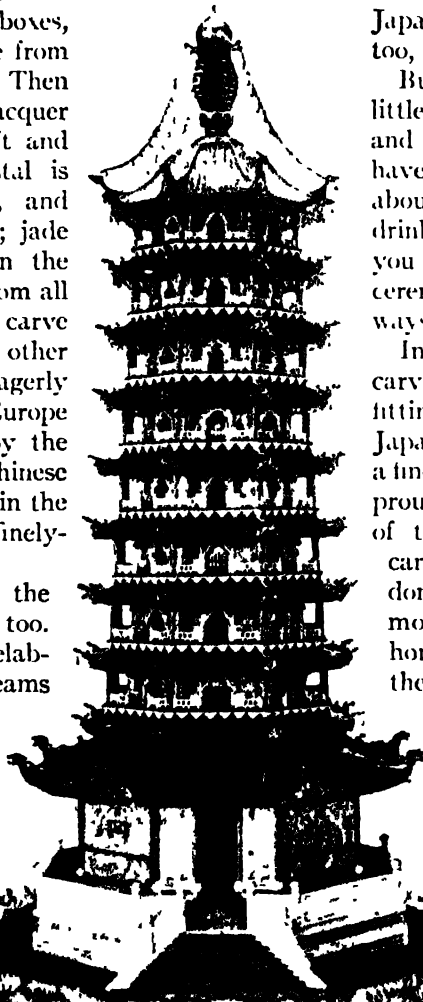


Photo by Field Museum

THE ART OF CARVING



Photolithy Metropolitan Museum of Art

No. 1 is a fifth century ivory jar from Syria, carved with figures of the Apostles, No. 2, a fifteenth century Italian reliquary shrine, with delicate Gothic carvings, No. 3, an ivory handle of the fourteenth century, made in France, No. 4, "Descent from the Cross," an Austrian ivory carving of the seventeenth century, No. 5,

a French cameo of the eighteenth century, set in gold as a pendant, No. 6, tenth century Byzantine ivory plaque, Nos 7 and 9, carved gems of Greek workmanship, No. 8, ivory box made in France in the fourteenth century and carved with scenes from a romance of the Middle Ages.

THE ART OF CARVING

These many-colored metals were carved into landscapes, scenes of everyday life, animals, flowers, and all sorts of other things.

No one but a nobleman could wear a sword, but that did not keep the rest of the people, when they could afford it, from having fine carving. They decorated especially their smoking outfits. The crowning glory of the outfit was the "netsuke" (nēt'sōō-kā).

This was a little figure or decorated knob from which the tobacco box, pipe and pipe fittings, and pipe case were all suspended by heavy silken cords drawn through the broad sash worn about the man's waist. The netsuke

has gone out of style now, but many very clever and beautiful ones are still to be seen.

But it is time we were starting home from the Far East, to see what our own ancestors have known about carving. We may stop for a hurried visit on the way at one of the ancient rock temples of India; there we may see carven shrines and many strange, carven gods, which tell us that long ago the people of India understood carving. We may pause for another flying visit in Persia, where marvelous work has been done at inlaying wood with ivory—for that, too, is a form of carving. Here in the Near East, in Mesopotamia, were some of the oldest of the civilizations that have

influenced our own. And there men have known how to carve gems—precious and semiprecious stones—since somewhere around 400 B.C.

The Egyptians learned this art early, too, and it was they who started the habit of shaping their gems like beetles—scarabs (skār'āb), such gems are called. But the

Egyptians are better remembered for their work in wood and stone. They first decorated their furniture with carving; about that you may read in our story of furniture, where you will find much about the carved furniture of other peoples, too.

The Egyptians made great images of their kings in wood, and hewed monstrous beasts, like the sphinxes (sfīngks), out of stone. They carved very many pictures and inscriptions on their tombs and temples in what we call relief—that is, with the figures cut only partly away from the background.

The Minoans (mī-nō'ān), who lived in Crete and colonized the shores of the Aegean Sea centuries before the beginning of Greek history, made many beautiful things in ivory, and delighted in the carving of gems. And

of course the Greeks themselves, in the period of their great glory, were fine artists at carving, as at all other arts. No one has ever made finer sculpture than they, and per-

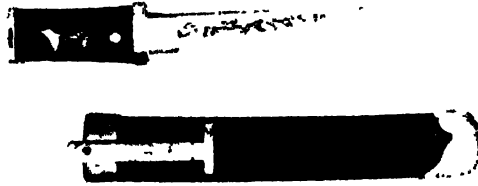


Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

This short sword, with its delicately carved blade and sheath, is the product of Japanese workmanship.

Charming carved lacquer boxes like these are to be found in shops all over the world, but most of them come from just one place—Japan. On another page of these books you may read with what infinite pains the lacquer is made.

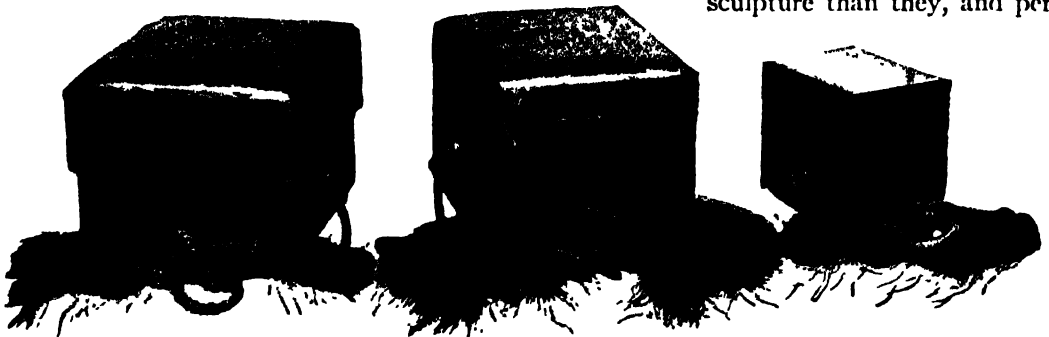


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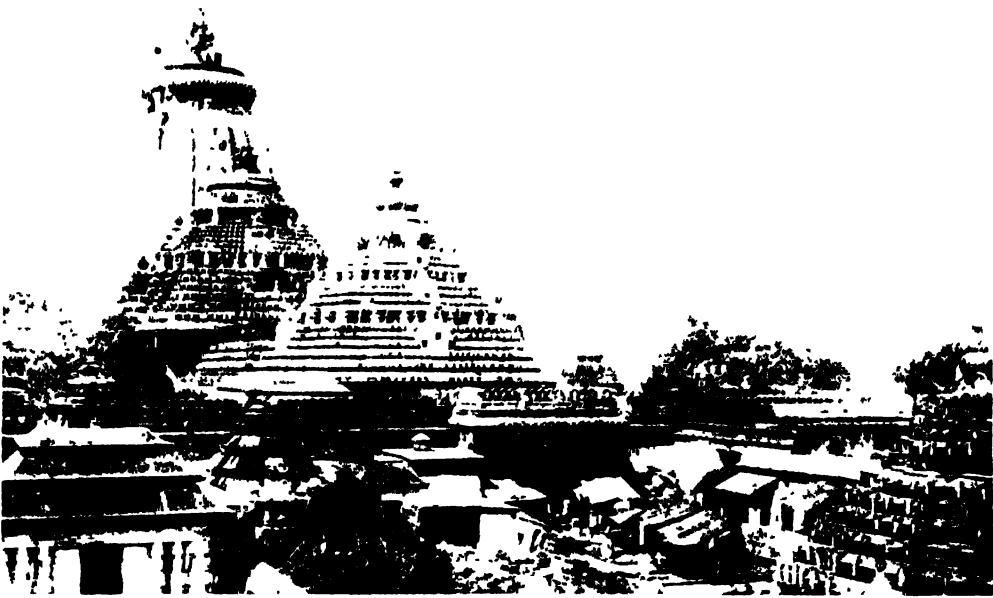


Photo by Julia Starr Ry

About 350 miles south of Calcutta stands Puri, where, according to Hindu mythology, lies the hub of the universe. Above is its temple of Jagannath, the "Lord

of the Universe." Here a high tower, gleaming like an opal, rises above a number of shrines decorated with elaborate carvings.

haps we might claim some of the great statues for carving, since they were sometimes made of wood covered with gold and carved ivory. The famous statue of Athena in the Parthenon (pä'r'thê-nôn), a temple at Athens, was made in the fifth century B.C., and, by some people, was counted as one of the seven wonders of the world. The figure was of wood, but the hair, the features, and the gorgeous garments were made of carved plates of ivory and gold.

But if you say that this sort of thing is really sculpture, we may look at the marvels of Greek gems. No one before or since has done more exquisite carving in precious and semiprecious stones. Most of the gems were cut in intaglio (In-täl'yō); that is, the design is cut



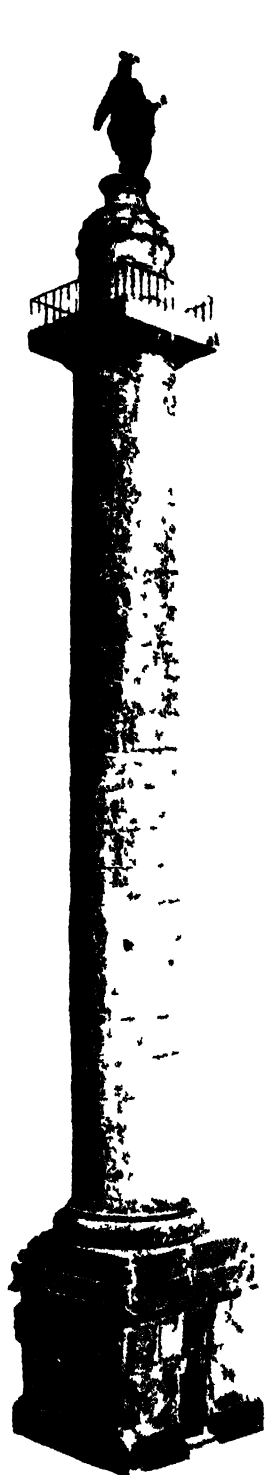
Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

This Egyptian wood carving represents Hathor, the cow-goddess. She is always easy to recognize. For even if she is not shown in the form of a cow, there is always something to identify her. Either she has cows' horns sprouting from her head, or else she has cows' ears, as you see her here.

out from it in relief. Such a gem could then be used as a seal; when it was pressed on soft wax, the wax took the design, which stood up on it in relief. When you look at these gems now in a museum, they will often be set in cases between you and the light, so that the delicate and lovely little pictures may be more easily seen.

The gems will be round or beetle-shaped, and the pictures will be of gods and goddesses, and particularly of the quiet doings of every day, such as a scene of women spinning. The Greeks wore these lovely jewels—amethysts, emeralds, agates, rubies, sapphires, beryls, garnets, sardonyx, topaz, lapis lazuli (lä'pīs läz'û-lī)—hung about their necks, sometimes as charms against serpents or scorpions or the "evil

THE ART OF CARVING



Photos by Alinari

To the left is the great column of Trajan, which stands in his forum at Rome. To the right is a "close-up"

showing you how the elaborate carvings wind themselves like ribbons about the shaft.

THE ART OF CARVING

eye," or in signet rings. Athletes were engraved gems as talismans to bring them victory in the games, and love-smitten youths wore them to win or keep their sweethearts' love.

Gem carving traveled to Rome from Greece, along with the other arts. In the

days when Rome was turning herself from a republic to an empire, the collecting of gems was a very fashionable pursuit indeed. Julius Caesar gave six great collections to a temple in Rome, just as our wealthy men give books and paintings to libraries and museums.

It is said that Mark Antony exiled a certain senator because he would not give up an engraved gem on which Antony had set his heart.

Some of these Roman gems were very large and elaborate. The Romans liked large brooches decorated with portrait heads. They liked battle scenes and stories carved on slabs of semiprecious stone several inches across and fitted together to form jewel caskets or trinket boxes. They made shallow drinking cups adorned inside and out with similar scenes.

By this time the gem carvers had discovered how to make cameos. A cameo (kām'-ē-ō) is a gem carved in relief out of some hard substance—a shell or a semiprecious stone—which has layers of different colors. The clever carver will use the colors in his design. For instance, a stone with layers of white and golden brown will be cut so that

there is a white figure standing out against a background of brown. Sometimes the carver is very clever in using every bit of color in his material. One sixteenth century Frenchman, for example, carved a crucifixion scene in such a way as to make the flecks of red jasper in the greenish quartz he was working look like drops of blood from the Saviour's wounds.

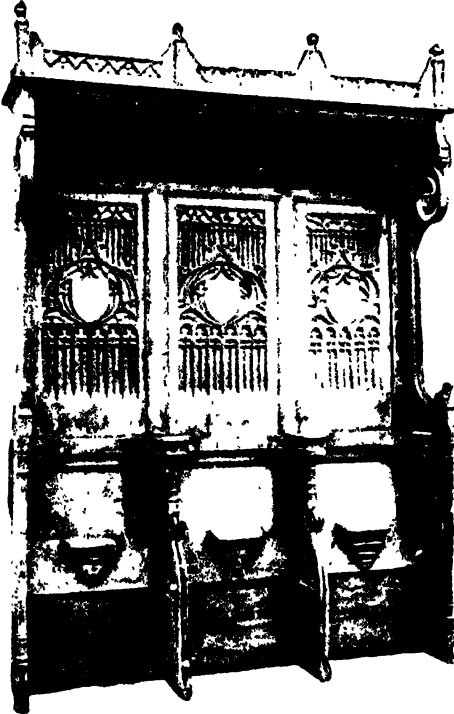
But since the time of the Romans there has been comparatively little carving in gems. In the early Middle

Some of the most beautiful carvings in the world belonged to the France of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. To the left is a fifteenth century French choir stall. Below is the figure of a saint from the cathedral at Chartres.

Ages, especially from the fourth to the eighth century, the best carving was done in ivory. Most of it was for the churches—covers for Mass books, altar furnishings, candlesticks, and ornamental screens to be set on the back of the altar. Scenes from the Bible and the lives of the saints were delicately carved in relief. Later

in the Middle Ages there was more ivory in the homes of the people—mirrors and combs, writing tables, and tablets for the wall, decorated perhaps with scenes from the romances. Here was Lancelot crossing the bridge made of a sword, or damsels being delivered from an enchanted castle. Strange as it seems to us, who have learned to like the soft cream-color of natural ivory, most medieval ivories were colored or gilded.

In these later centuries, from the twelfth



Photos by Metropolitan Museum of Art



THE ART OF CARVING



Nos. 1 and 2 are sketches of a bison and a reindeer, scratched on stone by those astonishing ancestors of ours, the cave men. Not wishing to leave his drawing incomplete, the artist who made the reindeer continued the legs of the animal around the stone.



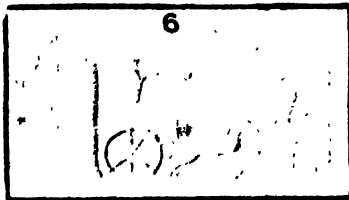
No. 4 is the "Sheikh el Beled," a wooden statue of the fifth dynasty of the Old Kingdom. It seems remarkable that such ancient wood should be so well preserved, but you must remember that Egypt has a very dry climate. The "Sheikh el Beled" was not a royal personage, and, indeed, there is nothing very aristocratic about his plump, powerful body. But he is a very dignified, forceful figure.



No. 3 is an Assyrian relief showing King Ashur-nazir-pal about to drink from a bowl of wine. His attendant is thoughtfully shooting the flies away with a fly flapper.

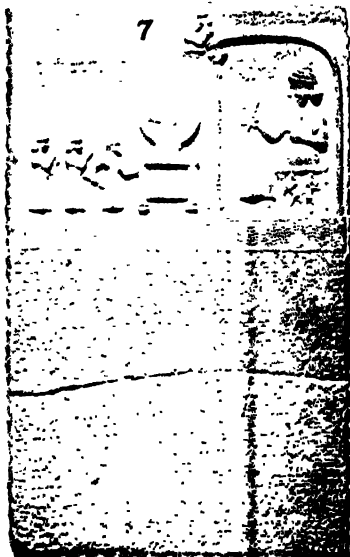


5



6

No. 7. This tablet is rather lost on anyone who cannot read cuneiform writing at a glance! It is the memorial of King Nabu-Aplu-Iddina.



to the fifteenth, the wood carvers were in their glory. In all the cathedrals and old churches of Europe you may see to this day the marvels that they wrought. Chests and pews and screens and altars, pulpits with great carven hoods over them, ceremonial chairs for visiting bishops, elaborate "stalls" for the choir—all carved with endless loving labor into exquisite designs of pierced work and relief, with here and there a figure in the round. Often the design is as delicate as lacework, and the pattern so intricate and varied that you will not be able to see how the craftsman could ever think of it all, much less cut it out of wood. Go some day, if you can, to the cathedral at Strasbourg or at Amiens—and give yourself plenty of time to wander about, now marveling at the carven saints over a door, now peering at the flowers and scrolls on the wall of a choir stall.

As time went on, a good deal of wood carving was done for other buildings besides the churches. In fine houses, ceiling beams and staircases and the wall paneling of rooms came to be covered with carving. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when the Middle Ages had faded into the intellectual awakening that we call the Renaissance (rĕn'-ĕ-sôNs'), or "rebirth," the Italians took the lead, as the French had done during the later Middle Ages. They liked to work in rare and precious woods, instead of in the oak used in more northern lands. Great artists, like Michelangelo (mi'kĕl-ăn'jĕ-lō) and Raphael (ra'fâ-ĕl), made designs for them.

Since the seventeenth century, wood carving has been largely for furniture, and you may read about it in our story about furniture. But doors and panels, cornices and mouldings, are not really furniture, and they gave the wood carvers much to do in fine houses for a long time. In France, in the eighteenth century, there was a fashion for bronze and gilt decorations on furniture and in things like chandeliers, andirons, and balusters; and these things were elaborately carved by a special process called "ciselure" (sĕz'lŭr').

The most famous of all wood carvers—for we do not know the names of the medieval

artists—was Grinling Gibbons, who lived in England about this same time. He worked with his dear friend Sir Christopher Wren, the greatest of English architects, who was building St. Paul's Cathedral and many other fine buildings in London. Gibbons liked to carve immense bunches of fruits and flowers in very high relief—that is, with the wood so cut away from around and behind them that they sometimes look as though they were done in the round. If you visit England to-day, you may see many fine panels and ceilings and balustrades of his, the finest work of all being the choir loft at St. Paul's. Since the day of Gibbons there have been at least two famous wood carvers in England—George Hepplewhite and Thomas Sheraton (shĕr'ă-tŏn)—both of them furniture makers.

How We Carve in Glass

There are other kinds of carving which we have not had time to mention. From the days of the Romans on, for instance, carvers have now and again liked to work in wax. Lifelike portraits can be carved in high relief in colored wax on a base of wood. The Moors and other people have carved in leather, and have used their work to cover chests and chairs and other pieces of furniture, or to hang as panels on walls or doors. With grindstones and diamond drills, craftsmen can carve in glass. The famous Portland Vase in the British Museum is a fine example of Roman work in carved glass.

Our furniture and buildings are usually much simpler in design in these days than used to be the fashion, and that is one reason why there is not so much carving done now as there used to be. But the chief reason is that we have machinery, which has made carving, like most kinds of handwork, seem unnecessary and expensive. Yet hand carving is still done, of course. And we must never forget that before you can make a thing with a machine you have to have a model, and that the model will almost certainly be made by hand. So our carver is now often called the "model maker." And though the finished product will show no mark of his chisel, it is still the carver alone who makes it possible.

HISTORY of the CRAFTS

Reading Unit

No. 9

GORGEOUS PICTURES IN MARBLE AND GLASS

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

Interesting Facts Explained

How a mosaic may be as small as a jewel or large enough to cover a building, 12 109

When the Greeks made pictures in mosaics in their pavements 12 110

How the Romans used mosaics in their homes, 12 110

When Byzantium was the center of the glass mosaic industry,

12 112

How the Mohammedans made mosaics of wood, mother-of-pearl, and ivory, 12 112

When oil painting arose, mosaic making declined, 12 114

Why mosaic work is widely used to-day, 12 114

How an old Roman mosaic pavement was laid, 12 115

Picture Hunt

How are mosaics laid out to-day? 12 109

What sort of mosaic work was found at Pompeii? 12-110

What kind of work was done

when mosaics were revived in the 19th century? 12 113

What are the bits of stone used in mosaic work called? 12 114

Related Material

Why the Hanging Gardens of Babylon were famous, 11 408

The Greeks, the first builders to give architecture a soul, 11 417

The Romans as great builders, 11 428

What mosaics and frescoes meant in the early Christian churches, 11-442

How Justinian, the Byzantine emperor, built Santa Sophia, 11 440

The world's most beautiful tomb the "Taj Mahal," 11 450

How the Gothic architects used mosaic, 11 464

When the classic past was revived, 11 482

Habits and Attitudes

What might otherwise have been a plain and dull pavement was made beautiful in olden times

by bright mosaic work, for man loves to beautify his surroundings.

Leisure-time Activities

Try to discover examples of modern mosaic work in the

large buildings with which you are acquainted.

Summary Statement

Almost since man began to build, he has sought through such arts as that of the mosaic worker

to improve what he built. Mosaic work is one of the most unchanging of these arts.

THE STORY OF MOSAICS



During the last few years more mosaics have been made than for centuries before and in general they are better ones too. This picture gives us a glimpse of a mosaic studio in Berlin, where the craftsmen are working out sections of the artists' designs. Several

of the cartoons, or sketches from which the mosaic setters work, show us clearly by their subjects that the churches often use mosaics to-day, as they did of old. The very modernistic head in the center is for an enormous mosaic in a public building.

GORGEOUS PICTURES *in* MARBLE *and* GLASS

This Is a Story of the Fine Art Wrought by the Workers in Mosaic

DID you ever amuse yourself at the seashore by picking up litterently colored shells and pebbles, and fitting them together in the sand to make a picture? If you did, then you have been a worker in mosaic (*mō-z'ik*), an art of picture building well known to ancient peoples. This art has been practiced for thousands of years, by artists, architects, masons, and jewelers—perhaps also by boys and girls in play.

Of course mosaic work is not just a matter of pretty shells laid neatly together. The finest mosaics are beautiful pictures made of bits of marble or colored glass or tile

They are used to decorate walls or ceilings, woodwork or furniture, and since they do not easily wear out, they are especially good for fine pavements. Sometimes the work is unbelievably fine and delicate and is put into jewels. Sometimes it covers many square yards of floor or wall or ceiling, decorating vast halls in capitols or theaters. Whether big or little, the mosaic is like an artist's picture puzzle, put together with infinite pains and patience from many pieces.

The Sumerians knew how to make fine inlay, as we can tell from their fascinating work in lapis and shell. From Egypt and

THE STORY OF MOSAICS

Assyria come small, mosaic inlays of glass or lapis lazuli (lā'pīs lāz'û-lī)—which is a beautiful blue stone—used to decorate ivory thrones or temple columns or jewelry. It is very like enamel—some of it is sometimes called enamel—for often tiny ridges of ivory were left between the bits of glass, like the ridges in certain enamel work.

The most famous single piece of ancient mosaic is an exquisite glass mosaic ring which belonged to an Egyptian king. This priceless jewel is about the size of the end of a pencil. In that tiny space the artist has made a picture of the sacred hawk, with every shade of its brilliant plumage worked out in unbelievably tiny bits of glass. It is known how he did this marvel, and a clever way it was in which he went about it. He tied together a bundle

of colored sticks of glass, exactly arranged to make the picture. Then he heated the glass bundle till the sticks fused together and were so soft that he could draw them out to one long slender stick about three-eighths of an inch across—the size of his jewel. Lastly he cut off the top layer, and there was his exquisite picture, perfect in every detail, and much tinier than any human being could ever have made it in the first place.

The Greeks too used mosaic for jewels and for decoration of furniture and temple columns, but they also found a very different use for it. For they seem to have been the

first to think of making mosaics on a big scale instead of a small one, and to invent the mosaic pavement. It may have been because they had developed the art of painting to high perfection, and loved colored pictures so much, that they wanted to build

some of them out of materials that would stand time and wear. For whatever reason, they hit upon the idea of making colored pictures with bits of marble or stone and paving the floors of their temples and public buildings and the homes of their rich citizens with these stone pictures.

The Romans, of course, learned this art from the Greeks, just as they learned so many others, and in this one some people think they for once surpassed their masters. The brusque, square character of mosaic pictures seems somehow to

have suited the brusque, square character of the Romans themselves. A picture made of small, square bits of stone cannot have soft, shading colors like a painting; it must have sharp contrasts; as the artists say, it must be boldly drawn. And the Romans were bold in whatever they did.

Gorgeous Floors of Rich Mosaic

The Roman mosaics are mostly handsome pavements or stone floors, which they made for all sorts of public buildings and for nearly all private homes of any wealth at all. Sometimes the design would be merely decorative geometrical figures in pleasing arrangements



Photo by Anderson Rome

Here is one of the mosaic watchdogs the Romans so often put in the pavements of their vestibules. This one is in Pompeii, the Italian town which in 79 A.D. was buried in ashes from the volcano Vesuvius. There are other fine mosaics in the same house, which is called the House of the Tragic Poet; and there are fine paintings. Bulwer-Lytton, the English novelist, made it the home of Glaucus, the hero of his "Last Days of Pompeii."

THE STORY OF MOSAICS



THE LAST JUDGMENT

If you look carefully you will not need to be told that this mosaic shows Noah leading his family and the animals into the Ark. How proudly they march along! The human figures may be a bit stiff, but that is part

of the style. For this is one of the famous mosaics in St Mark's, Venice. It was made in the 1200's. What a pity that a photograph cannot show the color and the glint and gleam of light on the glass!

of color, much mosaic decoration from the earliest times to our own is of this sort. Sometimes the mosaic showed some simple picture or symbol. For instance, at the entrance of many Roman houses there would be a mosaic pavement picturing a dog and bearing the words "Cave Canem" "Beware of the Dog." Sometimes elaborate and beautiful pictures were worked out in colored bits of marble. And sometimes they were very large, for instance, at the great baths of Caracalla there was an immense pavement mosaic picturing twenty-three life-sized athletes.

Pictures in Stone and Glass

One mosaic, known as the "Unsweet Floor," was made for the dining room of a private house. Done in small bits of colored glass and stone, and pictured just as they might have fallen from the dining table, are a chicken's foot, a bit of wishbone, scraps of fruit and vegetables, shells, and in one

corner a mouse about to begin where the careless banqueters left off.

The art spread to the farthest corners of the Roman empire. In remote Britain it is said, the Romans never built a house without laying a mosaic floor in it of tile or stone. These mosaics are still dug up now and then in London, where they have lain buried twelve or fifteen feet underground. There was no marble to be had in Britain, but the Romans made fine use instead of colored tiles and stone. In North Africa, on the other hand, far away to the southern boundary of the empire, the most magnificent marbles lay ready at hand. We usually think of marble as being white, but these marbles from around Carthage were in an amazing number of soft lovely colors—three or four shades each of red and yellow for example. No wonder the North African mosaic pavements are the finest the Romans ever made!

But if these were as fine pavement mosaics

THE STORY OF MOSAICS

as the world has yet seen, they were matched if not surpassed by the marvelous wall mosaics of the earlier Middle Ages. These early medieval mosaics were not marble but glass, as many of the late Roman empire mosaics had been. They were used to decorate the splendid churches and cathedrals which sprang up in the Mediterranean lands, and especially in Italy, for the worship of the new Christian faith. Since the center and inspiration of the art of glass mosaic was at Byzantium (hī-zān'shī-ūm) later Constantinople—we call at least the earlier ones "Byzantine" (bī-zān'ūn).

This art of glass mosaic is hard to parate from the art of making stained glass, of which we have told elsewhere, for indeed the earliest stained glass windows were very like mosaics of glass. But some of the pictures were not in windows at all, but on walls and ceilings. Wherever they were, they glimmered and gleamed in the most resplendent colors, glowing with the light caught on their uneven surfaces. They were enriched with gold leaf until they looked like enormous jewels. Often the entire ground is of gold. The skill of the artist makes the very folds of the saints' garments alive with the sheen and shadow of reality, and the gleaming halos around their heads glitter in imperishable glass. Imagine nearly the whole interior of

a church or chapel lined with these gorgeous images of saints and martyrs, as is the interior of St. Mark's, in Venice!



Phot. by Underwood & Underwood

Westminster cathedral, in London, the largest Roman Catholic church in England, is being decorated on an immense scale with mosaics. The building was finished in 1903, but the patient setting of the mosaics still goes on. In fact, the artist at work on the beautiful panel in our topmost picture expects to spend the rest of his life at the task. In the circle we see him chipping his many-colored tesserae, which are made from exquisitely colored marbles of many lands.

The greatest period of these Byzantine glass mosaics was in the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries. The art then gradually died away, to be revived splendidly in the twelfth century and to keep on until the rise of painting in oils. For when artists, at the time of the intellectual awakening which we call the Renaissance (rén'é-sōn's'), began to paint such glorious pictures in oils, the old art of building pictures of bits of colored glass became less popular. In this it suffered the same fate as the allied art of making stained glass windows.

But the Christians were not the only people who had thought of decorating their places of worship with mosaic. Mohammedans are not permitted to have pictures or images of living creatures in their mosques, but other sorts of decoration are not forbidden them. And just about the time that the Christians were dropping the habit of making wall mosaics for their churches, the Mohammedans were perfecting their own particular type of mosaic in their mosques. The best of this Moslem mosaic work was

done around Cairo and Damascus between the fourteenth and the seventeenth centuries.

The Mohammedan mosaics are usually in decorative woods of different colors, some-

THE STORY OF MOSAICS



11 The Altar of the American Church in Rome

In the American church in Rome are the above mosaics, made by Salviati in the 1870's from designs by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, a well known English artist. These mosaics belong to the nineteenth century revival of mosaic work, and are among the most successful of the time. If you look carefully at the picture you will see that, fine as the design is, it is so smooth and even that it might be a painting instead of mosaic. That is the thing which the first artists who revived

this old art did not understand that when you are making mosaic you should use its broken lines, its squareness, as part of your design. Yet Burne-Jones and the others of his time did a great work in bringing mosaic back to us. And the decorations in this church are beautiful in themselves. Burne-Jones spent much thought on the "Tree of Life" design above. He was greatly interested in the whole work, in fact. "It is to be in Rome," he said, "and it is to last for eternity."

THE STORY OF MOSAICS

times made more splendid with inlays of mother-of-pearl and delicately carved ivory. The designs are in intricate geometric patterns, often of exquisite beauty. The richest work is on pulpits and columns and prayer niches. And while we are speaking of Mohammedan mosaics we must not forget to mention that most famous of all tombs, the Taj Mahal (tāj mā-hal') in India, for some of its exquisite and lavish decorations are in mosaic. This marvelous jewel of a building is perhaps the finest creation of oriental architecture. Yet possibly the West may have had a small hand in its making, too, for it is said that Italian workers in mosaic were brought all the way from Italy to help adorn it.

In Italy itself, and in other parts of Europe, a certain amount of mosaic work had been used as decoration for pulpits and altars and other furniture all through the Middle Ages. Even wood mosaic was not unknown. European wood mosaics are called "intarsiatura" (in-tar'si-ā-tōō'rā). The Christian workers, not being troubled by a prohibition of pictures in the churches, as the Mohammedans were, could use wood as freely as stone, and Raphael (ra'fā-rl) and other great painters of the Renaissance drew many designs for pictures in intarsiatura.

But on the whole the coming of Raphael and the other great painters meant, as we have said, a falling off of interest in mosaic.

The art never died, but it became much less important, and the work done in it was not so fine. Indeed, the really great days of mosaic seem to be gone forever—though one can never tell. It is true that there was a definite revival of mosaic art in the late nineteenth century, just as there was of so

many other old and long-neglected arts and crafts—tapestry and decorative glass and fine printing and the rest. To-day a great deal of very good work is being done in mosaics, largely in the kinds that are made of stone or tile and pave or decorate buildings.

If you start looking for them, you will see a surprising number of these mosaics about you. Begin with the very simplest, which are more for neat service than for show—say the tiled floor in the kitchen or bath, made of squares or octagons fitted together, perhaps in

some simple geometric design. Then look for mosaics in public buildings—libraries, theaters, fine railway stations, big post offices, the state capitol, if you live near it. Maybe it will be the floor, and you may have walked over it many times without noticing the pattern or picture worked on it in mosaic. Maybe it will be the ceiling, done in beautifully colored bits of stone in some elaborate geometric design. It is a good idea to begin noticing ceilings, for nowadays architects have a habit of putting much of their very best work on them.



Photo by Keystone View Co.

Here is a mosaic artist at work, surrounded by his boxes of tesserae. The bits of glass or stone will be glued face down to the drawing, following the design. Later the mosaic will be pressed into soft cement on the spot where it is to remain, and the paper will be torn off the surface.

THE STORY OF MOSAICS

Maybe our mosaic will be more showy than that, however; it may very well be some vast mosaic picture on the walls. There is a mosaic in one of the buildings of Rockefeller Center, New York, which covers three walls, is fourteen feet high, and measures seventy-nine feet from end to end. This particular mosaic is made of more than a million separate pieces, and the pieces are not stone but colored glass. So we see that the art and craft of mosaic is by no means dead.

If we watch a craftsman working at a mosaic, the work looks simple enough. He has very few tools. First there is a palette of colors, which is not like a painter's palette but is a box with many little divisions, each section holding many small pieces of stone or tile or glass of a different shade. These little pieces are called "tesserae" (tēs'ēr-ē). They are sometimes made to fit the curving lines of the design, but usually they are more or less square. The craftsman may have to chip off an edge here and there to make the piece fit in, and for this purpose he has a pair of clippers at hand. But in all good mosaic the line showing where the pieces are joined together will give part of the effect the artist is looking for—else why go to all the trouble of fitting so many tiny pieces together? Therefore the worker in mosaic deliberately allows his tesserae to be a bit rough in shape and fit.

The Making of Mosaic Pavement

The method has changed only a little in the ages. Here is the way the Roman craftsman went about it to set a mosaic pavement: First he made a soft, slow-setting cement out of powdered brick and lime, and covered the floor space with it to a depth of from four to six inches. Then he drew his design, probably with a stick, much as you might draw a picture in the sand; he may, of course, have copied it from a color sketch on wood or parchment. Then he began to set the tiny tesserae into the soft cement, with patient labor and skill building up the design. And it certainly took both patience and labor as well as skill, for even when a picture covered several hundred square feet,

the little cubes were often only an eighth of an inch across, or even less. Imagine building up a design to cover a whole large floor, when a face or a single gorgeous flower a few inches across would need seven or eight hundred pieces of stone!

When the picture was complete the craftsman made a thin but very strong cement of lime, powdered marble, water, and white of egg. This he poured over his work, brushing the liquid into all the cracks between the tesserae. Almost at once it would set to rocklike hardness. Afterward the whole mosaic was scrubbed and polished with fine sand and water until it was almost as smooth as glass.

Trying to Copy the Masters

A mosaic set in this way would last centuries. Yet of course there might come a time when some of the tesserae would loosen and fall out. This happened not only to Roman mosaics but to the glittering Byzantine glass mosaics too. About a hundred years ago modern workers tried to "restore" the mosaics in many churches, especially in Italy—that is, to fill in the parts that had fallen out. But sad to say, the restorers were not the artists the original makers of those wonderful mosaics had been, and most of their restoration might better have been left undone. The truth is that at that time, even more than now, people did not understand how much of the beauty of mosaic comes from an effect of roughness, as we explained a little while ago. So the worst mistake the restorers made was to try to make the pictures too smooth and perfect.

The best artists understand this nowadays, and they try to follow the methods of the ancients as well as they can. But quite often now the designs are built up in sections in a studio and then assembled or put together on the ceiling, floor, or wall—making the mosaic more like a jig-saw puzzle than ever! The artist makes a color sketch of his design. If it is big, it is then copied in sections, each perhaps a foot or so square. These sections are taken to the building where the mosaic is to be set up and there fitted together.

HISTORY of the CRAFTS

Reading Unit

No. 10

JEWELS FOR EVERY PURSE

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

Interesting Facts Explained

- | | |
|--|---|
| Why jewelry is worn by all peoples, 12-117 | 12 124 |
| How rings are worn for a hundred different reasons, 12-117 | Why the jeweler was an artist during the Renaissance, 12-125 |
| Why rarity gives value to any jewelry, 12-118 | How a Dutchman found a way of cutting diamonds to release their flashing fire, 12 126 |
| When all Europe looked to the East for its jewelry, 12 120 | How machines have replaced the early jeweler-artist, 12 126 |
| How the wealthy Romans covered all their fingers with rings, | |

Things to Think About

- | | |
|---|---|
| Why have rings been used for such rites as betrothals? | in Byzantium to produce its gorgeous jewelry? |
| What sort of importance now lost—did jewelry once have? | Why did great bishops often spend a fortune on their rings? |
| What two forces came together | |

Picture Hunt

- | | |
|--|---|
| How was gold used by the jewelers of Ur? 12 117 | What kind of bracelets did the Greeks like? 12 123 |
| What sort of pictures were hammered out of gold by the Etruscans? 12-121 | How were some of the Byzantine bracelets made? 12 125 |

Related Material

- | | |
|---|--|
| The painstaking Egyptian artists, 11-8 | When Charlemagne ruled Europe 12 368 |
| The Greek and Roman love of myths, 14-406-22 | The Gothic ideal in art, 11 94 |
| The Roman love of grandeur in art, 11-61 | How the Renaissance revived the Greek and Roman spirit, 11 107 |
| Justinian I and his gorgeous court, 5-405, 11-446 | Art just before the French Revolution, 11 279 |

Habits and Attitudes

- | | |
|---|---|
| The use of jewelry is as old as mankind. Among people of refinement it is used entirely | for the purpose of adornment; among people of vulgar mind it is used for display. |
|---|---|

Leisure-time Activities

- | | |
|---|---|
| Make designs for pieces of jewelry that you might like to | have, using ideas from your own surroundings. |
|---|---|



In the oval above is an earring which some clever jeweler made for an Etruscan lady some twenty-five hundred years ago.



This model is wearing the enormous gold earrings and magnificent headdress of golden leaves and flowers which Queen Shubad of Ur wore several thousand years ago. The model itself is not just an imaginary head. It was made after a careful study of the art of Ur and of the shape of skulls found in the graves there. Below is a jewel casket found in an Egyptian tomb.



Photos by University of Chicago, British Museum and Metropolitan Museum of Art

JEWELS *for* EVERY PURSE

Here Is the Story of All the Kinds of Trinkets Men and Women Have Loved to Wear Since They First Stuck Feathers in Their Hair or Hung Strings of Teeth around Their Necks

THE very oldest people of whom we have any sort of record on the earth were already wearing jewelry, and every people we can find on the face of the globe is wearing it now. They make it out of different things, from the most gorgeous precious stones to the mere teeth of the animals they have slain. They wear it in different places, from the hair on their heads to the toes on their feet. And they wear it for different reasons—sometimes to hold their clothes together, sometimes to charm away their enemies or evil luck, sometimes just to be pretty, and often for two or three of these purposes at once. But whatever it is made of, whatever it is meant for, and wherever it is worn, jewelry of some sort is a universal habit of our race.

Of all the queer uses to which jewelry has been put, the uses of finger rings are the

queerest and most unexpected. The most familiar special use is for betrothal and marriage. The giving of a ring in token of betrothal goes back to Roman times. At first it had nothing to do with religion at all, but in the eleventh century the use of betrothal and marriage rings was blessed by the Christian church. An even older use for rings is as signets, either to stamp a mark in wax or to give authority to the person to whom the ring is lent. In the Middle Ages rings were blessed by the king as a charm against cramp, and other rings were made with little lumps to be counted off like the beads of a rosary as the owner said his prayers. Down to quite modern times people have worn mourning rings, often in black and white, perhaps formed of the images of two skeletons holding a coffin between them. The ancient Celts (selt) used rings for money, and the natives of parts of the East Indies

ART IN JEWELRY

use rings for passports to this day. From the times of ancient Greece there have been poison rings. Demosthenes killed himself with the tiny drop of poison contained in one, and so did Hannibal. In the Middle Ages they were used as an easy method of killing other people, especially in turbulent Venice. The mechanism was arranged somewhat like the fang of a snake, and the assassin did away with his victim as he shook his enemy's hand!

But usually people wear rings or any other jewelry for ornament—and to show their own importance! Of course it is a far cry from the rude nose ring or the colored shells or string of teeth around the neck of some old savage to the fine art of the worker in gold and gems of our day. But at bottom all of these things are one, and they all belong to the history of jewelry.

For the main thing about every jewel, the thing that has always made it a prize, is simply that it should be rare—that is, that its owner should have something that very few other men could possess.

The teeth of very fearsome beasts used to be rare because fairly few men ever killed such a beast. The most gorgeous shells and feathers were rare too. Gold was rare and still is, because there is so little of it in the world; and

platinum is rarer still, and therefore more valuable. All the precious stones are precious

mainly because it is hard to get them. Anybody that can get one somehow feels superior to anybody who has not secured one; and anybody who can get a great many of them feels all the better. That is not a very noble feeling, and in a few thousand years we may possibly outgrow it, but so far almost everybody has felt that way—more or less. A man was proud if he had something rare. The Indian secured something rare when he sold miles and miles of his land for a few beads, and he felt quite joyous about it.

And here is the puzzle: what was the difference between the Indian and any person in our time who goes through life prizing a few diamonds and rubies?

But that is not what we started to talk about, for we are now interested in the history of all the jewels that man has prized, whether foolishly or not, and the story is a very long one. It is a story of very fine and varied art.

For the first thing we note about these rare things is that many of them are beautiful, in color or in shape or both. And from the earliest times down to ours the art of the jeweler has been to make them more beautiful in both ways—hence all the craft of the stone-cutter and of the



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

Some Phoenician lady who lived perhaps twenty-five or thirty centuries ago, wore these rings in her ears.

The American Indian could never resist bright beads. He threaded them on strings to wear about his neck or wove them into his garments.

They often dangled from the fringes on his trousers or ornamented his moccasins.



Photo by the National Museum

ART IN JEWELRY



Fig 1 These little Egyptian gems are cut in the form of a scarab, a little beetle that the ancient people who lived along the Nile regarded as sacred. The flat sides shown above are carved with hieroglyphics. Such gems might be pierced and strung as beads, or made into rings, as you see them in Fig 5. Rings of that kind were used as seals.

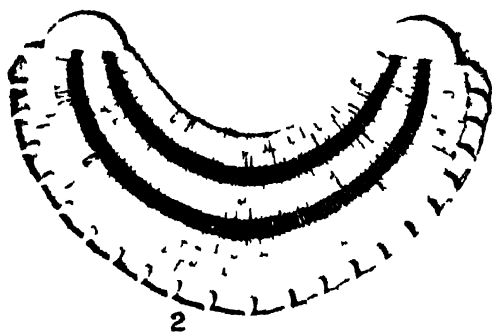
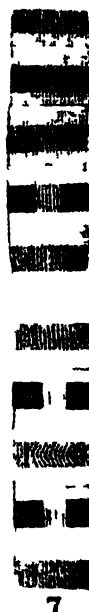


Fig 2 shows an Egyptian necklace or collar worn nearly 4,000 years ago. In Fig 3 the strange little animals that curl around and bite their tails are made of gold, and were used as earrings. In Fig 4 is a group of ornaments, earrings and pendants, all cunningly wrought of gold by the hand of some clever craftsman of Egypt many, many centuries ago.



The beads in Fig 6 may look modern enough but they were made about four thousand years ago, and worn about the throat of some Egyptian beauty. In Fig 7 is a bracelet once worn by an Egyptian princess. Beads like these sometimes give the scholar an endless amount of work, for often the strings have rotted away and the beads have been scattered. Then it is a puzzle indeed to restring them in proper order.

ART IN JEWELRY

goldsmith and silversmith; hence the whole history of jewelry, which is just the story of the ways we have found out to work our precious metals and our precious stones into the most beautiful ornaments we can make.

Now we do not know where the art of jewelry began. In the East it was highly developed far

ahead of the rest of the world. The

Eastern peoples have always liked bold and heavy jewelry with tassels and pendants and bangles of curious shapes and sizes, and with all the pearls and precious stones that they could afford. They have also liked a great deal of elaborate workmanship and carving in their jewelry. That is why Milton

speaks of their "barbaric pearl and gold," and Tennyson of their "laborious orient ivory, sphere in sphere." They

want jewelry to be profuse, brilliant, startling—even what we should often call gaudy. With ornaments of this sort—armlets and anklets, rings of all kinds, brooches, chains, pendants, earrings, and trinkets for the hair—they have loaded themselves and the statues of their gods from the earliest times. One of the most magnificent sets of jewelry ever made by man is the pair of dazzling jeweled armlets once worn by the Mogul emperor of India. The great diamond that is the principal stone of the right armlet is named "River of Light," and is perhaps the finest diamond in the world. The two armbands are worth something like five million dollars.

It is natural that the Orientals should be

far ahead of the rest of the world in all this because they had such a wealth of pearls and precious stones at hand. For many a century these came into Europe only from the East. All through ancient times and the Middle Ages the people of the West were to look to the Easterners for their jewels as for

their spices; and at the end of this long period, when the materials had become more easily obtainable, the jewelers of Europe brought their art to the highest perfection it has ever seen in the world.

But there is a good deal to say before we come to that point. For several thousand years before then, the jewels from the East had been coming in, and few peoples have ever made a more lavish use of them than the ancient Egyptians, who were getting them as far back as

3000 B.C., and few peoples have had more expert craftsmen. The Egyptian tombs have given up vast treasures of their art to us. What these tombs may have once held we can only imagine, for they have been pillaged through all the centuries since; but only a few years ago we had a revelation when we discovered the untouched treasures in the tomb of King Tut-ankh-amon. The riches there included nearly every kind of jewelry and goldsmith's work, of extraordinary value and beauty.

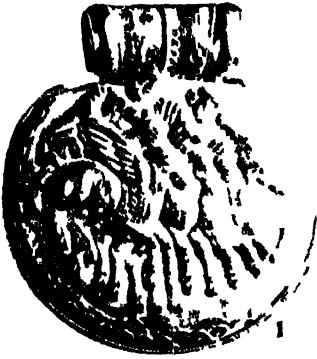
For the most part this work in jewelry was founded in the religion of the men who did it, and no pains were spared to make it perfect. The jewels were buried with the rulers who owned them, for use in the next life to



Photo by University of Pennsylvania Museum

Ladies of all periods have decorated their hair with fragrant flowers and pretty leaves, but very few of them have thought of turning Nature's perishable art into lasting gold. These beautiful leaves and flowers of beaten gold were worn as a head-dress by a lady of Ur. The wide curved loops she wore in her ears, where they must have gleamed brightly among her dark locks.

ART IN JEWELRY



The wealthy lords and ladies of Etruria had an oriental taste for finery, for rich garments and fine jewelry. Well it was that their craftsmen were skilled in the art of metal working! On this page is some of their jewelry of beaten gold.



No 4 This interesting necklace is not made of gold acorns, but of sheep's heads! The part which you may have thought was the cup of an acorn is the animal's fleece, which the artist has turned into a pretty pattern.

Nos 1 and 3 are parts of a necklace. Notice the way in which the four winged horses are shown in No 1. It is not exactly as we should do them, but ancient peoples had their own ways of indicating number and perspective. Often they drew one body and attached many heads and legs to it, or they would place one figure above another to show that one was behind the other. No 2 is an earring.



No 5 is a bracelet, and No 6 a necklace. Both are of gold. When you read our story of the Etruscans you will find that in their early days these strange people were copying the styles and designs of the East. In the bracelet at No 5 you see figures of animals and men whose nearest relatives are found in the lands of Western Asia. And in the necklace you can make out the queer creature called a sphinx.



ART IN JEWELRY

which they would one day wake up and in which the kings and queens would live in great magnificence. The nodding flowers of the lotus plant along the Nile gave the craftsmen one model for their jewels, and of course the sacred scarab (skär'āb), or beetle, gave them another. So over and over they wrought lotus flowers and scarabs in gold and silver, in colored glass and many kinds of

precious stones. These were tucked away in the folds of the fine linen that covered the mummies, as were also little figures of the gods and goddesses of that day. Even the common people of Egypt wore jewels, though their rings might be made of nothing more precious than pottery or glass.

While this art was flourishing in Egypt, the people whom we call the Minoans (mī-nō'ān), living on the Aegean Islands and along the coasts of Greece and Asia Minor, were also doing work of a high order in gold. They may have learned from the Egyptians, from the Sumerians, and even from the Babylonians. But whatever they learned they made over to their own use, and to their other achievements they seem to have added the art of making metal inlays. Our digging in Crete and on the site of ancient Troy, as well as at various places in Greece, has brought up thousands of jewels from the hands of this people who lived before the Greeks.

To the Greeks themselves we commonly look for what is finest in ancient art, but in the art of jewelry they hardly rose so high as in most other fields. They left us many

engraved gems; that is, precious stones with the design cut out below the surface of the stone. These are the gems that we call in-

taglios (in-tāl'yō). The Greeks did not originate the idea of carving intaglios, for it had appeared before, in Babylonia, but they greatly developed the art. The intaglios were widely used in signet rings.

The Romans brought jewelry over from Greece and also imported

Greek craftsmen. They learned from them and from the Etruscans (ê-trūs'kān), a strange and highly cultivated people who in early times lived in the land just to the north of Rome. The Etruscans may have copied Greek work and even Egyptian work, but in many

ways they learned how to excel their masters. No one has ever gone ahead of them in filigree (fil'igrē) work—the weaving of fine threads of gold or silver into a beautiful and delicate whole. They had a way of covering surfaces with little beads of gold, each of them perfectly shaped though each one so tiny as to need a magnifying glass to be seen well. This gave a rich velvety finish to the natural beauty of the gold.

The taste of the Greeks and the skill of the Etruscans taught the Roman jewelers a great deal of their art. The Romans in turn made at least one notable contribution to jewelry. Instead of engraving their gems in intaglio, as did the Greeks, they preferred to carve portraits and figures in high relief on their shells and semiprecious stones. By choosing a stone that had two layers of sharply contrasting colors, they could cut away the top layer all around the design, and so let

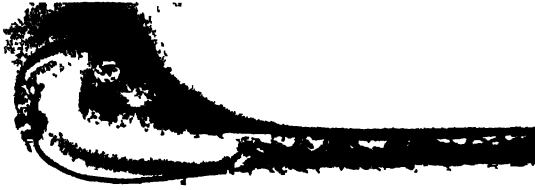


Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

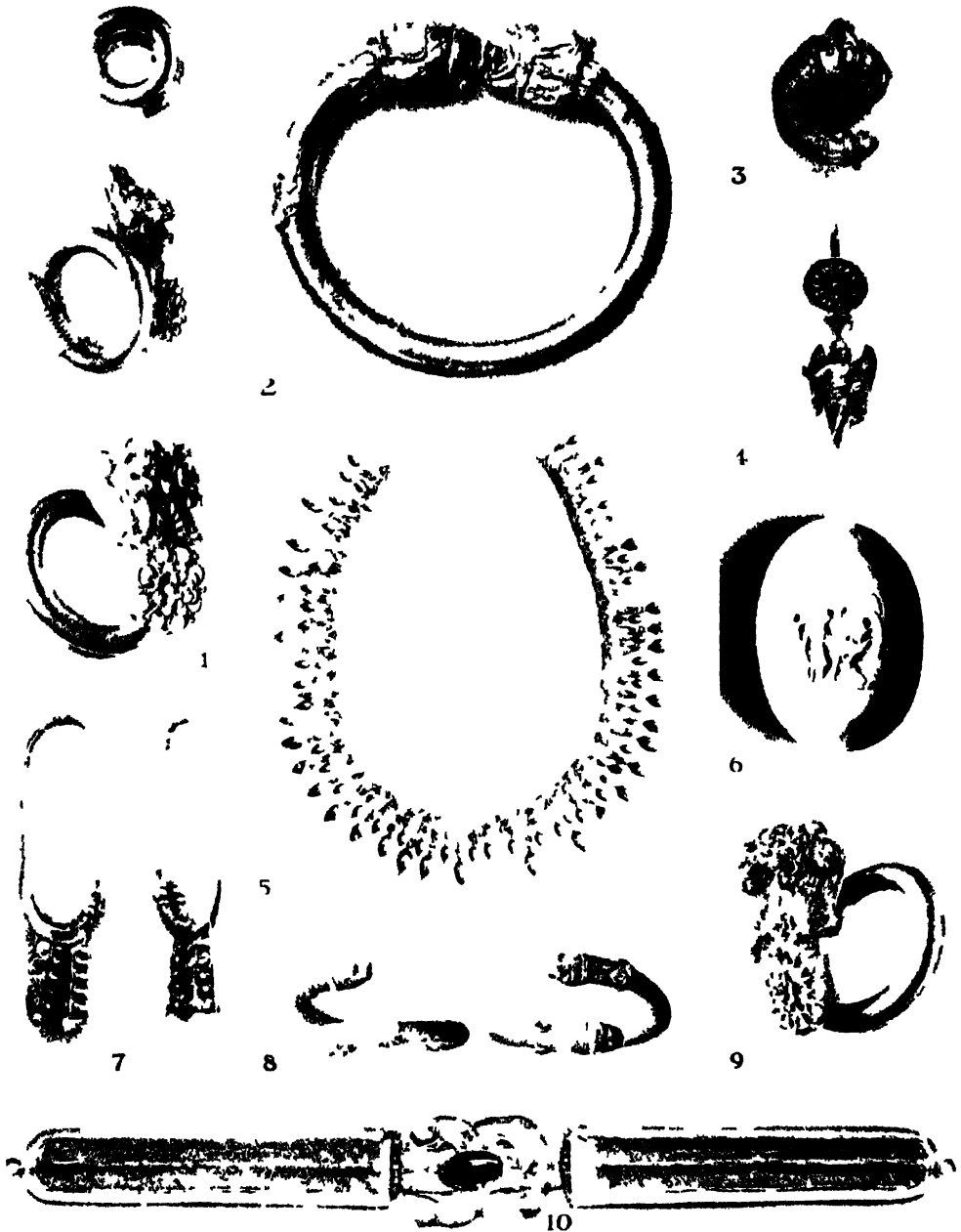
Snap fasteners are a recent invention, but buttons and safety pins were used in very ancient times. Above is an Etruscan fibula, or safety pin, made some seven hundred years before the birth of Christ. It is of gold, decorated with granules, or beads, of gold so tiny that to see them properly you must use a microscope. To the naked eye they gave the jewelry a rich, velvety effect.



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

This grotesque little figure is part of a silver bracelet made in about 400 B.C. by a Greek metal worker. Do you recognize the tiny carving? He is the goat-god Pan playing a tune upon his pipes.

ART IN JEWELRY



Photos by Metropolitan Museum of Art

The jewelers of Greece did not use gold or other costly metals to set off a precious stone. The shape of the object was considered first, and if stones were used, it was merely to ornament the metal design. No. 1 shows gold earrings from Cyprus, No. 2, a bracelet of gold-plated bronze made after Alexander's conquest of Greece. The curved bar ends in lion heads. Nos. 3 and 4 are gold jewelry made in Greece

in about 400 B.C. No. 5 is a Greek gold necklace of the fourth century B.C. No. 6. A gem delicately carved with figures during the great days of Greek art. No. 7. A pair of gold earrings worn by a Greek maiden in the sixth century B.C. No. 8. A pair of fifth century Greek bracelets made of silver. No. 9. A gold earring from Cyprus. No. 10. A Greek bracelet of gold set with a gem—made in about 400 B.C.

ART IN JEWELRY

the under layer serve as a background to the raised design, which was all that was left of the top layer. The result is what we call a cameo (kām'ē-ō).

During the stern days of the Roman republic, the citizens, like those of ancient Sparta, were forbidden to wear any rings but those made of iron—and a slave might not wear even an iron ring. But as time went on, more and more Romans were allowed to wear gold, until when Rome was at the summit of her power and pride, her rich people went mad about jewelry. It gave them a chance to show their vast wealth. They wore rings on all the fingers of both hands, and even on the thumbs. It is true that one of the emperors was so shocked by the vulgar display that he forbade anyone to wear more than a small quantity of

gold, but nothing could put a stop to the craving for extravagance; and with so many trinkets in demand, the jewelers were busy men.

When the Center of the World Moved East

Then the center of the world moved to Byzantium (bī-zān'shī-ūm), or Constantinople, when the Roman emperor went there to live and rule. The people there had long been in closer touch with the mysterious East, and the jewelers soon came into a greater stock of precious stones than ever. With these they took over many a notion of Eastern splendor in display; and combining oriental magnificence and Greek skill and taste, they went on flourishing as they catered to the wealthy Romans who now

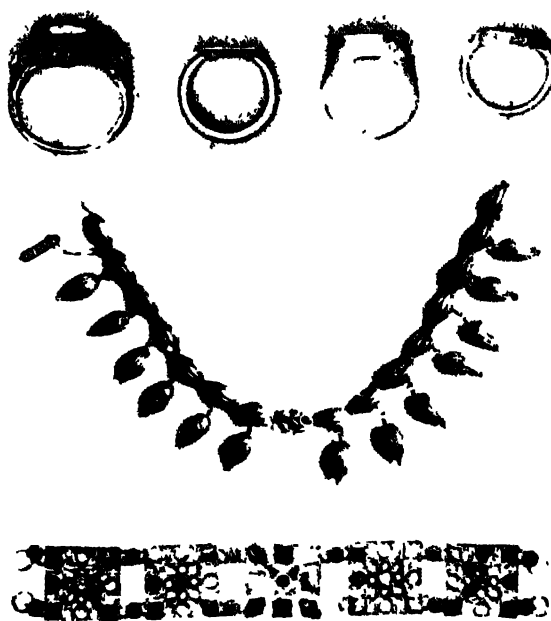
flocked to the new capital. They were busier than ever before. They were making jewels for the nobles of the court, for the great bishops of the new church,* for the altars of the church itself, for the vestments used in its ceremonies. And in the midst of such wealth and such splendor, with all sorts of

rare and beautiful gems to work with, they developed a style all of their own in jewelry. Like all other Byzantine (bī-zān'tīn) art, their jewelry is marked by lavish use of color and luxuriance of design.

For the next few centuries, down into the Middle Ages, the Byzantine jewelers kept on fashioning the gems for a large part of the Western world. Charlemagne and other rulers in the West would send to Byzantium both for jewels and for people to make jewelry.

The barbarian chieftains to the

north and east could also trade with Byzantium; and their own skillful craftsmen, all over the lands of Europe, were making beautiful pieces of jewelry in gold and silver. They were making buckles and brooches and ornamental pins of intricate design in carving and engraving, and they were decorating their battle shields and harness fittings in the same way. But for their colored materials they had nothing but amber and coral, and they were very glad to send these things to Byzantium and there trade them for semi-precious stones or even for bits of brilliant colored glass. These they would set in crowns and necklaces and armbands, in sword handles, in buckles, in rings, and in many other ornaments. Their work was



Photos by Metropolitan Museum of Art

Just above is a bracelet made in about 300 A.D. of gold inlaid with bits of bright glass. The gold bracelet in the center belongs to the same period. These bracelets and the gold rings above them were made by the Romans.

ART IN JEWELRY

often splendid and sometimes truly beautiful.

So all through the Middle Ages there was a wealth of jewelry for those who could afford it. And there were a good many eager buyers in this time of noble knights and wealthy churchmen. The great bishops would often spend a fortune for their rings



The gold comb to the left comes from China. It is made in the form of a phoenix, the fabulous bird that was thought to rise from its own ashes and consequently became the symbol of immortality. In the center is a gold casket made in Italy in the sixteenth century. Below are Byzantine bracelets of gold, made in about 400 A.D.

and staffs, their vestments and their gorgeous crucifixes; and the great churches of the people might rival the palaces of the princes in the splendor of the gems that decorated them. The bishop's ring was given him in solemn ritual as sign of his dignity and authority. The pope himself had an official ring, engraved with the new name he took on assuming his power; and it was solemnly broken when he died. Even to-day, the pope always wears an amethyst ring.

As for the styles of the jewelry, in the various lands they would differ a good deal according to the taste of the people, just as all their other arts would differ; but in general the jewelry of this long period is signal for its gorgeousness rather more than for its purity of taste. It is the Romanesque (rō'-mān-ěsk') style in jewelry.

Just before the time when the world was getting ready to discover America, a great new interest in all the art and thought of the old Greeks and Romans sprang up in Italy and spread over all Europe. It started the vast movement that we call the Renaissance

(rēn'-ě-sōNs'), probably the greatest new impulse that the human mind has known since ancient days. Every art was made all over in those days, in the effort to do something to rival the great work of the Greeks and Romans. Poetry and painting and sculpture took on a new life, and so did music and architecture. The art of the jeweler was transformed as much as any other, with the result that never before and never since has the world seen such exquisite things made out of precious metals.

The time was ripe for this. The jewelers had nearly all the materials we have to-day and they knew nearly all the methods we know to-day. They had an inspiration, from the ancients and from the surging move-

ment of their own time, far deeper than any we have now. And under these conditions they gave birth, in Italy especially but all over



Photos by Metropolitan Museum of Art

Europe as well, to a group of real artists in gold and silver and gems such as we have never seen since that day. The true jeweler of that time held a place of honor which he has since lost. In our day he is a sort of tradesman; then he was an artist like the famous Benvenuto Cellini (bēn'-vā-nōō'tō chēl-lē'ne), whose story of his life and art is one of the famous books of the world. And often the jeweler had other artists to help him, sometimes the very greatest ones. The greatest of the Flemish painters, Rubens (rōō'bēnz), often drew designs for the jewelers, and so did the greatest of all German painters, Albrecht Durer (dū'rēr); while the famous Italian architect, Lorenzo Ghiberti (gē-bēr'tē), was even prouder to be a gold-

smith than to build the palaces of princes.

The work of these jewelers, spreading through Europe, kept its high place as an art for a long time—well down through the period of Queen Elizabeth in England. It has continued to have an influence through all the changes of style and taste in jewelry during the centuries since. In those centuries a great deal has happened in the history of jewelry. Vast quantities of precious metals and precious stones have been added to the stock of the world with the finding of new lands, especially in America and in South Africa. The vastly increasing wealth of the people has enabled far more persons to own jewelry than the few princes and potentates who used to share nearly all of it. The far greater number of people who are rich enough to buy a little jewelry, or a great deal, has made the art into a large business. If no single movement in the art of gem making has come to rival the movement of the Renaissance, there has been a vast expansion of the trade in jewels to make up the industry of our day. There have also been a few new discoveries, like the one of the Dutchman, Ludwig van Berquen, who in 1476 found out a way of cutting diamonds which now allows us to give these stones all the flashing facets needed to show their fire.

Craftsmen of the Machine Age

To-day there are many real artists, as of old, among the jewelers. But most of the craftsmen are no longer original artists. They are good workmen who may turn out tasteful pieces of jewelry by following the models given them, but who can hardly create anything new or individual. And these journeymen at handwork have been largely displaced by the machines which now make a large part of our jewelry. At the same time we have learned how to make a great number of imitations of precious metals and stones, often very beautiful but of course lacking in the true worth of the real gems. The results of all this are that far more persons can now wear pretty ornaments than ever before; and that while we have some few pieces of jewelry which will rival anything the world has ever seen, the vast part

of our jewelry, whether excellent or poor in taste, is more like the product of a manufacturer than that of an artist.

What a Good Jeweler Must Know

When we look at the magnificent jewels of the past which have now found their way into museums, we may be tempted to think that jewelry is almost a lost art. But we must remember that it took centuries to make up all those jewels, and that the museums have gathered only the best; and also that we do not often have a chance to see the finest jewels that are worn in our own day. There are still a few true artists among our makers of gems—men whose fine creative ideas add vastly to the value of the precious materials in which they work.

These true jewelers have to know a great deal and to be very skillful with their hands. They have to imagine beautiful forms just as truly as do the painters and the sculptors. They have to carve and mould these forms of beauty out of the most stubborn and diverse materials. They must be experts in line and color. They must be sculptors, engravers, enamelers. They must also be lapidaries (lăp'î-dă-rî)—that is they must know all about what can be done with the many precious and semiprecious stones—diamonds, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, opals, topazes, aquamarines, tourmalines, chrysoberyls, amethysts, and many others. All of these stones, together with the pearls, have their own ways and must be treated in very different fashions. It takes a long time to learn all a jeweler needs to know about the diamond alone, and another long time to put it into practice. When we pick up a diamond in the mine it hardly looks like anything we ever see in a ring. We might easily pass it by for a bit of common stone. To make that diamond into a jewel flashing light from fifty-eight fiery facets is still a work of skill. And to fit that diamond in with a hundred other diamonds and precious stones of many kinds, with a framework of gold or platinum, to make a set of gems like the old ones in the museums, will take all the art that any man is likely to possess. Not very many men can do it, and not many ever could.

HISTORY of the CRAFTS

Reading Unit No. 11

THE CUNNING OF THE BASKET MAKER

*Note For basic information
not found on this page, consult
the general Index, Vol. 15*

*For statistical and current facts,
consult the Richards Year Book
Index*

Interesting Facts Explained

- | | |
|---|---|
| Man's first homes were woven
like baskets 12 129 | 133 |
| How boats were made of basketry
in ancient Egypt 12 130 | Why baskets are woven just as
they were centuries ago 12 |
| Why the basketry of our North
American Indians is considered
very fine 12 131 | 134 |
| Why we study the designs on
baskets 12 133 | Almost anybody even the blind
can make beautiful baskets
12-134 |
| How baskets are decorated and
died with bright colors 12 | Why there are two kinds of
baskets coiled and woven 12 |
| | 134 |

Things to Think About

- | | |
|---|---|
| What part did the weaving of
baskets play in the life of early
man? | Why did the Indian women take
great pride in their basket
work? |
| How can a basket be made water-
tight? | What kind of materials are used
in basket making? |

Picture Hunt

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|--|
| How is a basketry hut made?
12 129 | boats held together? 12 130 |
| How are the Bolivian basketry | What sort of shapes can baskets
be woven into? 12 133 |

Related Material

- | | |
|---|---|
| Man's first shelters—caves tents
huts 11 395 | How the Indians divided work
between men and women 7 |
| When houses melted in the rain
11 404 | 99 |
| The cave men were fine artists
11 1 | Our first farmers 7 123 |
| The lake dwellers and the New
Stone Age, 6 244 | The Indians' primitive religion
7 91 |
| | The Indians' use of tobacco 9
221 |

Practical Applications

- | | |
|--|--|
| For many purposes, nothing can
take the place of basketry.
The market basket and the | Laundry basket still serve their
purpose better than newer sub-
stitutes |
|--|--|

Habits and Attitudes

- | | |
|---|---|
| All of us need to work with our
fingers and should learn to do
so. Though it may seem slow
and tedious, the weaving of | baskets is one of the pleasant-
est forms of handwork that has
been devised |
|---|---|

THE ART OF MAKING BASKETS

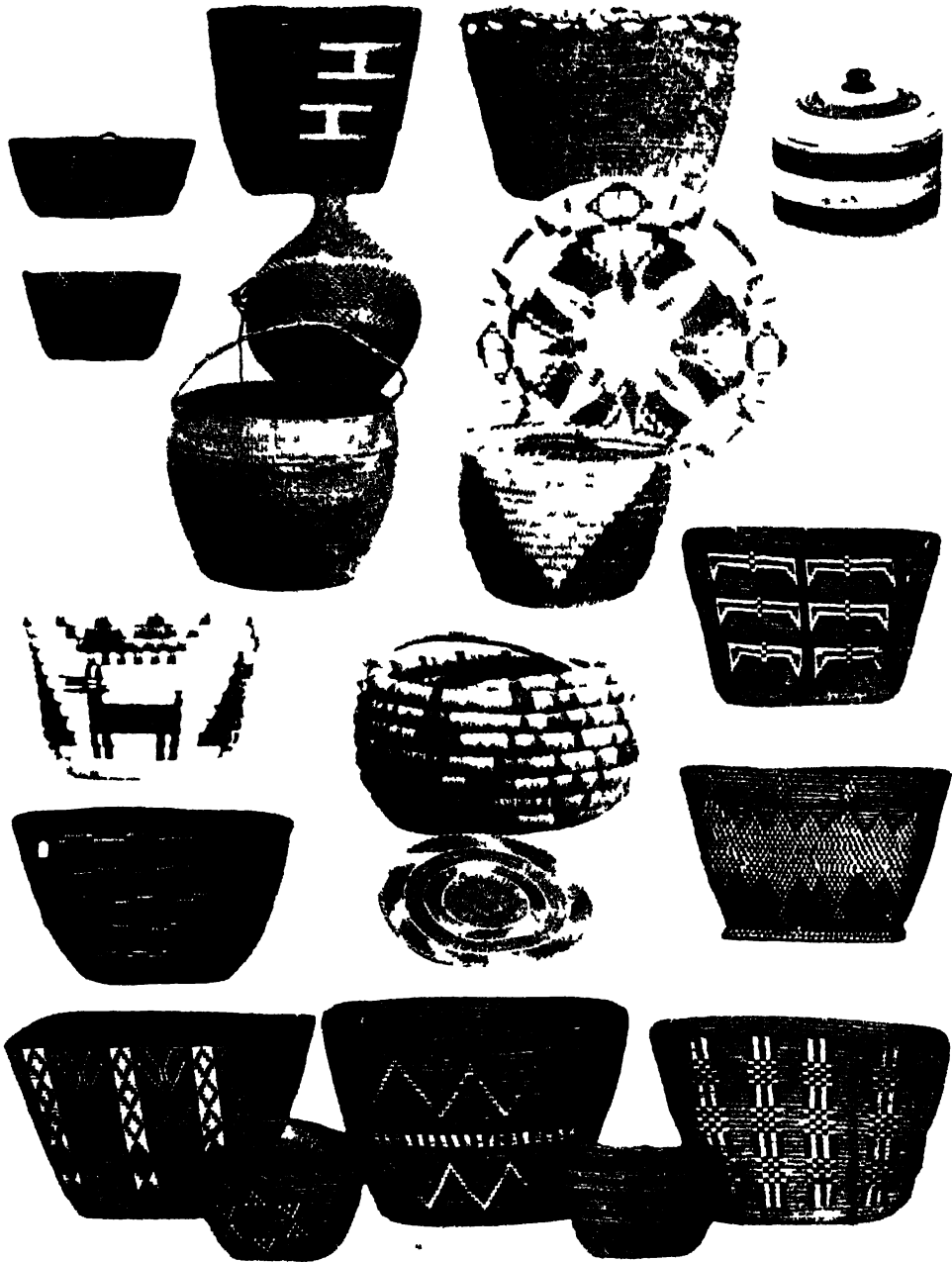


Photo by American Museum of Natural History

This page of baskets woven by Canadian and United States Indians will give us some idea of the beautiful designs in Indian basketry, though we shall have to imagine the clear and vivid colors. Curves are hard to make in the fairly coarse weaving of basketry, and you will notice that these designs are made up almost altogether of angles and straight lines. Even the little

pictures of animals look stiff and angular, as if they were made of blocks. Modern artists have been fascinated by this sort of sharp, angular designing, and find much inspiration in the work of these very Indians, as well as in that of other more or less primitive peoples. Several of the baskets in the center of this page are coiled, you can pick them out by their heavy ridges.



THE BASKET HUT

The people in this picture are literally weaving their house, which is made of basketwork. Indeed, the

whole village is made of basketry. What need of more solid protection in the Cameroons, in West Africa?

The CUNNING of the BASKET MAKER

How Baskets of all Kinds and Sizes Have Been Woven from the Earliest Ages Down to Our Own Days

YOU have heard of the old woman who lived in a shoe, but did you know that there are thousands of real people who live in big baskets? Of course we do not call their houses baskets—the official name is wattle-work huts. But the huts are made by setting supple stakes in the ground and then weaving branches back and forth between them, and that is just the way we make a basket.

As a matter of fact, the first houses ever made were probably made of basketry. And primitive man must have used basketry in a hundred other ways. When he was a baby, he would be put to sleep in a basketwork cradle and perhaps play with a basketry doll. As he grew up, he might wear girdles, petticoats, hats, and sandals made of basketry, travel in basketry canoes, set basketry traps for wild beasts, furnish the basketry hut with basketry mats and furniture, cook in basketry dishes, and even carry a basketry shield in battle. Then when he came to die, he might be buried in a basketwork coffin.

Many tribes of men still live much like that, and how long they have been doing so

nobody knows. Basket making is known all over the world and seems to be almost as old as man himself. In fact, the weaving of grasses and rushes, twigs and stems and strips of bark is a good deal older than man, it is an instinct of the birds, who have often been called the first basket makers. To be sure, there are a few places where the art seems never to have flourished very much. People did not need baskets in the vast plains of Central Asia and North America, where animals were once so plentiful that it was easy for the savage peoples to use skins for almost everything, and in the snow covered Arctic men could not make baskets because there were no twigs or rushes suitable for weaving. Yet even in cold Alaska, where nature provides almost no other possible material, the split roots of the fir are woven into useful and even artistic baskets of many kinds.

The reason why we cannot tell just how long men have been making baskets is that a basket will not last very long, and none of the oldest have come down to us. Yet the few ancient baskets and pieces of baskets

THE ART OF MAKING BASKETS

which have remained make us sure that basketry is one of the oldest of all the arts, if not the oldest of all. Even pottery, a very old art indeed, seems usually to have followed it. In fact, the American Indians seem to have found out how to make pottery by coating their baskets with clay and then burning them in the glowing coals of the camp fire. Among some other peoples, however, pottery seems to have come first, and basketry to have been invented as a protection for the crude clay vessels which the tribe already knew how to make. In certain of the South Sea Islands, for instance, the people wrap around pots a sort of basket weaving to protect them from sharp knocks.

Because the art is so old, we find baskets mentioned in the very oldest stories of the simplest peoples. A certain tribe of American Indians, for instance, believes that there is an old woman in the moon forever making a basket. But she never finishes it, for every now and then the moon is darkened or, as we say, eclipsed—and that means that a dog has come and ruined her work, and she will have to begin all over again. And it

is lucky that she has to, for if she ever finishes the basket, that will be the end of the world!

The very oldest basket in the world to-day came from Egypt. It is large and oval, and was used for storing grain. It has been kept whole for us in the dry sands of Egypt for some

six or seven thousand years. Herodotus (hê rôl'ô tûs), the famous Greek historian, tells us of round basketwork boats, coated with pitch to make them watertight, which were used on the Tigris and Euphrates rivers as long ago as the fifth century B. C.

And it was centuries before then that the baby Moses was hidden among the bulrushes in a basket made of plaited rushes and daubed with mud.

When the Romans first went to Britain some two thousand years ago, they found the people there skilled in the art of basket making.

Their homes were rude huts made of wattle and smeared with clay, and their boats were very much like those described by Herodotus several hundred years before.

We hear of these wattle-work huts in parts of Ireland as late as Chaucer's time, only six hundred years ago, and, as we began by saying, there are many tribes even to-day, in the depths of Africa, who still live in basketwork homes.



Illustration by C. M. Clark

The birds were doubtless the first weavers of baskets, and like men, they liked the art so well that they are practicing it still.

In Bolivia the Indians still travel in basketry boats, and even catch the wind in basketry sails.

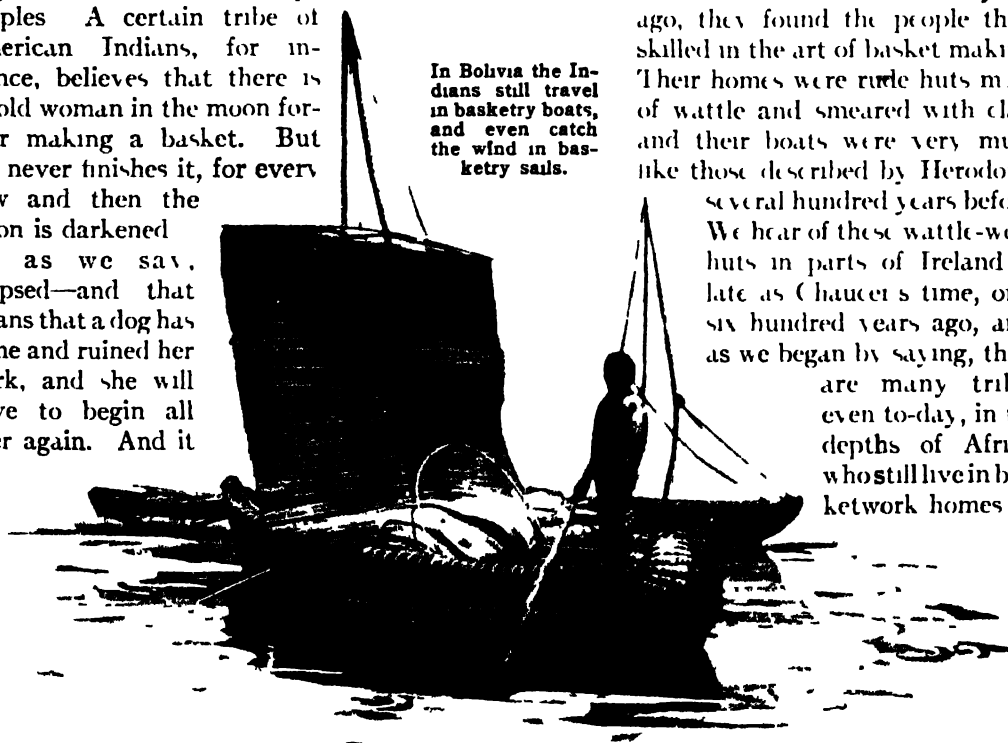
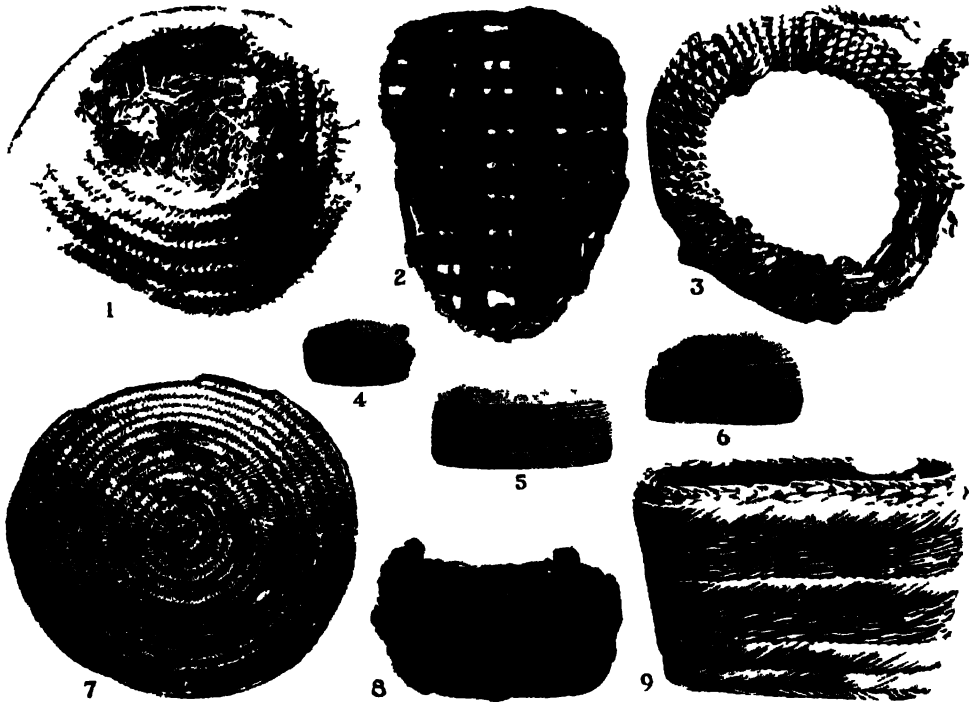


Photo by the Grace Line

THE ART OF MAKING BASKETS



Here are some ancient Egyptian baskets, which of course looked much sprucier when they were new than they do now. 1, 3, 7 Baskets made in the XIIIth

Dynasty, somewhere around 2000 B.C. 2 A coarse woven basket. 4, 5, 6 Rush baskets from Thebes. 8 Part of a floor mat. 9 A basket for carrying bottles.

Of course certain of the primitive tribes can make far better baskets than some others can. There are many peoples who manage the most elaborate weaves and stitches, and can make baskets in the shape of peacocks and other birds. But no one ever made finer baskets than the Indian tribes in the western part of North America. Among them it is an art which was, and is, carried on mostly by women. The Indian woman was the burden bearer and the housekeeper, and she learned to make her own baskets for carrying her own household goods, and to make them not only useful but beautiful as well.

How Indian Squaws Made Baskets

She used whatever stuff she had at hand—sedges, roots, rushes, willow twigs, bark, or grasses—and she had only such simple tools as she could make of flint or bone. At first the baskets must have been crude affairs,

but mother would teach what she had learned to daughter, and in time the baskets became stronger and truly artistic. Each squaw would vie with all the others, to see whose baskets should be the most graceful in form and the most beautiful in color. Her very standing in the tribe depended on how well she could weave baskets.

When Baskets Served as Pots

Some of the Indians were so skillful that they could weave baskets which would hold and carry water. In the desert regions of Arizona and New Mexico, where it is so dry that a drop of water is like a drop of life, the precious liquid was kept in water jars shaped like vases—but made of basketwork. Some of these were made water-tight by a thick coating of gum. Others were actually woven so tightly that not a drop could leak through.

All the food was brought home and pre-

THE ART OF MAKING BASKETS

pared in baskets. Our Indian woman would go into the fields and woods to gather berries, fruits, nuts, and grains, taking along a basket she had made herself in which to bring them home. Often she used a wicker—that is, basketry—scoop for gathering them. So, too, the fish and game which her men had snared with nets that she had woven would be carried home in great baskets that she had woven too. Even the wood with which she kept the camp fire burning was brought home in workmanlike basketwork carriers.

Then, whether she and the family were going to eat the food right away or whether she stored it for

some other time, she would take care of it all with basketry utensils. Into huge storage baskets went the food she would use later, perhaps when winter had covered up the fields with snow. In a wicker winnowing she separated grain from its chaff, and then ground it into meal in a bowl-shaped basket. Strangest of all, she actually boiled the food in a basket! The boiling baskets were water-tight, of course. But even so, she could not put them on the fire, or they would have burned up. Can you imagine what she did? Well, she put the things she wanted to boil into the cold water in the basket, and then threw in very hot stones. When these had cooled off, she took them out and put in other hot ones, until finally the water came to a boil and cooked the

food. And, naturally, the woman who had collected, prepared, and cooked her food in baskets, could not be expected to serve it in anything but basketry dishes.

Like the other primitive peoples, these Indians made many other things out of basketry—clothes and armor and ornaments,

gifts to the gods, games, and a thousand other things. The Indian woman carried her little papoose on her back in a basketry cradle.

But we should not be calling basketry an art if our Indian woman had not learned to make these things beautiful as well as useful. She grew very clever in thinking of

things with which to decorate them. Bits of fur, porcupine quills, seeds and shells, bright feathers and scraps of gayly colored cloth, small bits of glittering rock, grasses and sedges of contrasting color—any of these simple things would serve her turn. She took whatever nature offered her.

And then she wove these things into some of the most beautiful designs in the world. She found most of the designs, to begin with, in nature. The zigzag lines we see in so many of them mean mountains and valleys, streams, or lightning. Others show us trees and flowers, birds and beasts and insects. But very often they have even deeper meanings than mere pictures. For as she sat at her work day after day our Indian woman wove into her baskets her dreams, her



Photo by American Museum of Natural History

Here is an Indian woman of one of the Southwest tribes hard at work on a basket. It will be a pretty thing when it is finished, if one can judge from the completed one beside her.

The row of baskets below was made by Indians of the Southwest. Into them are woven charming and appropriate patterns.



Photo by American Museum of Natural History



Illustration by A. C. M. (National History)

This group of American Indian baskets gives us some idea of the many forms in which baskets are woven. Big and little, tall and flat, round and vase shaped,

with handles and without them, there is a basket for every purpose that baskets are good for. And all are beautifully proportioned.

ambitions, and her hopes, her own life story, and the history of her family, of her tribe, and even of her race. Each design, almost each line, is full of meaning, is a symbol (sim'bol) of something. Much of what the white men know of the Western Indians, of their religion, of their folklore, of their notions about life, has been learned by studying their baskets.

Color and Designs of Indian Baskets

Now to weave a design into basketry, you have to have different colors. Sometimes the Indians used things that are naturally of contrasting color. Rushes, for example, are not all alike, some are cream-colored, some buff, some light brown or dark brown, some yellow, some red, and some olive. But sometimes the Indians dyed the materials of their

baskets, using roots, berries, or anything suitable that came to hand. They could get a black color from the sumac, the elderberry, or even from black mud. They could get a gorgeous and lasting red from the roots of the yucca in the Southwest. The Indians in what is now Washington used to make a red dye from chewed alder and salmon eggs. These people were as clever at getting various colors in their crude dyeing as they were in making their designs.

We have been saying 'was' and 'were' all this time, because the Indians live rather differently now from the way they lived before the white men came. Yet even to day many of the tribes use a surprising amount of basketry. And they still make very beautiful baskets to sell to the white people. The best work is done by the Apaches (a pi'chi),

THE ART OF MAKING BASKETS

the Hopis (hō'pê), the Zuñis (zōō'nyê), the Pimas (pê'má); and Pomas of the Southwest, by the Thompson River Indians of British Columbia, and by the Tlingits of Alaska.

An Old Craft That Still Survives

So, too, are baskets still being made in other parts of the world—in Japan and China, in the British Isles, Belgium, France, Holland, and Germany, in New Zealand and New Guinea, in Africa, the Malay Peninsula, and the East Indies. In fact, the art is still almost universal.

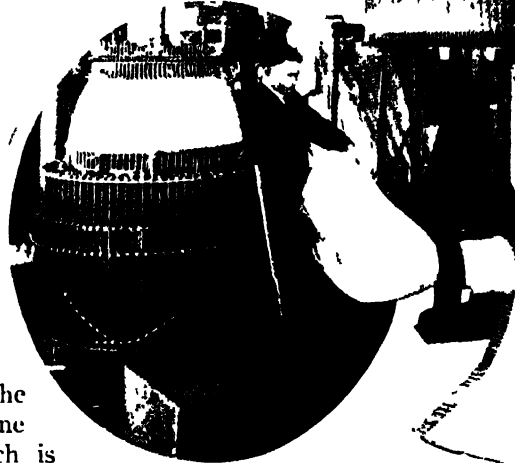
And the materials used to-day are practically the same as those used many centuries ago. Although it would now be so easy to get things out of which to weave their baskets from the other side of the world, many basket makers still like to use only those things which grow around them. In tropical Africa and the warm Pacific regions, banana and palm leaves are largely used. Bamboo is the chief material of the Chinese and Japanese basket weavers. In the East Indies, rattan cane, which grows sometimes as high as sixty feet, provides stuff for the native workmen; and this is one kind of basket material which is shipped in large quantities to basket makers in other lands.

All over the North Temperate Zone the weavers use mostly the pliant twigs of the willow, or the supple rushes and stiff, coarse grasses.

Furthermore, in weave, stitch, and design, the baskets of to-day are not very different from those of thousands of years ago. In India, men still cross their rivers in round, basketwork boats very much like those seen by the Greek Herodotus twenty-five hundred years ago. In Nubia men still weave baskets very much like those made in Egypt in 4000 B.C. The stitches in our own baskets are, nearly all of them, centuries old. So skillful were the primitive weavers that the

best we can do is to follow their practices.

And here is the strangest thing of all: we still make our baskets by hand. There are a few machine-made substitutes for basket-work, to be sure, but they are never so stout, so durable, or so artistic as the handmade work. Of course most of the baskets we buy are made by people working in large commercial groups together, but basketry is also a pleasant craft merely for pastime. If you want to learn it, you can almost surely find a way—in school, in a



Photos by Heywood Wakefield Co.

Here is a basket-weaving machine made especially to weave the bodies of baby carriages, which are woven from paper rope twisted so tight that it looks and feels like willow or rattan. At the right is a long strip of the fabric that a machine of this type can turn out.

Campfire or Scout grouperhaps, in various other places. Then you can practice it at

home, as do thousands of other enterprising people. The making of baskets is something which can be done by the blind, and thousands of them get their living by it.

The Two Ways of Making Baskets

There are two general types of basket—coiled and woven. The first is made by sewing with a lighter material over a coiled foundation of some heavier material, such as splints or roots. The earliest basket known from long-ago Egyptian days, is of this type, as are many of the baskets made

THE ART OF MAKING BASKETS



FIGURE 1. MICHIGAN INDIANS

While the men work on their weapons and baby sleeps in its dangling cradle, the women of this Indian tribe

of British Columbia are weaving mats and baskets from the fibers of cedar bark

to day by the Mission Indians of the West in United States. In these last the coil is made of a bundle of stiff grasses, and supple rushes of mottled colors are used for the sewing. Of course the materials differ from place to place, and the stitches vary greatly too, but the general method is the same everywhere.

Woven baskets are made by weaving threads in and out. There are two sets of these threads called, as in cloth weaving,

the warp and the woof, or sometimes the warp and the weft. It is quite possible that men got the idea of weaving cloth from this kind of basketry. Woven basketry may be made with all sorts of different stitches, and many more striking effects may be worked out than with the simpler coil method.

But no matter how you make your basket, you may be pretty sure that every step in the making of it is nearly as old as the race of man.

Babies of certain California Indians sleep in woven cradles like this one

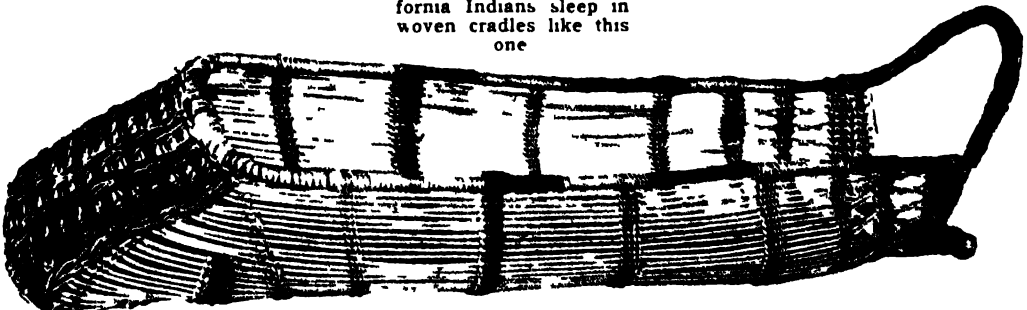


Photo by American Museum of Natural History

HISTORY of the CRAFTS

Reading Unit

No. 12

PICTURES DRAWN IN THREADS OF WOOL

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

Interesting Facts Explained

Why real tapestry can be made only by hand, 12-137
How thousands of different colors may go into a tapestry picture, 12-138
Why tapestry weaving is almost a lost art to-day, 12-140
When the tapestry makers had a strong guild, 12-141
When famous painters made de-

signs for tapestries, 12-142
How the great Gobelin factory was founded in Paris, 12-143
When Louis XIV brought all the tapestry weavers together and set them to work for him, 12-144
How the Gobelin factory turned out a famous set of tapestries, 12-144

Things to Think About

Why is tapestry weaving such very slow and careful work?
Why is it necessary to have so many different shades of wool?

When was the great period in tapestry weaving?
Why do we not make many tapestries to-day?

Picture Hunt

What sort of subjects were often used in tapestry pictures? 12-137
How does a tapestry weaver work? 12-139

How are Navajo rugs made? 12-140
How were such subjects as "Commerce" portrayed in the 18th century? 12-143

Related Material

When the great Gothic cathedrals were built, 11-461
Charlemagne, greatest king of the Middle Ages, 12-368
How tapestries were used for story-telling, 11-100
What life was like in the great fortified castles, 11-476

The most brilliant court in the world, 12-410
Leonardo and Michelangelo, two masters of the Renaissance, 11-149
How the Palace of Versailles was built and decorated, 11-490
Two Flemish masters, 11-218

Practical Applications

Though tapestries are seldom used as wall decorations to-day, they are an important part of all rooms done in imi-

tation of the 15th century, when every room of any importance had a tapestry on the wall.

Leisure-time Activities

You may have a good deal of trouble finding any tapestries outside museums, but now and

then a good one will be found in a theater lobby or some similar public place.



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

Soldiers in flashing armor and gay cloaks, spirited steeds, massive walls and battlements—all these in the picture above are woven threads! This 18th cen-

tury tapestry was made in Italy, and is one of a series illustrating a famous work of the poet Tasso. It shows the crusaders before Jerusalem.

PICTURES DRAWN *in* THREADS of WOOL

Few Paintings Are More Beautiful or More Skillful than the Scenes Found in the Master Works of Tapestry

WHEN you pick out a piece of tapestry to cover a cushion, you must not imagine that it is real tapestry you are buying by the yard at the store. It may very well be a beautiful piece of goods, but it is probably called tapestry (tāp'ēs-tri) only by courtesy. It will surely have been made by a machine, while true tapestry is always made by hand. If it is rightly made, it is still more beautiful than the machine-made imitations. But it takes such a long time to weave real tapestry that it is very expensive, and most of the manufacturers are now in too much of a hurry to weave it.

Yet if you can visit some great museum, such as the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston or the Metropolitan Museum in New York, you may still see the gorgeous tapestries that were made in more leisurely times—huge woven pictures covering many a square foot

of wall, with every line and color as distinct as in a painting. You may see woven pictures of all sorts of exciting scenes—of the fall of Troy, the martyrdom of a saint, gay knights and ladies setting out to hunt, or a king marching to battle.

Then you will rub your eyes. You will want to feel the little ribs on the woven surface, and wonder how anybody could ever in this world have run threads back and forth, and over and under one another, to make such an intricate design.

To be sure, the thing cannot be done by any ordinary weaver. A tapestry weaver, or "tapissier" (tā'pēs'syā'), as he is called, has to have extraordinary skill and patience. He must be something of an artist—a painter whose colors are threads, whose bobbin full of colored thread is his only brush. He must have no thought of time, and he must never

ART IN TAPESTRY

be the least bit in a hurry. For the thing cannot be done quickly if it is to be done well.

As to the process itself there is no particular mystery. If you have read our article about weaving you will know the tools that the tapissier uses: a loom strung with parallel threads called the warp, and a bobbin with which to pass the woof threads over and under the threads of warp. The tapissier's loom sometimes stretches the warp out horizontally, and then it is called a low-warp loom. But many tapissiers prefer to use a high-warp loom, which stretches the warp vertically and thus shows the whole picture standing upright while it is being made. The high-warp loom has two long rollers, one near the ceiling, the other near the floor. The warp threads, set from ten to twenty to the inch, are strung

between the two rollers, and form a sort of veil from ceiling to floor. Then there will be baskets of bobbins, or "broches" (brôsh), as they are called, ready to hand, each bobbin wound with silk or woollen thread of a single color. Perhaps there will be as many as forty thousand shades ready for use.

The weaver stands or sits behind the veil of warp, and does all his work from the wrong side of the fabric—though he will do the weaving so neatly that the wrong side is not so very different from the right one. On the wall behind him is the picture he is copying. It is usually in color and of just the size the finished tapestry is to be. This picture is called the cartoon. Of course the tapissier cannot see the cartoon, since it hangs behind him. But he can copy it better if he sees only the small part he is working on; and besides, since he is working from the back of

the fabric, he needs to have the image reversed, as in a photographic plate or a mirror, so that when seen from the front it will be reversed again to look like the original picture. So he hangs a little mirror in front of him beyond the warp. This shows him only the small part of the cartoon he is copying at the moment, and reverses the image for him at the same time. You may see just

how this works by trying it with a picture and hand mirror of your own; and you might use a real veil or a piece of transparent paper for the veil of the warp.

When the tapissier sets to work, say to make a leaf, he grasps with his left hand as many threads of warp as the leaf will cover. He then weaves a broche of green thread back and forth through the warp threads he is holding, under one warp thread, over the next warp thread, and so on until he has woven

the green thread into a space just as wide as the leaf is to be. Then in the same way he weaves this green thread back. When he needs any other color, say a lighter or darker green for making some part of the leaf, he selects the proper broche from a basket, weaves in as much thread of this shade as he needs, and continues with whatever other colors or shades the cartoon requires for this much of the work. After weaving in three or four threads of the woof, he presses them down with a little ivory comb to make the finished work smooth and even. When he wants to see what progress he is making, he walks around the veil of warp to look at the finished work on the right side. It is very slow, careful, skillful work. He can average weaving only about one square foot a week, depending of course on the nature of the design. He must never be in a hurry.



Photo by Merop from Musée de l'Art

This charming bit of handiwork is a "mandarin square" a name Europeans have given to the squares of tapestry or embroidered silk that Chinese officials wore upon the breast and across the shoulders in the back, to show their rank. This particular square is decorated with the Manchurian crane, and was worn by a civil official of the first rank.

ART IN TAPESTRY



THE Gobelins

If you ever go to Paris you must not forget to visit "the Gobelins," for that great tapestry concern is glad to have visitors. A guide will take you through the many rooms where work is going on, telling you all sorts of fascinating things about the weaver's art. He will show you finished and unfinished tapestries and tell you of the unbelievable number of spools of different colored threads that have been used in the making. As you pass through rooms like the one

above, you will probably not notice the workers "behind the scene" until hands reach up and part the veil of threads. If you ask your guide how it is that a tapestry worker can weave a scene from the back, where he cannot see it, your guide will tell you that if you will look a little more closely you will see that each weaver has a small mirror in front of him. This reflects his work. The finished parts of the tapestry are rolled up as the work progresses.

ART IN TAPESTRY

When the tapissier weaves the leaves of a tree, he finishes them one by one. He weaves the petals of a flower one at a time, too, and when he is weaving a face he completes some one of the features, say the nose or an eye, before starting any other. This way of working has a queer effect upon the fabric. It leaves slits between the different parts of the design. But when the weaving is finally completed, skillful needleworkers close up these slits by drawing the edges together with the daintiest of stitches. Then the warp is fully covered, leaving only little ribs to show that it is there. The finished tapestry is like the cartoon in every smallest detail of color and form. It is a woven picture, a painting in thread.

The tapissier's art is very old. We still have tapestries woven in Egypt as long as 3,500 years ago. The art may have been born there. Or perhaps the Chinese were the first to weave pictures, as they were the first to do so many other things; we know, at least, that they have been weaving rich silks and fine woolens for many centuries. Among primitive peoples, tapestry seems to be known nearly everywhere that any weaving is done. The weavers may not make real pictures, but they use the same general method to weave other designs; even to-day the Navajo Indian woman sits before her loom and weaves brilliant zigzags into the tapestry rugs we know so well.

Greek legend is full of stories of picture

weaving. Philomela (fil'ô-mē'lā), whose tongue had been torn out, wove her sad story into a tapestry, so that her sister might help her to plot her revenge. Helen, the most beautiful of women, when Paris had carried her off to Troy, spent the long hours there

weaving into a great colored fabric the mournful story of her life. The Romans, too, left us stories of picture weaving, both in legend and in history. And in the Bible we hear of the gorgeous hangings in the Temple, and of the fine woven stuffs of kings and priests, dazzling in color, rich with threads of gold. But none of these ancient tapestries have come down to us

However marvelous those early fabrics may have been, we may be certain that they could not compare with the work of the weavers in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The great art

reached its peak of perfection in the fifteen hundreds. Then, after only about fifty years, it began to decline again. Through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries tapestry was still an important art; but now it has fallen into neglect and has been displaced by cheap machine imitations. It is almost coming to be one of the lost arts of the world.

In the Days of Guilds

But in its great day, what an art it was! The weaver who hoped to become a tapissier must not only have great talent to begin with, but he must serve a long apprenticeship



Photo by American Museum of Natural History

This Navajo weaver does not need to follow a painted pattern. She pushes her bright threads in and out and weaves a design according to her fancy. Almost everyone has seen a cheerful Navajo rug and knows how effective the designs can be, but the pattern grows doubly interesting when one realizes that every one of those squares and zigzags has a meaning.



Photo by Anderson Rome

This tapestry, which tells the story of how the shepherds left their flocks and came to adore the infant Christ, was made from a design by Raphael. Many people think that the tapestries of this period—when weavers were modeling their work on the “cartoons” of famous artists—are the most beautiful of all. But more and more we are coming to love the quaint tapestries that belong to an earlier period, when the weaver’s art was still a craft and weavers were not trying to be painters. When you read our article on

and then labor for many years more before he could expect to be a craftsman of the finest skill. In the glorious days of the art, the workers were trained from boyhood in the great establishments where tapestries were made. They were chosen by the tapissiers’ guild—a guild (gild) was somewhat like a modern trade union—and their training was regulated by the guild’s rules. By and by they would join the guild themselves and carry on its work. The guild looked after the welfare of the workers, and saw to it that all the work should be of high quality. Alas for the weaver who shirked his difficult task! A sharp axe might cut off his right hand at the wrist, and his career as a tapissier

stained glass, you will see that there too the artists tried to turn their windows into paintings—and the art declined! After all, threads are not paints and stained glass is not a painter’s canvas. When you study sculpture you will find that the greatest statues are made by artists who know that stone and marble cannot be turned into flesh and blood, but must always remain stone and marble! When an artist shows great skill in using the stubborn materials he has to work with, we say he has an understanding of his “medium.”

would be at an inglorious end for all time.

But if a man showed a real genius for the work, he might come to high honors. He might even grow so valuable that he would have to beware of kidnappers—for some ambitious foreign prince was likely enough to have him seized and carried off to labor at the royal court.

A Color for Every Whim

It was the great day of the dyers, too. For the tapissiers were always calling on the dyers for more and more delicate shadings of color. In the earlier days comparatively few shades were used, often no more than twenty. The older tapestries have the clear

ART IN TAPESTRY

brilliance of a colored glass window -and indeed the men who worked in glass and the men who worked in silk and wool probably learned a great deal from each other. In the seventeenth century, however, tapisseries were using thousands of shades, though they could still produce magnificent pieces with fewer than a hundred.

Always they were asking for more dyes to match the delicate hues of the painter's cartoon.

But it was not enough for the tapisserie to have thousands of colors in his baskets of bobbins. He had to make sure that the fruit of his long months of patience and skill was not going to fade to a meaningless splotch as soon as it had hung for a while in the air and sunlight. So the dyers worked only with the simplest and purest of natural colors, with colors whose age-old reputation proved that they could stand the test of

time. Even now they avoid modern aniline (ân'î-lîn) dyes made of coal tar—avoid them as they would poison. For many of these colors are not fast at all, and will fade in a few months or even a few weeks. Fine tapestries, on the other hand, are woven to last for centuries. How well the old dyers knew their craft is clear from the brilliance to this day of the picture fabrics woven four centuries ago.

Some of the medieval tapestries that have come down to us date from the fourteenth or even the thirteenth century. The earliest fine tapestries were made at Arras (â'ras'), a city in old Flanders, now part of France. So famous did the products of the looms of Arras become that we have adopted the word "arras" (âr'äs) to mean any curtain used for

decorating a wall. Along in the fifteenth century Brussels became the leading center of tapestry weaving. But Brussels is in Flanders, too, and it was long before any other people challenged the Flemish superiority in the art.

Yet early in the sixteenth century even

the Flemings began to take notice of what was going on down in Italy. For there the great upheaval of ideas which we call the Renaissance (rën's-sôNs') was in full swing, and Raphael (raf'ä-ël), the great Renaissance painter, was designing cartoons. The most famous set of tapestry cartoons ever made was the series illustrating the "Acts of the Apostles," which Raphael made at the order of Pope Leo X to adorn the lower walls of the Sistine (sis'ten) Chapel in the Vatican (vât'î-kän) at Rome - the same chapel whose ceiling Michelangelo (mî'-

kël-än'jê-lô) had just decorated with his famous frescoes. The weaving was done by Peter van Aelst (êlst), a Brussels tapisserie. Van Aelst received \$60,000 for his work, a larger sum in those days than it sounds today. The tapestries were first shown in Rome on Christmas Day, 1519; since then they have hung in many places, but they are now to be seen at the Vatican, the palace of the pope. Seven of the cartoons passed to England, and are among her dearest art treasures.

After that some of the great artists in Flanders began designing cartoons in the Italian manner. During the seventeenth century Rubens (roo'bënz), the famous Flemish painter, set the seal of his own masterly style on the designs. Like his other paint-



Photo by Keystone View Co.

Here are some of the Gobelins workers. The girl in front is winding spools. There is a whole tray of them on the table in front of her—spools of every hue imaginable!



This fine tapestry was made at Beauvais in the eighteenth century. Can you tell what the scene is about? In the center is Mercury, the god of trade, holding his snake-entwined wand. Plenty, holding her over-

flowing horn in one hand, crowns him with a wreath. Peace sits on the other side with the armor she has taken from War. By this time you may have guessed that the scene symbolizes "Commerce."

ings, his cartoons are full of color and energy, as if a great vigorous wind were blowing through them. He made a stir among the tapissiers by insisting that they follow his coloring in every smallest detail. Before his time the painters had usually given the weavers a good deal of choice in selecting shades. In fact, the cartoon was sometimes only a black and white drawing to outline the chief figures of the picture, with the coloring and much of the detail left to the weaver.

Early in the seventeenth century the center of the art of tapestry making was passing from Flanders to France. The French king,

Henry IV, tried to settle the rivalry of the two countries once and for all by inviting two well known Flemish tapissiers to set up an establishment in Paris. The two men, Marc de Coman (de kô'mô'n') and Frans van der Planken built their establishment in the little suburb of Saint-Marcel (să'n'măr'sel'), near the famous old dye works of the Gobelins (gô'be-lin'). This dye plant had been founded in 1440 by two "merchant dyers of scarlet," Jean and Philibert Gobelin, who had grown rich and famous by selling their marvelous dyes to the tapissiers who crowded into the district to be near them. Now the two Flemish tapissiers took over the name

ART IN TAPESTRY

of the Gobelin works, and in 1607 began laboring for the King.

About fifty years later the great Louis XIV decided to bring all the tapissiers of Paris together in one place and have them spend all their time weaving tapestries to adorn the walls and furniture of his many sumptuous palaces. He bought up all the tapestry establishments, moved them to the quarter of the city already known as "the Gobelins," and set them to work. From that day to this the great establishment has belonged to the French government. The tapestries from the Gobelin looms became so famous that some people still call any tapestry a "gobelin."

For twenty-eight years, during the most dazzling part of Louis' reign, the Gobelin works were turning out some of the most magnificent tapestries ever woven, devised under the direction of Charles Le Brun (lē brŭN), perhaps the greatest director of a tapestry works who ever lived. For naturally a great establishment such as the Gobelins has to have some presiding genius to make it a' work together—to suggest ideas to artists, direct the dyers, keep a sharp eye on the troubles and the triumphs of the tapissiers. Now Charles Le Brun was himself an artist of distinction. He could plan and design great pieces whose details were to be executed by others, and he could even draw designs himself. Artists at this time were fond of putting wide borders on their pictures, and Le Brun made cartoons for some of the most beautiful borders of them all. He was a good manager, too. At one time he had fifty famous artists working under him, besides 250 of the most skillful tapissiers of France, and dyers, stitchers, and apprentices without number.

And of course all the pictures were to glorify the King, or to satisfy his whims or those of his favorites. If we told of all the tapestries that Le Brun and his helpers wove, the story would easily fill this whole book. Two sets are the most famous of all. One of these is in twelve huge pieces, showing pictures of the Grand Monarch's favorite palaces. The other is called "The Story of the King," and shows fourteen glorious

events in the great King's life—his coronation, his marriage, his meetings with other rulers, some of his many battles. Each of these pieces is 17 feet high, and the total width of them all is 354 feet. It took fifteen years to finish the weaving of these masterpieces.

Many and splendid were the tapestries that came from Le Brun's looms. Some of them were copies of rare fabrics made centuries before. Not only were these "picture cloths" woven in color, but they were gorgeous with threads of pure silver and gold, as other works of earlier times had been. So much gold was woven into some of the tapestries that a princely fortune may often be hidden in their threads. One of the richest of all sets was woven for Francis I of France; it was done by Giulio Romano (jōō'lyō rô-ma'nō), one of Raphael's pupils. In 1707, when the French government was badly in need of money, it actually burnt these famous tapestries for the gold that could be melted out of them!

No other tapestry works have been quite so renowned as those in Arras and Brussels and Paris. But there have still been famous establishments in other places. Even while the Gobelins were in their glory under Le Brun, a new center was growing up at Beauvais (bō'vĕ'). In the eighteenth century Aubusson (ō'bu'sōN'), in Central France, came to be an important center, to-day it is still the chief source of real tapestry rugs and furniture coverings. Tapestries have been made with great skill in Italy, Spain, and Germany. During the reigns of James I and Charles I of England there was an excellent tapestry works at Mortlake, a suburb of London.

Nearer our own times, William Morris, poet and artist-craftsman, opened an establishment at Merton, near London, in 1881. Most of his cartoons were made by the famous English painter, Burne-Jones. This shop is still in operation. True tapestry is now being woven even in the United States, home of swift machines and of breakneck hurry.

But this is one of the things which we do not do so well as our ancestors.

HISTORY of the CRAFTS

Reading Unit No. 13

HOW TO TELL WHICH RUGS ARE BEST

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

Interesting Facts Explained

What his rug means to a Mohammedan, 12 148
The meaning of the colors and symbols in a Chinese rug, 12 150
How rugs are bought in Persia, 12 150
Why a rug is a collection of thousands of knots, 12 154
Where the symbols and style of

most rugs come from, 12-154
How the wool is gathered and dyed, 12-156
When rugs were unknown even in castles, 12 157
How a Frenchman's invention upset the rug business, 12-161
How to care for your rugs and carpets, 12-161

Things to Think About

What sort of designs were barred to the Mohammedans by their faith?
Why are old rugs better than new ones?

Where do rugs come from and why did they originate in that part of the world?
What is the difference between a tapestry and a rug?

Picture Hunt

What is the main design of a prayer rug? 12 149
Why is a Persian rug often like a garden? 12 153

How large is the largest rug in the world? 12 156
On what sort of machines are modern rugs made? 12 160

Related Material

The Oriental influence in early Christian art, 11 78-81
The decline and fall of the Roman empire, 5-245
The world's most beautiful tomb, 11 450
Decay of the Persian empire, 5-106

Modern Persia and its life, 5-100, 105
Persia's great poet, Omar Khayyam, 13 89
China's great history, 5 324
The story of spinning and weaving, 10 330

Practical Applications

A great deal of hand weaving is done to-day as a hobby, and the weaving of rugs is taught in many schools. Though the tribes of the Near East had no homes but tents, and moved about constantly, they made

beautiful rugs which they handed down from family to family. For people always long to beautify their homes, no matter how humble that home may be.

ART IN RUGS



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

In some of the hand-made rugs—though perhaps not in this one—you can tell where one person left off weaving and another began. The colors and designs

may change a bit, or a rug may get wider or narrower according to how tightly the threads are packed. Above is a Caucasian rug of the 1800's.



This rug merchant at Augustus' day is showing his wares to two wealthy matrons of Rome. Even in Rome's "golden age" carpets were rare and costly. They were probably not piled fabrics of the type we

know to-day, but were flat-surfaced, like tapestry. As a matter of fact, the Romans could do very well without them, for Roman floors were bright with mosaics and elaborate paintings covered the walls.

HOW to TELL WHICH RUGS ARE BEST

Come with Us to the Rug Shop and Learn How to Pick and Choose among the Beauties You Will See There

RUGS! Oh, Anne, please let me go with you. I've always wanted an excuse to see an oriental rug shop. Do you suppose the man will let me ask questions?" Katherine was so excited that her friend could hardly help laughing at her a little.

"Of course you may go," she said. "I'm going to Dexter and Arnold's. They have a big oriental rug department, and then they have cheaper rugs, too. And as for answering questions, their chief buyer has just got back from the Orient, and if he once gets started, he never can stop. Remember I warned you!"

But Anne might as well have saved her breath, for her warning did no good. The girls had no sooner stepped into the rug department of the great store than Katherine started looking around for this Mr. Papazian, the talkative buyer.

"What a funny name!" she said, when Anne pointed him out. "And how dark and foreign he looks!"

"Oh, he's Armenian," Anne enlightened her. "They all are. I don't think I ever heard of an oriental rug buyer or dealer who wasn't an Armenian. The trade runs in families. And of course a great many of the rugs come from the Near East, a country the Armenians understand a lot better than a Westerner would."

But Katherine was scarcely listening. She stood lost in admiration before a carpet hung against the wall. It looked as soft and deep as velvet, and the lovely, intricate design was done in the mellowest of blues and browns and yellows against a background of the color of faded rose petals.

"You like it?" she heard someone saying at her elbow. She turned, her eyes still

shining with delight, and saw Mr. Papazian himself, who had come up with Anne. "That is one of my finest carpets," he went on. "Persian. Do you notice how the design is made of flowers—not very naturalistic flowers, of course—with their stems curled and curved in that way, to make part of the pattern. Most Persian rugs have flower designs, you know. This one is what is called a vase rug, because—"

"Oh, I see it!" Katherine interrupted him. "The little vase of flowers right in the design!"

"Yes. And here is another, and another—many of them. This design rather runs wild all over the carpet, but usually Persian rugs have a medallion or a series of medallions in the center, with the design arranged around it—with a border of course . . . here is one "

"But don't the Persians ever put in animals or people into a rug design?"

"Not very often. I used to have one with a hunting scene on it. Now the Turks absolutely never use anything but flowers and geometric figures."

"Why?" Both girls asked this question at once.

What Is a Prayer Rug?

"Perhaps you have never read the Koran, the sacred book of the Mohammedans," said Mr. Papazian, smiling. "There it is forbidden to make an image or picture of any living creature. Once in a while they make a hanging lamp, though, or a pile of small rugs. This is an imitation, but the design is good. Prayer rugs are usually oblongs about this size—just right to kneel on—with a design having an arch, or "prayer nook," in it somewhere. This one, you see, has a deep flower border, a row of lilies at the top and a different arrangement of them below."

"But what is a prayer rug? I was just thinking how well that one would look in

front of the piano!" Anne was really planning to buy a rug or two, for she was going to be married soon and was furnishing her house.

"A prayer rug is just what its name says—a rug for prayer. Mohammedans kneel on one, facing carefully toward Mecca, at the time of prayer. Every Mohammedan family used to own one—they are handed down from father to son as family heirlooms. That's what makes it so hard to get hold of genuine ones now, though these made "for the trade" are pretty enough. The same is true of the grave rugs—"

"Grave rugs! Did they furnish their tombs like the Egyptians?"

"No. These rugs are for laying over the body before burial, and for spreading over the grave after the burial and at anniversaries "

"Like flowers?"

"Like flowers. The making of fine rugs, you know, is

very old in the East, though we do not know just how old; and they have long been deemed among the most precious of possessions. Rich Mohammedans have given them to mosques for the glory of Allah, and oriental monarchs thought them the main treasures of their palaces "

"The colors aren't so soft as in the Persians, are they?" This was Anne, thinking of the color scheme of her living room.

How Rugs Get Their Soft Colors

"A great deal of red in Turkish rugs, yes. In the really old ones it fades to a lovely rose—and indeed even in the new ones it is scarcely a bright crimson. The very softest colors come only from age, you know—it is mere fading. That is one reason why it is not safe to buy oriental rugs except from a reliable dealer—some merchants use injurious chemicals to make the colors of new rugs look old."

"But how different these rugs over here



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

We usually think of a doormat as something quite modern, but here is one made in Egypt over three thousand years ago.

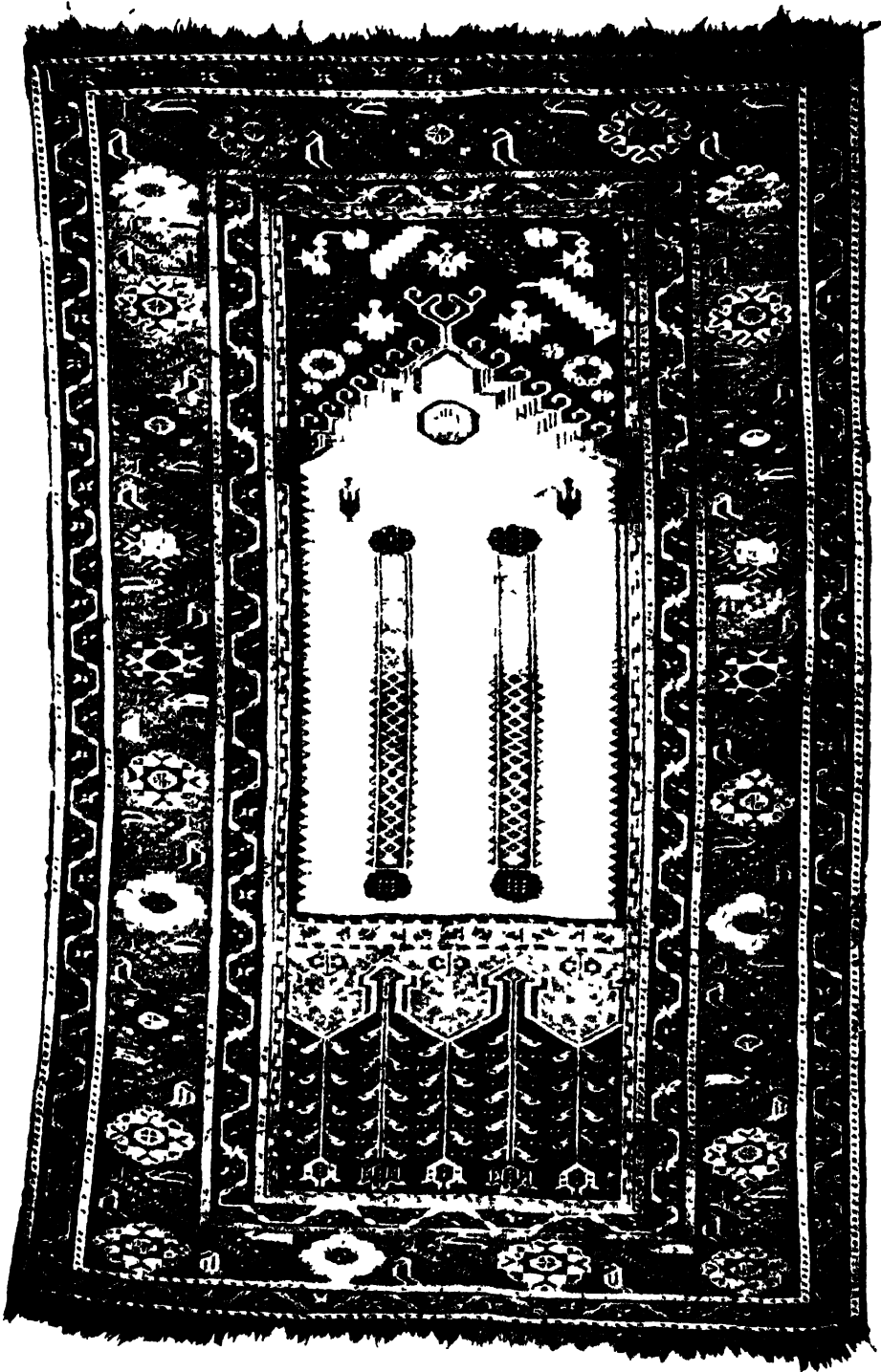


Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

This Turkish prayer rug was made in the eighteenth century. Its design is simple and, as you can see, the central portion is shaped into an arch, or "niche," at one end but is square at the other. And thereby

hangs a tale! At prayer time the devout Mohammedan lays out his precious rug upon the ground so that the arched end points toward Mecca, then he kneels to pray in the center of the "niche."

are!" This from Katherine, who had darted off to investigate a rug whose bold design had caught her restless eye.

"Chinese," said Mr. Papazian, coming up to her. "It's partly the coloring that you notice here, too. A great deal of yellow, you see, and a lot of blue and white. Some of the yellow used to be red or orange, and has faded. Yellow is the symbol of royalty among the Chinese, and blue of power—so I suppose they like to use them. You'll never find a yellow dragon, though, except in a rug meant for the imperial family. Dragons in other colors, yes here is one now—see how he curls and writhes and shows his fangs? Other favorite symbols are the pearl, which means purity, and the bat, which means happiness."

"What a funny thing for a bat to mean?" said Katherine. "But what I notice most in these rugs is how simple the designs are—scattered over a plain tan ground."

"You are very observant," said Mr. Papazian. "Look at this one, too. It has a central panel, you see, and around that a loose network of magnolia blossoms. But I want you to see this little beauty—really a prize. See how the scaly dragon is cut in three and crosses the rug three times? That is so it can be wrapped around a pillar—so—and he wrapped it around a tall vase for want of a pillar. The parts of the dragon met at the edges and made a complete coil."

Where Oriental Rugs Come From

"But do all oriental rugs come from either Persia, Turkey, or China?" asked Katherine, when they were through exclaiming over the pillar rug.

"They come from all over the East—both

the Near East and the Far East," was the answer. "From Chinese Turkistan and Tibet, from India, Afghanistan, Turkistan, Persia, the Caucasus region between the Black and Caspian seas, Asia Minor, and even Northern Arabia and the Balkans. I could name you more than sixty different

kinds of oriental rugs—only you would not remember. We name them mostly either after the tribe that makes them or after the town or region where they are made or sold. The Persians have always made the very best of them, but each has its own materials and designs and peculiar virtues. On this last trip " Here the girls stopped looking at rugs altogether and came closer. At last he was going to talk about his trip!

"On this last trip," continued Mr. Papazian, "I went right to Persia, and settled down in Teheran (tē'h'ran') for the whole four months I was gone."

"Where is Teheran?"

"About seventy miles south of the Caspian Sea. It's the capital of Persia, and a great rug market. Sometimes I go to Stambul (stam-bōol') or Smyrna (smūr'nā), in Turkey, but this time I was after Persians first of all. Besides, I have good business friends among the native rug dealers there."

"Then you don't go to the different villages and pick out the rugs yourself? I should think that would be the whole fun of it." Katherine was frankly disappointed.

"No. I buy my rugs in bales—literally in bales—from these dealers. They send out travelers, who go about collecting the rugs. It sounds romantic—on horseback through steep mountain passes, on camelback across the deserts, visiting little villages far from

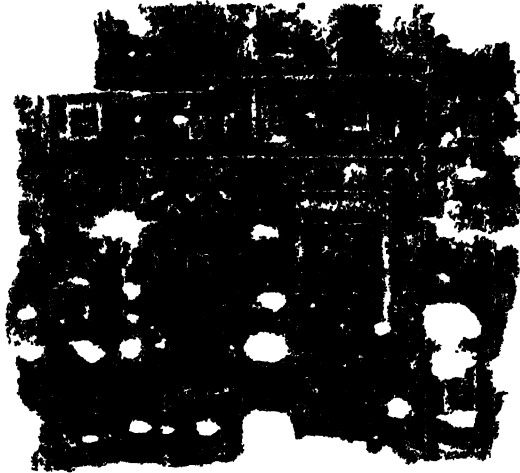
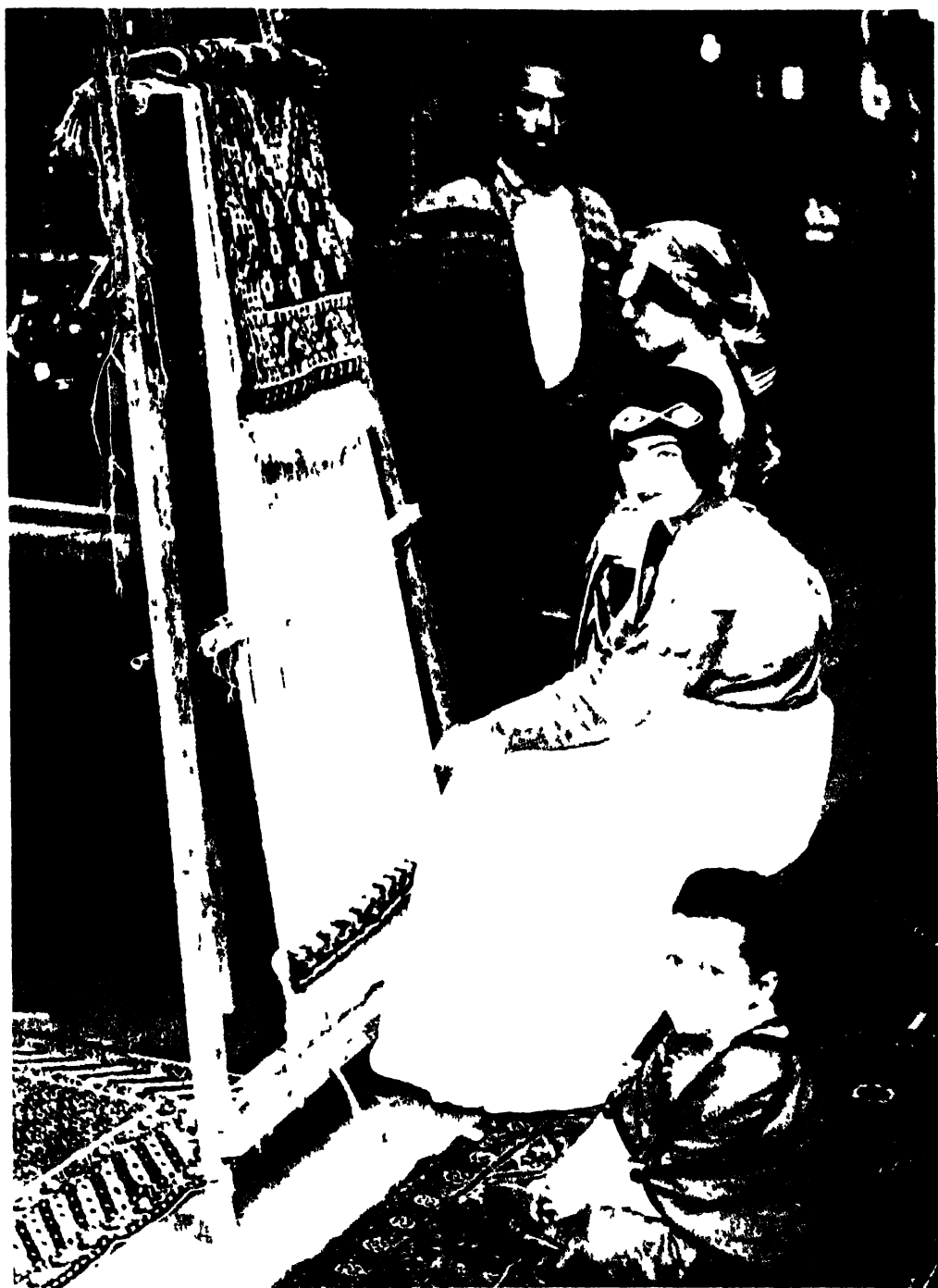


Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

No wonder it looks a bit moth-eaten! This tattered fragment is the oldest rug in America, and one of the oldest in the world. It was woven in Egypt almost 1,700 years ago and is now one of the treasures of the Metropolitan Museum in New York. You may be sure that everything is being done to keep it from growing yet more dilapidated.

ART IN RUGS



Who knows for how many generations rug making has been the chief occupation of this Turkish family? The design of the rug in the loom looks modern, but it may have evolved from an ancient design invented by

some far-off ancestor of the young woman whose clever fingers are now building it up thread by thread. The young man on the floor has a very knowing look, and some day he too may be a rug maker.

ART IN RUGS

any railroad, bargaining with chiefs of the wandering desert tribes. I went on a trip like that once myself, to see what it is like. It is romantic, certainly, but it's hard work too. As soon as you have collected a good shipment of rugs you send it back, usually by camel caravan, to Stambul or wherever your dealer is. The dealer sorts them out according to kind, size, quality, color, workmanship, and makes them up into bales. A bale usually has rugs of all qualities, from the worst to the best I have to buy the whole bale. Because I fell in love, for instance, with that beautiful Persian you were admiring at first, I had to buy a whole stack of rugs that were well enough in their way"—he shrugged—"but not in the same class at all. You understand," he added suddenly, "that most shops do not send buyers direct to the East, but buy from the big importers in New York."

The girls made no answer to that. Anne was trying to decide between two prayer rugs—the one with the lilies and another with the white pillars of a mosque; Katherine had become absorbed in fingering the velvety surface of one of the larger rugs.

"How do they do it?" she asked at last. "You must have seen them doing it, on that trip you took?"

"Oh, yes, often, and in the factories where they make rugs especially for the trade, too," he replied. "It's a special kind of weaving. Do you know anything about weaving? Many of the finest carpets are woven on the crudest of looms. There is a beam above and a beam below, and the warp threads strung up and down between them. The weaver sits cross-legged on the ground, or on a low raised frame that brings the work about even with his knees. He weaves from the bottom up, and from left to right across the loom."

"Perhaps I shouldn't say 'he,' for, espe-

cially in the remoter places, the weavers are usually women and girls. Your friend here"—he indicated Anne—"would not be buying rugs for her trousseau if she were a young lady of Persia or Afghanistan"—here Anne pricked up her ears, left her prayer rugs, and came nearer. "No, she would be weaving them herself, and fine pillow covers and saddlebags besides. Or, nowadays, perhaps she would be selling her rugs to buy gold coins, one by one, for the necklaces and bracelets that go to make her dowry."

"I should not like that," said Anne, decidedly.

"No? Often the little girls begin their weaving when they are no more than five, and keep at it day in and day out, year after year, all their lives. Their greatest ambition is to win a nod of approval from the master weaver who watches them. They are paid only a few cents a day; and often several of them work at the same rug. Yet how skillful they are!" Mr. Papazian had been looking thoughtfully at Anne, but now he turned to pick up a rug from the counter near which he was standing.

"I was telling you how it is done," he said. "Look, now. This is an unusual rug, a 'kelim' (kē'lim), which is made like cloth or tapestry, simply by weaving the weft threads back and forth among the warp. See, it looks almost the same on the under side as on top. But not many rugs are made like that. The soft, almost fuzzy surface you admire on the others—it is called the 'pile'—is made by tying in extra threads and then cutting off the ends of the knots. Of course that is done on only one side, leaving a stout, plain fabric to lie next the floor."

"Just plain knots?" asked Katherine innocently.

"There are two kinds of knots," explained Mr. Papazian, "the Persian and the Turkish. Each ties together two warp threads with a



Photo by Near East Relief

It takes a long time to weave a rug by hand, even if the worker is highly skilled. Here is a Greek girl of Athens hard at work building up the simple pattern of her rug.

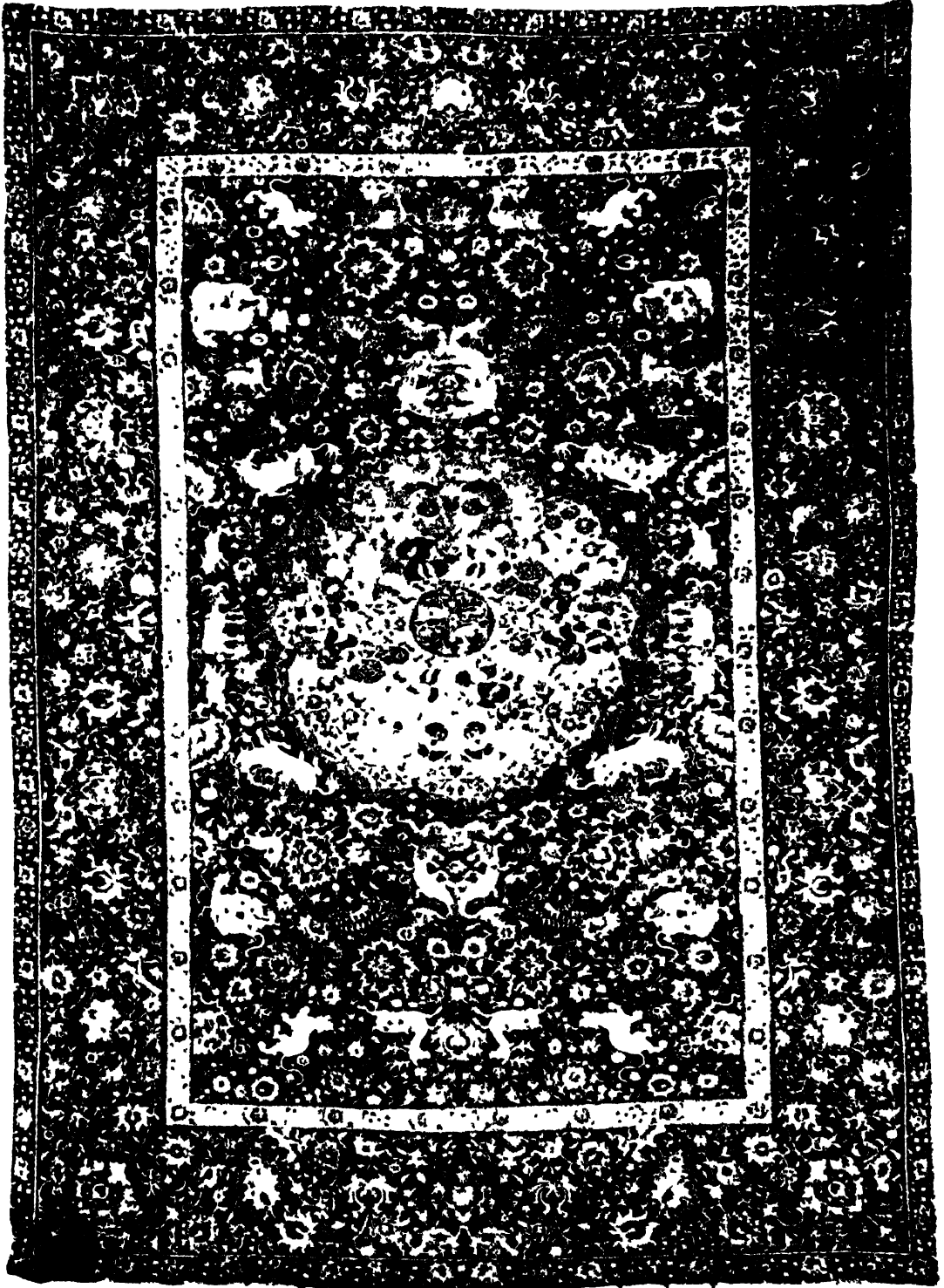


Photo 13 Metropolitan Museum of Art

This fine rug with its fascinating design of flowers and stags and lions and panthers, and its center medallion of strange little people, was woven in Persia in the sixteenth century.

ART IN RUGS

piece of loose yarn two inches or so in length. When the weaver has tied knots clear across the rug—using the proper color of yarn for each knot, of course as the design requires — she weaves one or more weft threads above the row of knots to hold it in place. Then she 'beats down' the work, or makes it close and fast, by pressing down on it with a heavy, long-toothed iron or wooden comb. The loose ends of yarn are still hanging from the knots; she now trims them with scissors. They will not be trimmed finally and carefully until the rug is finished. The longer the pile that is left, the heavier the rug and the better it lies on the floor. You see these big, heavy rugs? Notice how long the pile is. It has a beautiful sheen, too. But close-clipped pile—as in this little beauty—brings out the colors better."

"How fast can they do all that?" asked Anne.

"A good weaver can do from ten to twenty knots a minute. Really, it's a marvel to see them. Their fingers know their own way like those of a pianist; half the time they do not even look at what they are doing."

"But how fast does that make the rug grow?"

"That depends. The fineness of the rug depends to a great extent on how many knots there

are to a square inch. Some rugs have as few as sixty, some a thousand, even several thousand. In a museum in London is a rug from the mosque at Ardebil (är'dē-bēl'), in Persia, made in 1536 by a slave named Maksoud. It is perhaps the most famous piece of weaving in the world. It is thirty-four feet long and seventeen and a half wide and contains more than thirty-two million knots! *That is a carpet . . .*" Mr. Papazian's eyes seemed to look far away in his memory of its beauty. "I stopped in London on the way home, partly to visit it."

A History behind Each Design

"But how do they happen to know who made it, and when? I thought I had heard somewhere that no one ever knew just when oriental rugs were made, much less who made them?" Katherine was very proud of this scrap of information and hoped it was not wrong after all.

"You are right," he comforted her. "This was a very special case just as it was a very special carpet. As a matter of fact, several people usually work at the same rug, and none of them may have had anything to do with the pattern. The symbols and style

come from tribal custom though nowadays there is a good deal of borrowing and of making up designs for the

These young weavers seem to be having some difficulty in learning how to make rugs. The first things they turn out probably will be very "botchy" indeed, but before many years have passed they may become masters of their trade.



Photo by Keystone View Co

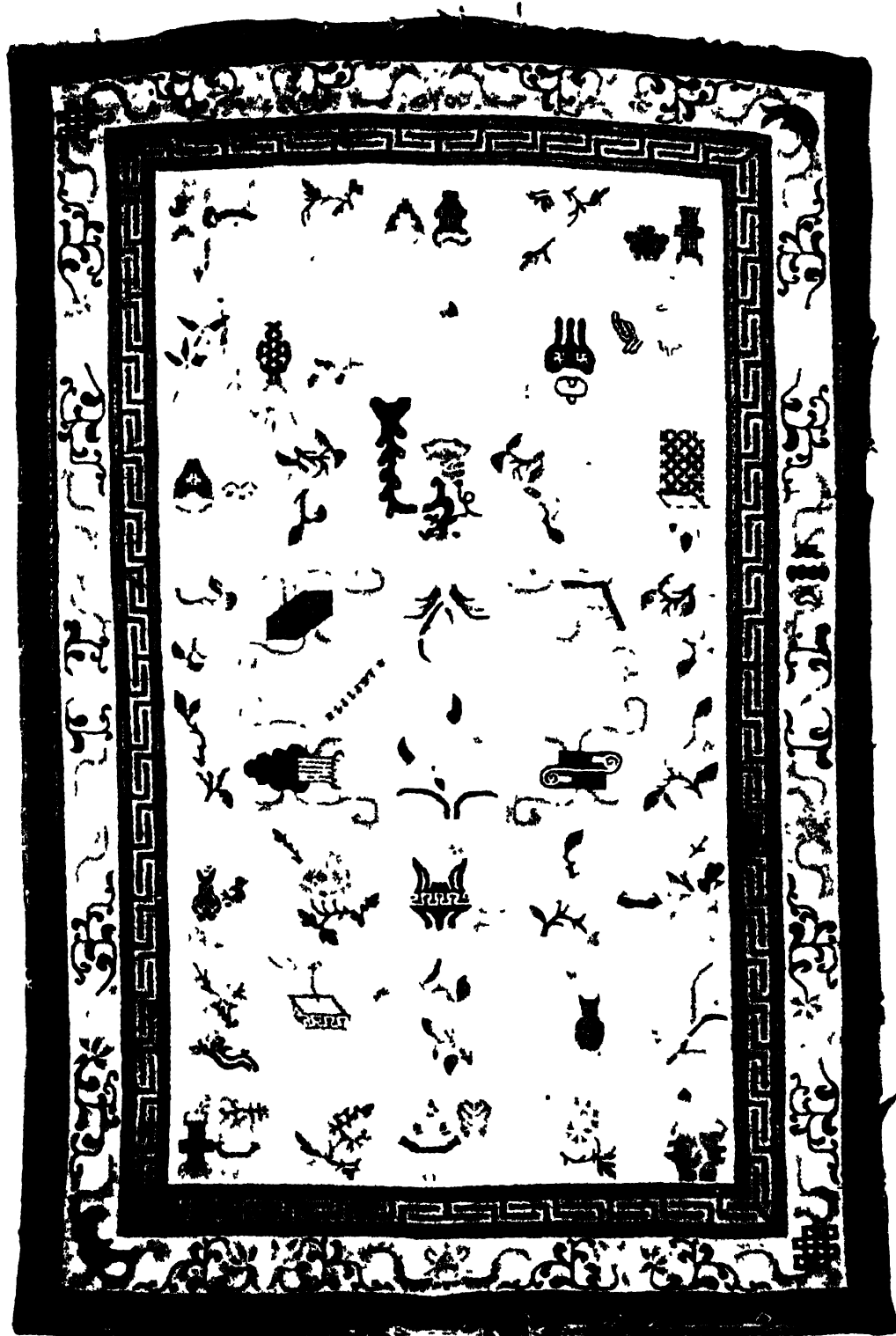


Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

This beautiful piled carpet was made in China in the eighteenth century.

ART IN RUGS

trade.' Old weavers always used to know the designs by heart. Young weavers, long ago and now, may use a 'talim,' or small pattern on sheepskin. It will be hung even with the beginner's eyes until he or she has learned it by heart, like a poem. Or if several are working together, the master weaver may call out in singsong the symbols that mean the colors and the number of knots of each to be made. Sometimes the master himself weaves a sample corner of the rug, any skillful weaver can build up the whole pattern from that."

Allah Alone Is Perfect!

"They must count the knots wrong sometimes," said Katherine, who was running through a stack of little rugs. "Lots of times the design is crooked and the flowers or zig-zags are no two of them quite alike. I like it that way, though," she added quickly.

"I rather think the weavers do, too," said Mr. Papazian. "Some of the rugs have a border on one side that doesn't even pretend to be just like the one on the other side. And as for little mistakes and irregularities—Allah alone is perfect; if the weaver gets his design a bit crooked, he will excuse himself with a verse from the Koran which tells us so."

Suddenly Anne held up a shimmering strip with an exclamation of delight. "Did you ever see anything so soft and silky?" she cried. "Surely it is not meant to put on the floor! I should like it for a table runner."

"It would do beautifully on your table," Mr. Papazian told her. "It is made partly of silk—that is why it is so shimmery and looks so frail. The Chinese use silk a good deal in weaving rugs, because they have so much of it. What you have there is Persian and is an unusually beautiful piece, though as you say, it

would be unwise to trust it on the floor. Such pieces are often used as hangings, too."

"But what are rugs *usually* made of?" asked Katherine curiously.

"Wool, mostly. Camel's hair makes a soft and silky rug, but it does not dye well. Neither does goat's hair, which gives a good deal of trouble in spinning besides. Yet these two hairs are used in many rugs, all the same. But sheep's wool is best. Young sheep have silkier wool, of course; and very soft wool comes from sheep sheared in the winter fold. Sometimes sheep are kept covered from shearing to shearing to keep the wool white and clean.

The Wool and Colors in Our Rugs

"Even then, of course, the wool has to be washed. And you may be sure the tribesmen have learned which brooks will wash it whitest and leave it softest. I have known them to drive the flocks many miles, from the rich, high pastures, where the wool grows best, to the distant brooks where it can best be washed for spinning. They don't mind the time it takes—time means nothing to them. It takes a long while to prepare the wool, too. It has to be dried and bleached in the hot sun, laid in a jar and covered with flour and starch, pounded with mallets, then washed again, and dried again. Then it is spun into fine, twisted yarn for warp, into yarn of medium thickness for the weft, and into coarse, loose yarn for the knots that make the body of the finished rug. Usually a good deal of cotton is used with the wool, I should add."

"But the colors!" sighed Katherine, with a loving glance at the Persian rug which had caught her eye at first. "How do they do it?"

"As I told you, some of it is the mellowing of age; many of the finest oriental rugs are two, three, even four

Fifty soldiers can be drilled on this carpet—and leave room to spare! The gigantic oval rug, the largest in the world, was made by machinery in America for a New York theater. It is 58 feet long and 41 feet wide.



Photo by Mohawk Carpet Mills

centuries old. But the tribesmen do know dyeing secrets, too. Sometimes the way of making a certain color is passed down in one family for generations—what roots and herbs must be boiled, what stems and flowers fermented, even what water to use and at what season the work must be done. It often happens that such a secret dies with the last of a family, and the color is lost.

"They use whatever nature offers them, these wandering tribes. The old women gather roots and leaves, flowers and bark, as they wander from place to place. Space, like time, means nothing to them, and they will wander long and far for just the flower or root they need. And still stranger things go into their dye pots. For thousands of years certain insects that live on oak leaves have been dried and ground into powder to make 'kermes,' which is a long-lasting red, the natives say that it means virtue, joy, truth, life itself. Sheep's blood makes another red. The root of the madder plant gives pink, which stands for divine wisdom. Indigo gives blue, saffron leaves and sumac roots give yellow. Black and white come from the natural wool of black sheep and white sheep. Green, emblem of immortality, is the rarest of colors in these rugs; it comes from parts of the buckthorn plant.

"But how I am running on! You must forgive me—rugs are my life, you know. And this morning there are so few people here, and you seemed so interested . . . Have you made any choice as yet, Miss Martin?"



THE DYEING OF WOOL

This is the kind of rug our grandmothers used to make. And how clever they were in using up odd bits of material, in dyeing them pretty colors, and in working out their own designs! Many people are still making hooked rugs to-day. One of the pages in these books shows you how it is done.

"Dozens!" said Anne. "But I'm not going to buy any of them now, or I'll spend too much money. First I must look at the modern machine rugs and learn a little about them, so I can think everything over together. I suppose you would scorn even to glance at them?"

"By no means: some of them are very beautiful," said Mr. Papazian. "It is not, of course, my department, but since we have started on this, I'll go in there with you."

"Only I think I had better look around for five minutes by myself," Anne said. "I'll know better where I am if I do."

"Good!" put in Katherine. "Mr. Papazian can answer some more of my questions—that is, if he has time, and doesn't mind?" she added contritely.

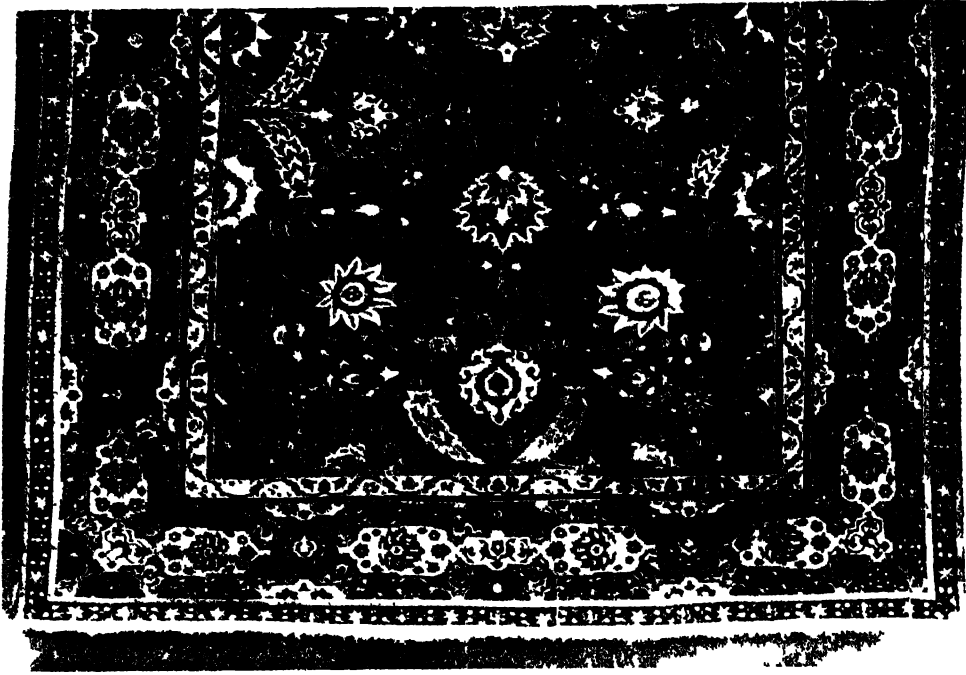
"I shall be glad to answer anything I can. What is your first question?" They had paused by the door of the next room while Anne went on to roam among the rugs.

"Well, what about rugs in Europe? Didn't our poor ancestors learn to cover up their floors until they began to buy oriental rugs? And when did they start doing that anyway?"

The Unromantic Floors of Castles

Mr. Papazian laughed. "That's at least two questions," he said. "To start with the last one: it is only within the last fifty or seventy-five years that oriental rugs have been so common in private homes as they are now. But for hundreds of years very fine rugs from the East have been brought

ART IN RUGS



This is the rug in the Museum of Art

This handsome rug, half of which is shown, was made in India a little over three hundred years ago. Its

intricate patterns of flowers, leaves, and scrolls are done with exquisite care and precision.

into Europe, often sent by oriental monarchs to European kings and emperors. Many of these are now in museums, treasured as the exquisite works of art they are. A few very old rugs are still for sale if one has the money to buy them. The value of just one of them may run into hundreds of thousands.

"Rugs were being made in Spain a thousand years ago, but that was because the Moors had settled there, bringing the arts of the East. By the eleventh century many wealthy people in the merchant cities of Venice and Genoa had rugs brought in from the Orient. But for long after that, even great nobles in the north strewed the floors of their damp, cold castles with nothing better than rushes, in the midst of which dogs fought for bones and tidbits flung down from the table."

In the Days of Good Queen Bess

"How dirty they must have got!" cried Katherine with a shudder.

"Oh, they had to be swept out now and then, of course. But there must have been

quite an odor in between times. They used to have servants go about scattering perfume, you know, at meal time." Then as Katherine murmured, "No wonder!" he added: "The great Queen Elizabeth herself was glad of a rush-strewn living room. The common people used mostly sand. Sometimes they would sweep it into crude patterns with a stiff broom."

"But Queen Elizabeth lived in the sixteenth century—less than four hundred years ago!"

When Carpets Were a Luxury

"Quite true. As a matter of fact, carpets were a luxury for two hundred years after that—as long as they had to be hand woven or imported from the Orient. Yet before that they were used by everyone who could afford them. At first rich people laid a piece of very heavy tapestry—which, you remember, is woven without any pile—down on the floor for state occasions. Then hand-woven tapestries meant for use on the floor came to be sold more and more. The busi-

ART IN RUGS

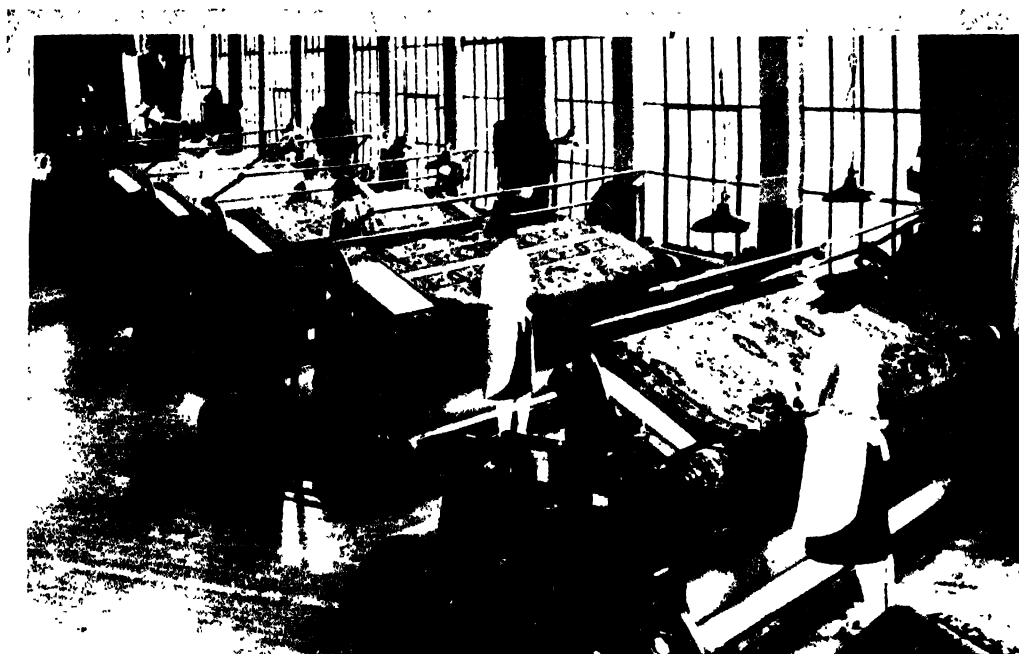


Photo by Mohawk Carpet Mills

Machine-made rugs are by no means perfect when they come from the loom. After a rug fabric has been woven and sheared, it must go through a careful inspection, and all imperfections must be put right.

ness had its center in Flanders, around Brussels, and it flourished mightily for about three hundred years, beginning sometime in the fifteenth century."

"Speaking of Brussels -what is Brussels carpet?" Katherine asked suddenly, with a dim memory lurking in the back of her mind of her grandmother's having had Brussels carpets on her floors.

Is Brussels Carpet Made in Brussels?

"I think there is a roll of it over here," answered Mr. Papazian. "There is not much demand for it any more, but we keep a few patterns on hand. Here it is - you see, it is real carpeting and comes in long strips to be sewed together and tacked down over the whole floor, instead of covering only a part of it and being all in one piece like a rug. It has no pile, either, but is more like a heavy machine-made tapestry. It is the earliest machine-made type of carpet and dates back to the middle of the eighteenth century."

"Was it made in Brussels?"

This process, called "burling," is shown in the picture above. After burling, the fabric again passes through a shearing machine. Then it is brushed, vacuum cleaned, and, finally, is ready for shipment.

"No, in England, at Wilton. They called it Brussels just because it was an imitation of the hand-made tapestries from Flanders. It is made on a power loom. Both warp and weft are usually made of jute, which gives stout and inexpensive body to the carpet. The design is worked in by loops of worsted yarn passed over wires. It is pretty enough, you see, but rather coarse and hard to the touch. Now those Wiltons your friend is looking at over there . . . Shall we join her? She may be having some questions of her own by now.

What Is a Wilton Carpet?

"I was just about to tell your young friend here," he went on, addressing Anne as he came up to her, "that Wilton carpets nearly drove Brussels carpets off the market, for the manufacturers invented a knife to cut the worsted loops in the design and thus make a pile, as in hand-woven rugs. Feel how soft it is."

"Yes," said Anne, "I was just thinking that some of these machine-made rugs

ART IN RUGS

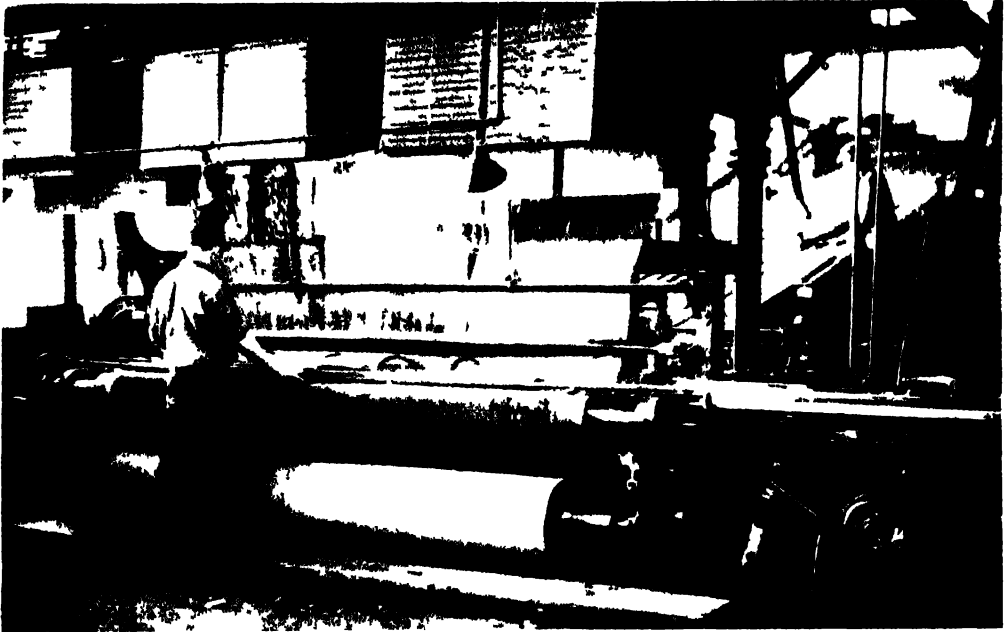


Photo by Mohawk Carpet Mills

The Jacquard loom above is run by small electric motors, and can weave a seamless rug nine feet wide

Recently, looms of this type have been made to weave rugs fifteen feet in width



Photo by Mohawk Carpet Mills

This is a rug-shearing machine. After it is woven, a rug fabric is run under a revolving cylinder fitted

with sharp blades. This cuts and smooths the surface much as a lawn mower might

are at least half as lovely as the orientals."

"Of course they are," he agreed. "They could never have been made if it had not been for a Frenchman named Joseph Jacquard (zhá'kâr'), who in 1801 perfected a power loom that can weave any sort of design in any number of colors into any sort of fabric. That loom simply turned the world of weaving upside down."

"How does it work?" asked Katherine, who seemed to-day to want to know everything.

Weaving Patterns in Our Carpet

"The chief principle of it is that holes are punched in a pasteboard card and through these holes needles move back and forth to manipulate the warp threads of the fabric. A card has to be punched for each weft thread of a pattern. Sometimes as many as thirty thousand cards have to be punched for a single pattern. But once the cards are made, of course, they can be used over and over again; so the cost is not too great. Nowadays manufacturers even make excellent machine imitations of oriental rugs - though they lack something of the charm of the real ones, I cannot help thinking."

"But practically none of these carpets are in strips like the first roll you showed me," said the observant Katherine. "Doesn't anybody use old-fashioned carpeting any more?"

"We sell very little of it. Looms in recent years have been improved and widened until even big rooms can be furnished with seamless covering. In that way you can get a rug design, with a center and a border. And they are easier to keep clean."

"What ought I to do, by the way, to keep my rugs clean and in good condition?" asked practical Anne.

"Use a vacuum cleaner or a good carpet sweeper on them. If they get really dirty, you can send them to a carpet cleaner, or scrub them at home with hot water and carpet soap and a stiff brush - that is, if you have any place to dry them afterwards. Your orientals can be cleaned in the same way, and sometimes it is a joy to see how

the colors come out. They almost always have to be washed, by the way, before they are sold to you in the first place.

"Carpets don't take much other care. Moths will not be likely to get into them while they are in use; if you have to lay them away, use the best moth protection you can find, and take them out for inspection once in a while. And of course if you see a hole appearing in a carpet while it is in use, don't let it go, but either get it mended or mend it yourself. Even large holes can be rewoven, you know, though we have to charge you quite a bit for it on account of the skillful work it takes."

"Well, that all sounds easy," said Anne. "But it is not easy to choose my carpets in the first place. Outside the orientals just what is the best kind?"

Rugs and Carpets for Every Home

"Now you have asked me something I cannot answer," Mr. Papazian admitted, with a smile and shrug. "You will have to choose for yourself. I can show you many beautiful rugs in many rich colors and tasteful patterns. The Wiltons you have seen. Axminsters look much like Wiltons, though they are made on an entirely different sort of loom. Aubusson (ô'bu'sôN'), an elegant French carpet, is a tapestry weave, with no pile. A less elegant tapestry weave is the mûrain carpet. A beautifully formal modern handwoven tapestry carpet is the 'savonnerie' (sâ'vôn'rê'), named after the French soap factory which at first housed the weaving of it. But why go on? Let us look at individual carpets and talk of the size of your rooms and of your scheme of decoration."

"Would you mind if I go?" asked Katherine. "I'm not furnishing a house—yet—and I do not think I can hold any more information. Thank you very much indeed for taking so much pains with us, Mr. Papazian. May I come and look at your orientals again some day? I mean to go to the museum to see the ones there, too."

So she left them deep in calculations of color schemes and prices.

HISTORY of the CRAFTS

Reading Unit

No. 14

BEAUTIES AND MARVELS IN FINE LACE

Note For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol 15

For statistical and current facts consult the Richards Year Book Index

Interesting Facts Explained

How embroidery began 12 164
How the making of real lace was invented in Venice 12 164
When the best lace was made in convents, 12 164
A lace called 'stitch in the air' 12 166
How people dressed in the great

Age of Lace, 12 168
When bobbin lace was invented, 12 168
How Milan and Venice were rivals in lace making 12 170
How different types of lace sprang up, and where they came from 12 170

Things to Think About

Why is lace making usually left to women?

To what did international rivalry in lace making lead?

Picture Hunt

What sort of tools does a bobbin lace maker use? 12-163
What is the difference between 'drawnwork' and bobbin work? 12 165

What are the names of some famous laces? 12 169
How did the lace making machine change the use of lace? 12 170

Related Material

The three-fold service of the knights, 11 393
Story of the great Medici family 6-301
Raphael a serene and happy painter, 11-165
The famous artists of Venice 11 172
How Flanders took the torch

from Italy 11 191
What the Protestant Reformation did, 6 176
Two great Flemish painters Rubens and Van Dyck 11 215
How Louis XIV made his court the art center of the world, 11 231

Practical Applications

Fine needlework has always been a pleasant pastime for women

and its products are often valuable and beautiful

Habits and Attitudes

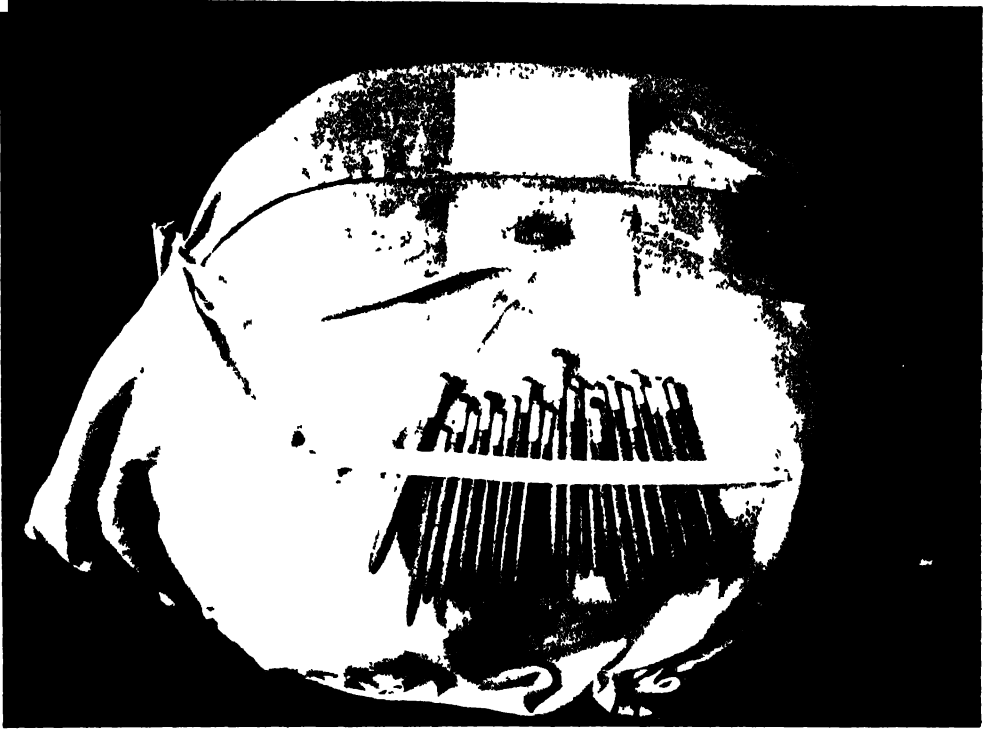
Like other art, the world's best lace was usually the product of

love of the work rather than of the desire for profit

Leisure-time Activities

Examine pieces of machine-made lace that you may see in the shops, and try to decide what type of lace they imitate

Many excellent examples of lace making are preserved in the museums and serve as models for lace to-day



Gift to the Metropolitan Museum of Art

Bobbin lace is made on a pillow such as this. The pins which you see clustered in the center are carefully thrust through the paper pattern at strategic points of the design—which is similar to that of the

completed rosette lying on the pillow at the left. The bobbins of thread hang across the pattern, each suspended from its pin. The lace maker shuttles the bobbins about, braiding the thread into lace.

BEAUTIES *and* MARVELS IN FINE LACE

How the Human Hand Has Outdone the Art of the Spider in Delicate Creations of Fine Threads

WE TALK about a “lacy spider web,” but of course it is really the lace that is like the spider web, not the other way around. We might say that the spiders were the first lace makers. And what skillful ones they are to be sure! Of course Madame Spider does not know how lovely her filmy net looks, swinging between the grasses on a dewy morning—she only knows that nets catch fat flies for dinner. But we know that her work is beautiful, and for long ages we have been trying to make filmy laces after the spiders’ example.

The first nets men wove were doubtless coarse affairs used for catching game or

fish—uses to which they are put to this day. These, like the spider’s web, are snares, for men, like spiders, have to eat. Indeed, though it would not occur to us to call a fish net “lace,” it is true that the word “lace” comes from the Latin word for a snare.

But men, unlike spiders, seem to have begun to like beautiful things almost as soon as they began to be men, and in very early times some nets seem to have been made more for show than for use. These would be finer nets of linen or silk, which could be used to wear or hang up in the home as a drapery. In time the women learned

ART IN FINE LACE

to work designs upon the threads with darning stitches. And so they invented one kind of embroidery.

Now the art of embroidery is very old indeed. We do not know just when or where it was first begun. But we do know that it was done in all sorts of ways. Sometimes the clever needlewoman produced a pattern on linen by cutting part of the material away and then binding the raw edge with a buttonhole stitch; this is "cutwork." Sometimes she drew away the threads as we do for hemstitching, and filled in the thinned places with stitches so as to form a pattern; this is "drawnwork." By and by she combined these two methods of embroidery to fashion an entirely new kind of net — a kind which we call "lace."

Real lace of this sort was scarcely known until four or five hundred years ago. To be sure, some doubtful specimens have been dug up from ancient Egypt, and some things which *may* be lace bobbins have been found in ancient Etruria, the land in Northern Italy where so many artists and craftsmen lived in ancient times. But not till after the time of Christ did Egypt produce anything very close to modern lace, and the craft of lace making did not really come to flower until centuries after that. It is said that the very earliest use of the word "lace" is in a nuns' rule book in England about 1210 A.D. The nuns are piously bidden not to make "purses or lace," but to "shape and sew and mend church clothes and poor men's clothes."

But nevertheless "church clothes" were already being made, it would seem, with bits of lacelike drawnwork decorating them.

There is a very old lace-trimmed church robe, or "alb," which is said to have been made by St. Clara and worn by St. Francis of Assisi, who died in 1226. This may be a mistake, but we know from pictures that churchmen sometimes wore lace a century later — and very beautiful it must have seemed.

Yet, as we said, it was only about four hundred years ago, in the 1500's

the century of Queen Elizabeth in England and of the Spanish conquests in America that true lace came into its own. The art developed first at Venice, in Italy.

The Venetians began to make a lace called "reticello" (ret'i ché'l'ō) of repeated squares. The squares are made by pulling out threads of linen and filling in the square space left with buttonhole stitches looped in such a way as to make a pattern. You can see how this sort of lace, worked on a woven foundation, grew naturally out of drawnwork embroidery. The Venetian women learned to make it very fine and beautiful, with exquisite,

tiny stitches and charming designs.

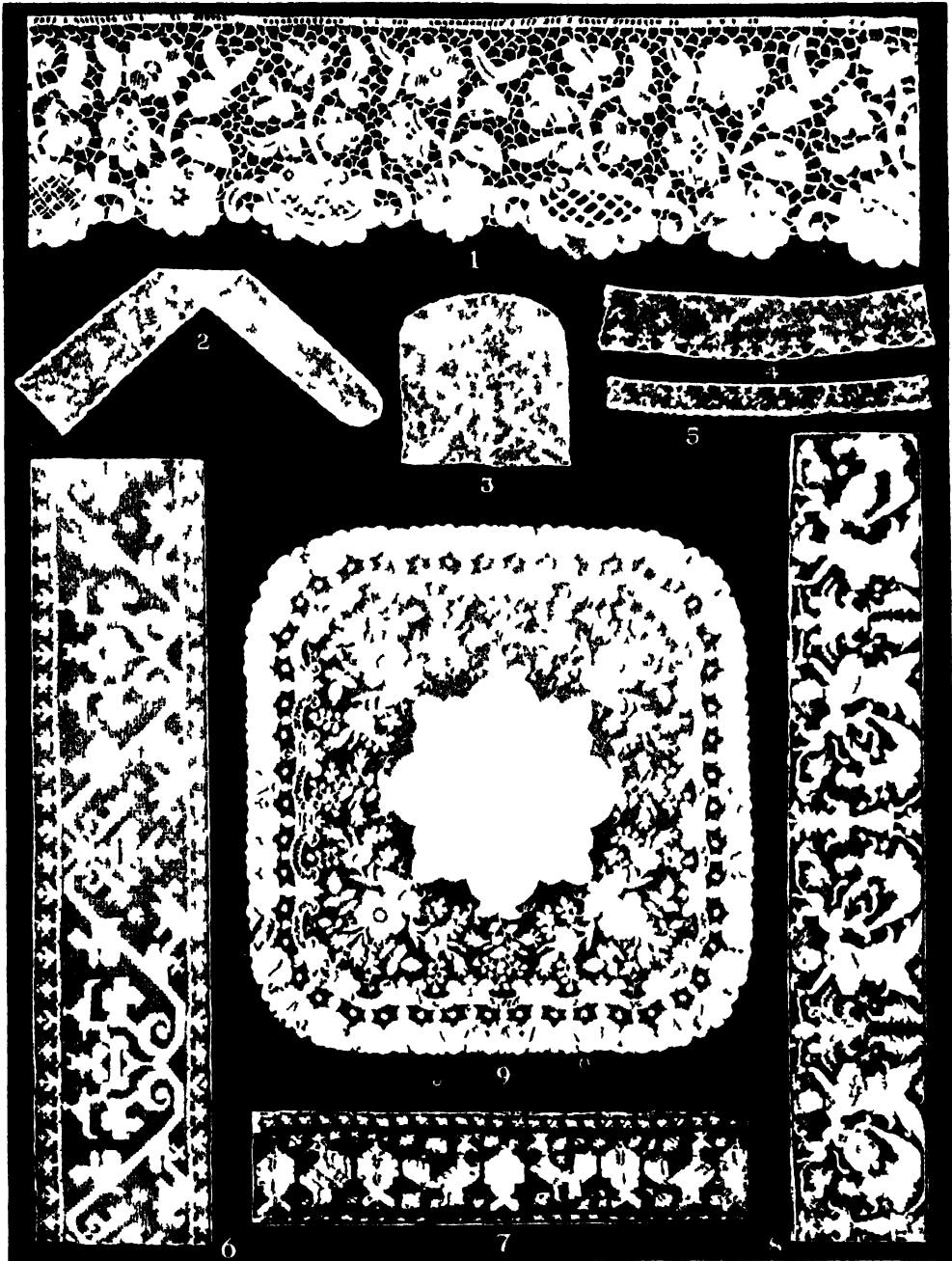
Soon all over Italy women of all classes, from the daughters of peasants and fishermen to fine ladies with smooth white fingers, were busy making lace. What long hours and days they spent bending over their delicate designs! For it takes a great deal of patience to set such countless numbers of wee stitches just so in a pattern — as anyone who has ever done fine embroidery can guess. Some of the finest work was done in the convents, where the nuns took infinite pains to make their handiwork beautiful and acceptable to God. Such exquisite altar cloths as they made for the churches, with wide borders of lace — such magnificent



The Metropolitan Museum of Art

Here is a priestly robe, or alb, made of fine linen and decorated with needlepoint, or "real," lace. It was made in Italy in the early seventeenth century.

ART IN FINE LACE



ILLUSTRATIONS

Here are various samples of handmade laces from Western Europe, all of them are old. 1 Irish flat point, called Youghal lace, made in the nineteenth century. Unlike certain other well known Irish laces this is true needlepoint, it is based on Italian models. 2, 3, 4, 5 Mechlin, or Malines, designs. These are Flemish bobbin laces of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. 6 Spanish drawnwork of the sixteenth

century. 7, 8 Italian drawnwork of the sixteenth century. Observe the amusing designs of strange birds and half human figures. 9 Handkerchief of Valenciennes from Belgium a famous bobbin lace. Both Valenciennes and Mechlin the other Belgian bobbin lace shown here, are "straight laces", that is, pattern and mesh are made all in one with the same thread. This method is called "fil continu" (fèl kòN tè nù).

ART IN FINE LACE

priestly robes hung with the delicate new trimming! So precious were these things, because of their beauty and the long time and great skill put into their making, that they were kept locked away in treasure chests like jewels, and were brought out only when they were used on great occasions.

The nuns not only made lace themselves, but also taught the art to the young girls sent to them to be educated. And since in those days many royal princesses were educated in the convent schools, they carried the love of lace making back to court, and soon it was a favorite pastime there. Catherine de' Medici (dā mēd'-ē-chē), daughter of an Italian prince, spent her childhood in a convent, and later when she became queen of

France she taught all the maidens of her palace the expert needlecraft she had learned from the nuns. One of her pupils was Mary Stuart, the same Mary who later became Scotland's unfortunate queen. When she was held prisoner by Queen Elizabeth years afterward, poor Mary passed away many a weary hour over her laces.

Wisps of Delicate Cobweb

With so many clever fingers constantly plying the needle, we should expect all sorts of experiments to be tried. And this is just what happened. The spider's-web pattern for making lace was displaced by finer and more complicated designs which were in no way founded on woven threads. One kind is called "punto in aria" (pōon'tō ēn a'rē-a),

which really means "stitch in the air" a name which shows that no linen threads hold the design together. The squares all disappear, and in their place are graceful leaves and flowers, made of almost invisible stitches and joined to one another by slender stalks called "brides" or "tyes." This kind

of lace, made with a needle and without a woven foundation, has been called "lace par excellence," that is, the truest, most excellent type, to which all other types must be compared.

The Venetian lace makers kept thinking of new variations on this method. One kind is called "gros point" (gro p w ā N), or "heavy stitch," because parts of the blossoms and leaves were made to stand out in relief so as to give an effect some-
what like carved

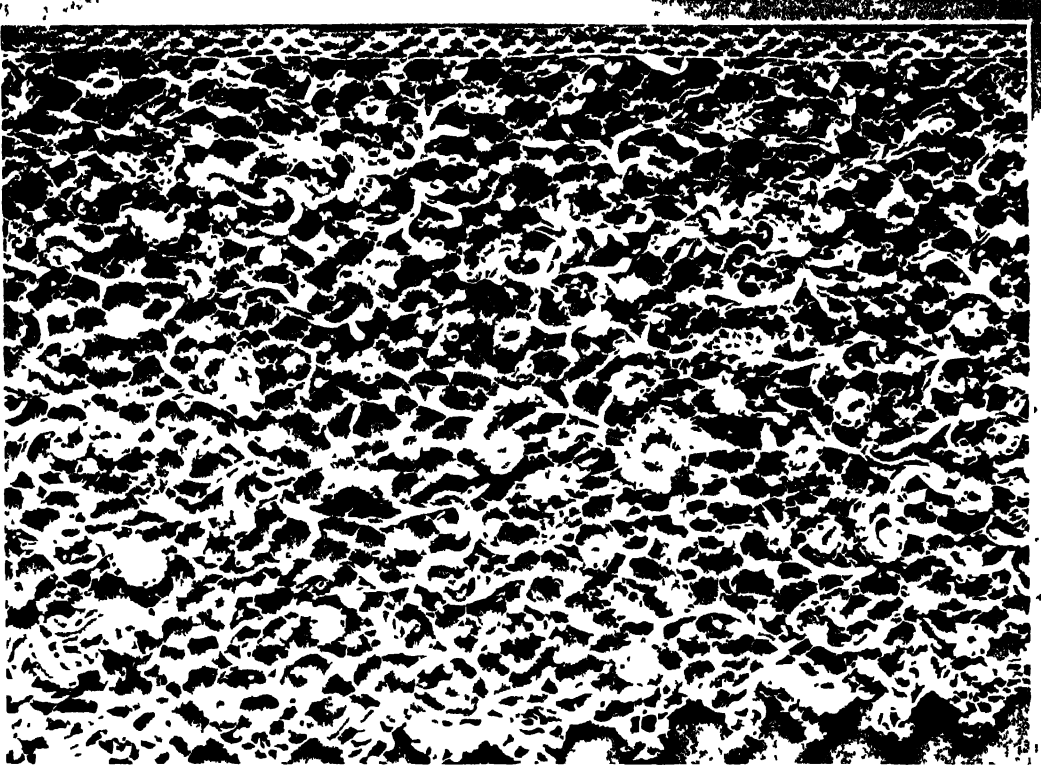
ivory. Another Venetian point lace, known as Rosaline, is very fine and fragile. The pattern is small and dainty, the stitches are innumerable, and the tiny brides that join the little flowers are ornamented with roses. More amazing still, every petal of every rose is trimmed with very tiny loops called picots (pē'kō). Our eyes are scarcely keen enough to detect these minute stitches. We stop to wonder by what strange power any human eyes could have seen to make them! Yet in later years the workers of Venice invented a still finer needle-made lace, the "Venise à réseau" (vē-nēz' ā rā'zō'). The "réseau" is a ground of the filmiest mesh which seems to float between the exquisite leaves and flowers of the "toile" (twā), as the design is called.



Photo by Swiss Federal Bys

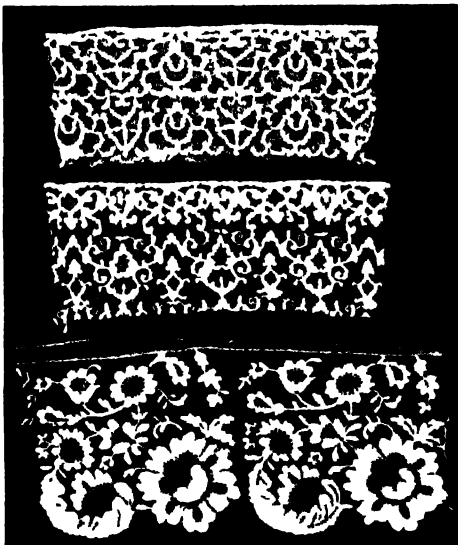
A certain amount of lace is still made by hand in spite of the flying bobbins of the great machines. Here is a lace maker of the town of Mürren, high in the uplands of Switzerland. She looks as though she were thoroughly enjoying her work.

ART IN FINE LACE



Here is a beautiful piece of rose point lace made in Italy during the seventeenth century. This kind

of lace does not lie so flat as punto in aria, although it is flatter than gros point.



Photos by Metropolitan Museum of Art

Here are three pieces of Spanish blonde lace, all made during the 1800's. This is a bobbin lace, the best-known of all Spanish laces. As you see, it could be very effective.



These are Italian laces. The smaller square is eighteenth century bobbin lace, the larger square seventeenth century reticello; the strip is in transition between reticello and punto in aria.

ART IN FINE LACE

These handsome laces were not made only for the churches by any means. It became more and more fashionable to trim tablecloths, napkins, and bed linen with them, and to make them into collars, cuffs, and starched coifs that drooped over the forehead. Court beauties found crisp ruffs of monstrous width were becoming adornments for their robes of state. They had their portraits painted in this attire; and the artists knew how to make the sheer, half-transparent fabric look very real even on canvas. The gentlemen, who were really quite as fastidious as the ladies in matters of dress, carried lace kerchiefs, adorned their necks with lace, or adopted the fashionable falling collar and trimmed the tops of their boots with lace flounces. Many a conceited young dude displayed his laces even on the battlefield. This sort of thing went on all through the 1600's, too, and into the 1700's. The centuries from about 1550 to about 1750 are the great Age of Lace.

New Ways of Making Lace

Meanwhile another wonderful discovery had been made. Some one conceived the idea of making lace by hand without a needle; it was done by braiding the threads. First the lace maker pricked a pattern on paper or parchment, which was held firm by two layers of linen cloth fastened underneath. That was nothing new—"needlepoint," or needle-made, lace is made that way too. But next she pasted the parchment and cloth to a thick cushion—for which reason this kind of lace is sometimes called "pillow lace"—and then stuck upright pins

into the design at various important points. Now she attached a bobbin full of thread to every pin and hung the bobbins suspended over her pattern. When all was ready she began tossing the bobbins over and under one another, making the braids of thread follow the pattern that lay beneath. From

time to time she moved some pins along so that they served to guide the thread and hold it in place. When her lace was finished it lay on top of the parchment, and she set it free by sliding a sharp knife between the strips of linen underneath, to cut all the bast ing threads. This last step, like the first, is common to needlepoint lace and bobbin lace. But everything in between is different: this kind of lace does not use a needle at all, but a set of bobbins in-

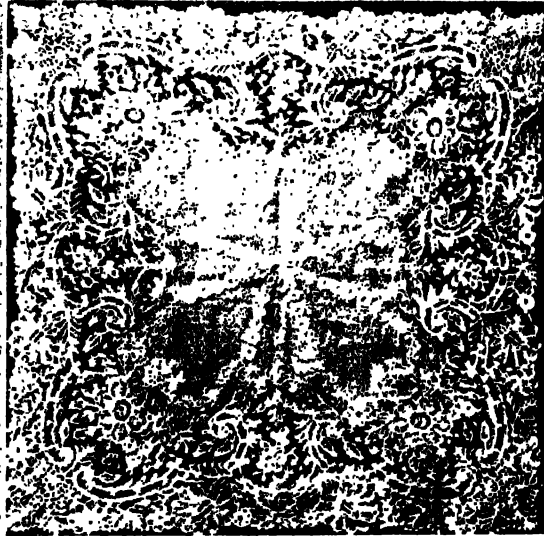


Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

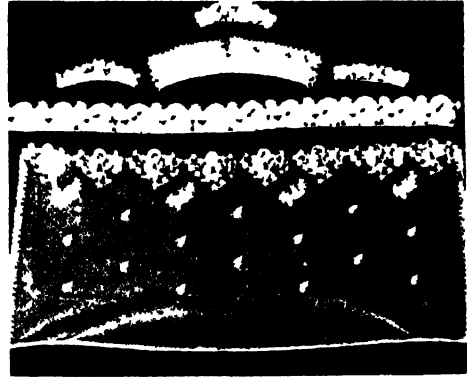
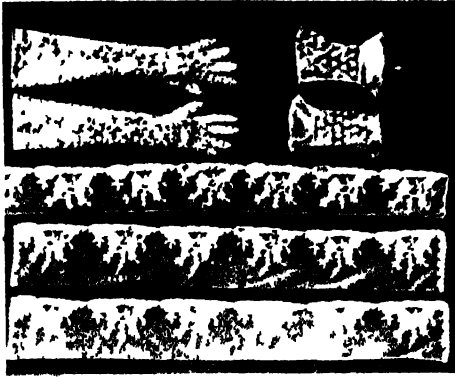
Bobbin lace may have been invented in Flanders, though Italy claims it. At all events, it was in Flanders that it rose to its greatest glory, in the eighteenth century. Ever since then Belgium has been famed for its lace. Here is a fine piece of Belgian bobbin lace made in the 1800's. It has the aristocratic name of Duchesse lace.

stead. So we call it bobbin lace.

As you can easily imagine, keeping all those bobbins straight and braiding an intricate pattern with them is no easy matter. It sounds almost harder than working with a needle. But in fact it can be done much faster; a skillful maker of bobbin lace can make her hands fly about as swiftly and accurately as a good pianist. She learns to know each bobbin by the touch, for no two are alike. She can produce lace almost exactly like needlepoint lace, and can afford to sell it somewhat cheaper.

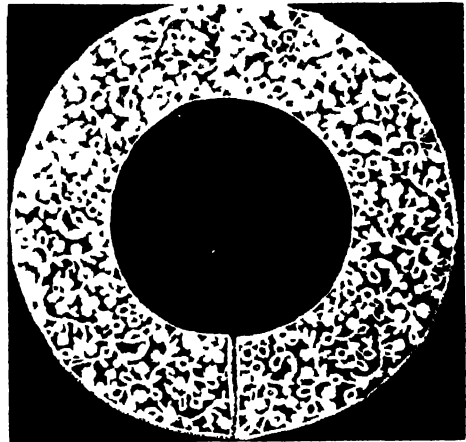
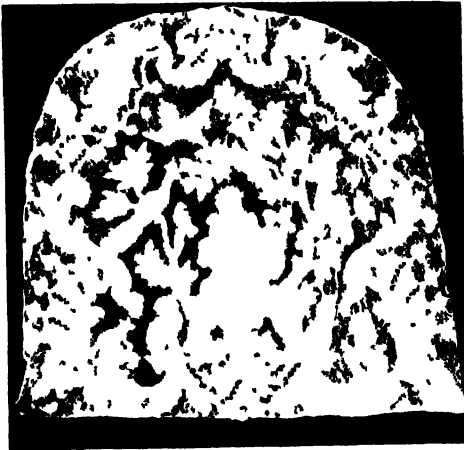
Of course even the most skillful bobbin lace is not *exactly* like needlepoint. But sometimes it takes an expert to tell the difference. Only in the solid parts can our eyes really see whether the threads are woven or stitched. If our eyes fail we must use a magnifying glass, or we must perhaps

ART IN FINE LACE



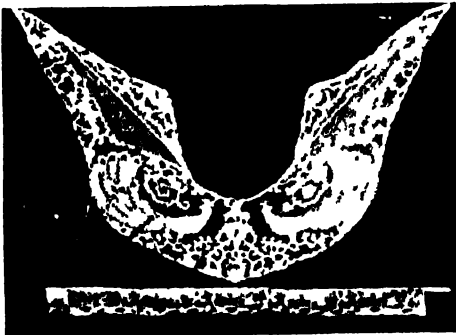
Above are several samples of Honiton lace, made in Devonshire, England, during the nineteenth century. Queen Victoria's wedding lace came from Devonshire

—it was worth \$5,000—and the handmade bobbin lace called Honiton was popular all through the great queen's reign, though now it has declined.



Here are two fine pieces of Belgian lace. At the left is the crown of a cap made of Mechlin lace of the eighteenth century. At the right is a very modern

piece—a twentieth century collar of point de Milan, made in Brussels. Many modern schools of lace making have been set up recently in Belgium.



The Metropolitan Museum of Art

The laces above are British nineteenth century. Those at the left are bobbin laces from Buckinghamshire, England. Flemish refugees brought lace making here

about 1568. At the right are pieces of Irish Carrickmacross. This is a sort of appliqué work, cut muslin applied to a ground of machine-made net.

ART IN FINE LACE

even unravel a stitch or two to determine which method was used. On the whole, perhaps bobbin lace is not quite so aristocratic in its perfection as needlepoint. But it is softer and stronger, and it became very popular.

So other cities began to rival Venice as lace-making centers, using this new method. At Genoa the workers imitated the Venetian needlepoint so exactly that we cannot easily tell the difference. Milan became as famous for bobbin lace as Venice was for needlepoint. And Milanese was a lace the makers might well be proud of, too. First they made the solid design in flat, tapelike strips. Then they wound it into beautiful leaves and scrolls and mounted it on the mesh background. When the design and background are made separately in this way the fabric is called "free lace." In the most elaborate free lace the women shaped fascinating figures of flowers, men, and animals.

Delicate Threads from Dark Cellars

Of course Italy could not keep a fine new thing like lace making to herself. By the end of the sixteenth century it had spread over Europe and had found a new center in Flanders, now a part of Belgium. Here nearly all the laces were bobbin-made. So exquisitely fine was the thread that for some sorts the peasants had to spin the flax in dark, damp cellars to keep it from breaking. It is sad to think of what these filmy laces cost—poor workers sickening from the damp and confinement, many of

them blinded by the dark and eyestrain while still young. Nevertheless great quantities of the most magnificent lace were produced in Flanders, especially at Bruges, at Antwerp, and at Brussels, where the court was

Perhaps the daintiest and airiest of Flem-

ish laces was the Mechlin (mĕk'-lin), which the English call Malines (mă'lĕn'). The pieces we see are always narrow because Malines was made especially as a trimming for dresses. The pattern is outlined by a silky thread known as the cordnet (kôr'dô-net'), and the beautiful light mesh is hexagonal, or six-sided, in shape. This is one of the "straight laces," so called because

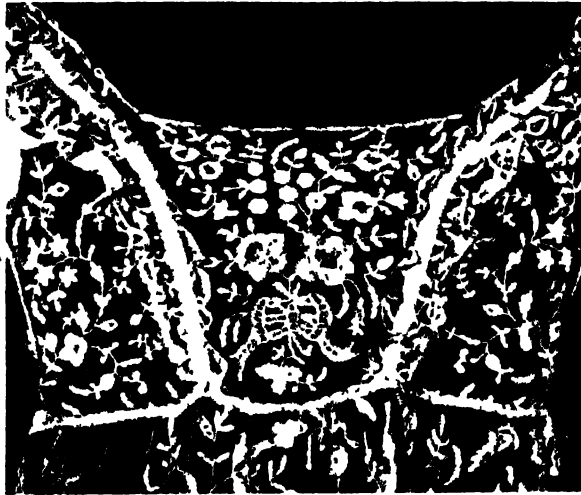


Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

When the lace-making machines were invented the makers of "real" lace thought of ways of combining the two sorts of lace, letting the machines do the routine work of making the net background and the human lace makers do the skilled work of the pattern. Here, for instance, is a christening robe of nineteenth century Brussels lace, bobbin lace applied on a machine-made net.

the pattern and the background are made at the same time instead of being joined together after each is finished.

At Antwerp a curious design, the "potten kant," or pot lace, became very popular. As the name suggests, we find a row of flower pots with a series of rather regular flowers springing from them on stiff stalks. It is a matter of personal taste whether or not you consider such a pattern pretty; certainly the workmanship is exquisite.

Another type of lace, among the most graceful ever known, probably came from Flanders, although its name is so misleading that we do not really know. It is called "point d'Angleterre" (pwăN dôN'glĕ-tĕr'), which really means "English needlepoint." According to many experts this name is entirely false, and the manufacturers of Flanders used it only because they wanted to deceive the customs officer in England,

ART IN FINE LACE



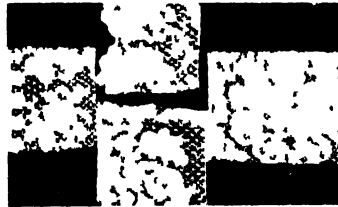
Embroidery is not exactly lace, but if you look carefully at the exquisite drawnwork of the tablecloth on which these women have been working, you will see

whose duty it was to prevent all foreign-made laces from being sold there. Most of what we now have of it came from Brussels, and therefore we may call it "old Brussels point," as you remember "point" means "stitch." At first the flowers and figures were made with a raised edge to give the effect of fine carving, and each petal and leaf was pressed or hollowed out by means of a smooth piece of bone. Later on the workmanship became very delicate and sheer, and the designs more and more elaborate. Vases and urns, lilies and bouquets of roses merge into a filmy ground that looks like snowflakes and is therefore called "fond de neige" (fɔ̃ de nɛʒ), or "snow ground."

This fine needlepoint lace serves to show that though most Flemish lace was bobbin-

now close embroidery and lace making sometimes come to each other. The scene is modern Czechoslovakia, where much of this fine handwork is done.

made by no means all of it was. Another famous Flemish needlepoint, the "point à l'Aiguille" (pwaN-ta l'gucv), made in Brussels in more modern times, is used chiefly for wedding veils and the ornamentation of gowns. This is often, though incorrectly called "rose point" because of its dainty little sprigs, leaves and shaded blossoms, all made of stitches infinitely small.



Here are some fine bobbin laces made in Holland during the 1800's. The Dutch never excel in lace making as the Flemings did, but they made stout and beautiful laces for the native peasant head-dresses nevertheless.

The great age of Flemish lace was the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It was along toward the middle of the seventeenth century that France began to take her place among the great lace-making countries. For like every other art and craft you can mention, lace making was built up and encouraged by the Grand Monarch, Louis XIV, who reigned from 1643 to 1715. Acting

ART IN FINE LACE

on the advice of his minister Colbert (kòl'-bër'), Louis brought expert lace makers from Venice to teach the women of France how to outdo their Italian neighbors with the needle. To spur them along, he forbade the use of Italian lace in 1667, and in 1670 had 100,000 crowns worth of Italian and Flemish lace publicly burned by the hangman! Whether that was the reason or not, certain it is that the French women learned their craft well, and were soon producing very fine lace. At first of course they just imitated the Italians; but later they invented designs of animals, birds, and even Chinese men and women, none of which the Italians had thought of. They called the new lace "point de France" (pwāN dē frōNs), and it deserved the name.

Other French women in the little towns of Alençon (ā'lōN'sōN') and Argentan (ār'-zhōN'tōN'), in Normandy, imitated the Venetian designs and experimented with their own ideas until they too fairly surpassed the Italians themselves in creating delicate effects. In honor of Napoleon, for instance—we have moved up to around 1800, you perceive—they made a fabric ornamented with his emblem of tiny bees on the wing. And in this part of the country the workers were clever enough to think of weaving horse hair here and there amid the linen threads, with the amazing result of making certain figures stand out in relief. A northern town, Valenciennes (vā'lōN'-cvēN'), made a name for itself on account of the bobbin lace it produced. The filmy effect that these women achieved comes from the fact that the design and ground are all of one piece, with no thread used as an outline between. The modern lace made in this city is called "Val." Although it is narrow, it is difficult to make, for the flowers are scattered on a ground of the finest thread, which is always likely to break in the midst of the work. Then there is "point de Paris" (pwāN dē pā'rē'), which is rather like the older Valenciennes. The makers of it attained another unusual effect by weaving the mesh in the shape of six-pointed stars. They also outlined the design with a heavy thread.

The outline thread and the star-shaped

mesh are both used also in a magnificent black lace named Chantilly (shōN'tē'yē'). It was made in large quantities in many small towns because it was so popular with the ladies of fashion. They liked it made into scarfs, mantillas, and parasols, for it was wide enough for all sorts of purposes.

Mention of mantillas has already reminded us of Spain, and no one needs to be told that Spanish ladies have a great reputation as coquettes. They discovered the lure of lace before the ladies of France ever heard of it. Nor were the gallants and grondees far behind them. They liked their lace with gold, silver, or colored threads. Although needlepoint combined with woven embroidery stitches was once used lavishly by the Spaniards, their favorite lace in more recent times is a black or white fabric known as "Spanish blonde."

The English people have never been the greatest lace makers, though they have bought plenty of lace from other lands. The best-known English lace is Honiton (hōn'ī-tūn), which came from Devonshire in the south; the industry there is said to have been founded around 1570 by Flemish lace makers fleeing from the brutal persecutions of the Duke of Alba.

Ireland took more naturally to lace making, perhaps because, being a Catholic country, she had many convents where the nuns could carry on the craft. The earliest kind made by the Irish nuns was called Carrickmacross. Here the design, cut from white cambric, was mounted on a net with tiny stitches. Limerick, or "tambour" (tām'bōor), lace was made on a frame shaped like a tambourine—and so it got its name. In making it the thread was drawn through the mesh with a crochet hook. And the chief kind of lace which we associate with Ireland now is entirely crocheted; the women discovered that in this way they could not only copy the needlepoint stitches of the Venetians but could also invent designs of their own. This, of course, is not "lace par excellence," but it is very beautiful. And the industry brought money to Ireland at times when her people were in danger of starvation.

HISTORY of the CRAFTS

Reading Unit

No. 15

HOW WOULD YOU FURNISH YOUR HOUSE?

Note For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15

For statistical and current facts consult the Richards Year Book Index

Interesting Facts Explained

- | | |
|--|---|
| How the Egyptians left rich furniture in their tombs 12 176 | Since set styles which are followed even to day 12 185 |
| What a Greek home was like 12 178 | When gorgeousness in decoration reached its height in France 12 190 |
| How Pompeii and its varied life came down to us in a grave of ashes 12 180 | The four great English craftsmen 12 94 |
| Why Gothic furniture was solid and erect 12 182 | How America has taken a creditable place in furniture making 12 198 |
| How craftsmen of the Renaissance | |

Things to Think About

- | | |
|--|---|
| What did the making of furniture mean in the life of early man? | When did furniture carving reach its greatest glory? |
| Who were the people who decorated and furnished the homes of the Romans? | What part has the Machine Age played in furniture making? |

Related Material

- | | |
|---|---|
| How the Babylonians used gold and enamel 11 25 | The French Revolution shakes society to the foundations 6 187 |
| In the Gothic Age men worked for the love of the work 11 94 | Americans advance in the arts, 11 554 |
| The Renaissance a stimulating period 11 107 | American architects and their dream cities 11 524 |
| How Louis XIV set the world's standards for luxury 11 251 | Modern art 11 379 |

Habits and Attitudes

- | | |
|---|---|
| Our taste is reflected in our furniture. For that reason we can tell a great deal about the | moral and social ideas of the past by studying the furnishings people had in their houses |
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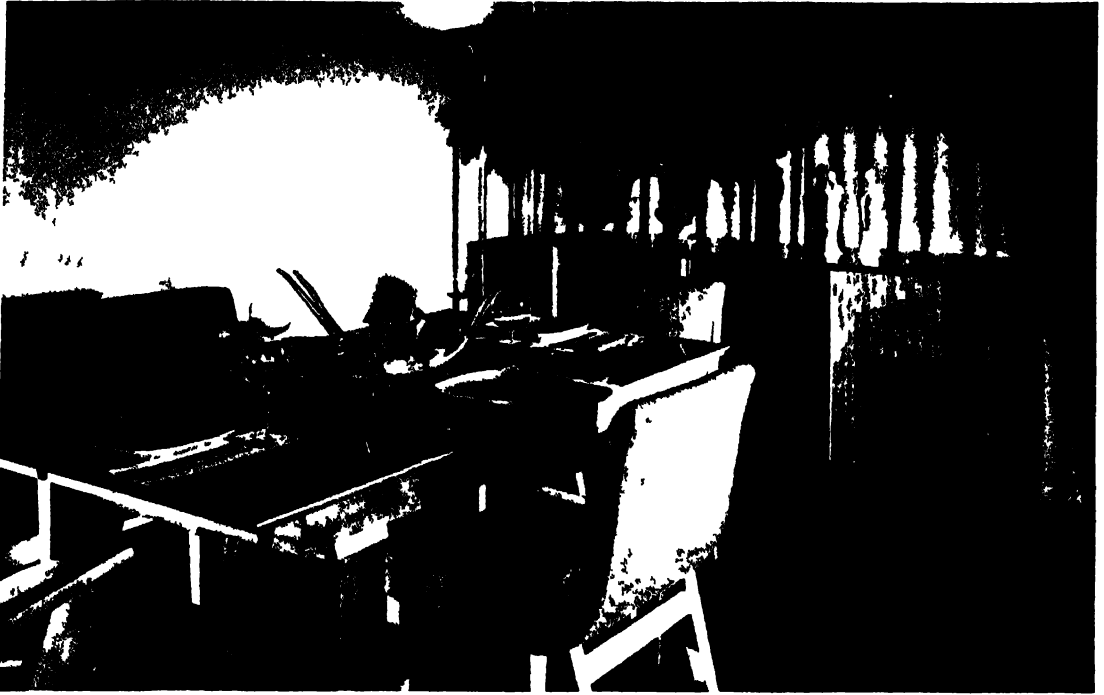
Leisure-time Activities

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| Draw some designs of your own for furniture choosing ideas | from any period that seems to please you |
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Summary Statement

- | | |
|---|--|
| Furniture making is so closely bound up with man's daily life | that his tastes and condition are reflected in it as in a mirror |
|---|--|

ART IN FURNITURE



Courtesy of W. & J. Still

The furniture in this "modern" dining room is in natural cherry upholstered in a rough-textured greenish

yellow fabric. The broadloom carpet is moss green and the rough textured draperies are a warm tan



The to by Metropolitan Museum of Art

This is a woman's bedroom done in the modern manner. Notice the low, comfortable bed, the swivel

chair at the dressing table, the simple paneling on the walls, and the lack of ornament.



FIGURE 1. A MODERNISTIC STUDY

Here is a man's study furnished in what we call the "modernistic" style. Notice how simple and unassuming everything is, there is no "gingerbread," no

fussy ornament, but the beauty of clear, graceful lines and surfaces and pleasing proportions. The lighting fixture, too, is in harmony with the rest of the room.

HOW WOULD YOU FURNISH YOUR HOUSE?

You Can Tell a Great Deal about Any Family or about Any Nation from the Kind of Furniture It Likes. Here Are the Many Fashions We Have Seen in Furniture Since Man Made the First Three-Legged Stool

DID you ever go camping far up in the mountains, where you had to carry everything you were going to take along, or pack it on the backs of horses? You would take plenty of blankets, of course, and perhaps a tent to keep off the rain. But you would sleep on the ground, with birch boughs for a mattress; you would use a stump for a chair, and either make a rude table between two trees or get along without any table at all. This would be about the only time in your life when you could find out what it is like to live without furniture.

But primitive peoples, whose way of life is a sort of continual camping out, use very

little furniture. And poor people all through the ages have naturally used much less than rich people of the same country and time. Until fairly recently they have really been able to afford very little.

Yet chairs and chests and tables and beds have been made for the wealthier folk for thousands of years, and in their changing styles we can almost read a history of the changes in the way people have lived and thought. From long before the days when the Queen of Sheba brought rich gifts of furniture from Ethiopia to King Solomon, down to the time when your own father went out to buy that new set for the dining

room, men have been making furniture to fill their needs, and all the while those needs were changing.

The Egyptians, thousands of years before Christ, had already left the camping-out way of living and had built up an elaborate civilization; so we need not be surprised to find that they were making furniture. In the Metropolitan Museum in New York City you may see an Egyptian bed which was probably made about 3400 B.C. The Egyptians used to paint on their temple walls pictures which often show furniture, and from these pictures we can tell something of what Egyptian furniture was like. But we can tell much better from the actual pieces, such as the bed just mentioned. These were sealed up in great tombs hewn out of the living rock. For the Egyptians supposed that the spirit of the person buried in the tomb would want to come back now and then to visit its body, and so they fitted out whole rooms exactly like the rooms in the houses where the spirit had dwelt in life. The hot, dry desert air has kept this ancient furniture for us nearly as firm and brightly colored as when it was sealed up in the rock-cut sepulchers thirty centuries or so ago.

The Ancient Art of Cabinetmaking

Nearly all the ways of making furniture beautiful seem already to have been known to those old "cabinetmakers"—as makers of fine woodwork are called. In the tombs have been found chairs, sofas, and tables, all splendidly inlaid with ivory, colored glass, or precious metals; that is, a design has been made on the surface by filling little grooves with these bright materials. Often the wood is carved into beautiful designs. There are

folding stools, much like modern camp chairs except that the legs have been beautifully chiseled to represent the graceful necks of water birds. There are chairs whose high backs are decorated with the head of a sphinx or of some other beastlike god, and whose legs end each in a lion's paw clutching

a ball—just as the legs of some modern chairs and sofas do. The delicately shaped legs of sofas and beds were turned on a lathe (*lāth*). This is a contrivance for shaping long slender pieces of wood or metal, a form of the same instrument is used in every cabinet-maker's shop to-day.

The seats of chairs were sometimes made of plaited reeds or cane, not so different from the cane bottom chairs we use to-day, sometimes they were covered with richly colored cotton cloth, with the skins of rare animals, or with less ornamental leatherwork. There were various kinds of chairs, from high chairs for children to throne chairs for kings—though even the kings

seem sometimes to have sat cross legged on their thrones, as we do on the floor. But there are also footstools; a king's might have a top supported on the arched backs of carved captives who bend low under the weight of the royal foot. The sight of one could hardly have been cheering to a real captive brought into the royal presence.

Graceful Furniture of the Greeks

Such was the beginning of furniture in history. Not till thousands of years had passed were other men able to equal the craftsmanship of the Egyptian cabinet-makers. For in some ways civilization had to start pretty much all over again across the Mediterranean in Europe, and it is the

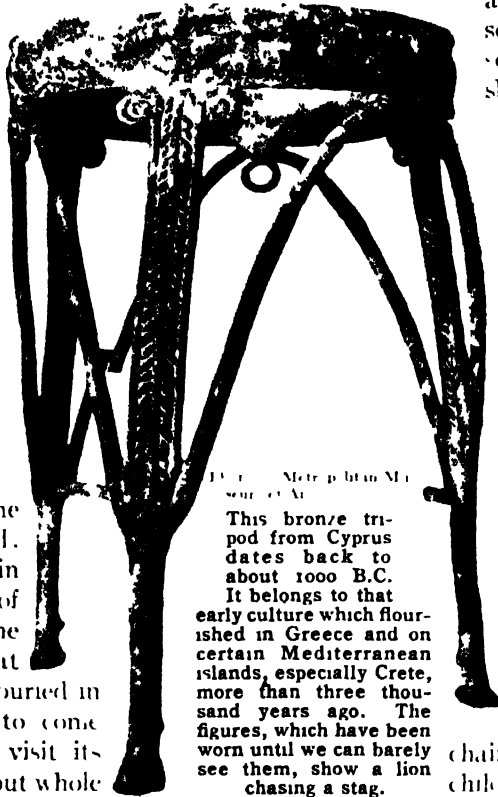


FIG. 1. Metropolitan Museum of Art

This bronze tripod from Cyprus dates back to about 1000 B.C.

It belongs to that early culture which flourished in Greece and on certain Mediterranean islands, especially Crete, more than three thousand years ago. The figures, which have been worn until we can barely see them, show a lion chasing a stag.

ART IN FURNITURE

1



Photos by Metropolitan Museum of Art

On this page are various pieces of furniture from ancient Egypt. Though battered and time-worn, they still seem very real and sturdy. Indeed, they were real, for the Egyptians had almost no one to copy from except Nature herself. Here is a list of the pieces. 1. Toilet box of cedar, with ebony and ivory veneer and silver mountings (about 1800 B.C.). 2 and 3.

Ivory supports for furniture—in the form of bulls' legs. 4, 5. Bench and stool of Middle Kingdom period about 2000 B.C. 6. Headrest. 7. Wooden stool with about 2000 B.C. 8. Ivory and ebony rush seat, made about 1500 B.C. 9. 10, 11. Footstools and table of about 1800 B.C. 12. Folding chair, Middle Kingdom. 13. Wooden box, Middle Kingdom.

ART IN FURNITURE

Greeks rather than the Egyptians who are the ancestors of our ways of living in Europe and America to-day.

We have to rely, for the most part, on pictures and stories to tell us what Greek furniture was like; in Greece there were no sealed tombs and no hot, dry desert air to preserve real pieces for us. Luckily there are many descriptions set down by ancient writers, and thousands of Greek vases painted with pictures, to give us an idea of the furniture the Greeks knew how to make. We know almost as much about it as if we had the tables and chairs themselves.

In the early days that Homer tells us of in his poetry even kings might live in crude houses, where the bed was only a pad in a corner, and its only covering rough pelts or coarse homespun blankets. Even much later, when Greek men and the older boys were likely to spend their time at war or talking politics in the market place, very little thought was given to the kind of place they had at home, where the women and children stayed. The Spartans continued to live in this stern, simple way long after the rest of the Greeks had begun to decorate their dwellings with elaborate furniture. When a certain Spartan king visited the splendid city of Corinth, famed for its wealth and trade and manufactures, he was astonished and charmed with the finely carved ceilings of the paneled rooms, and is said to have innocently asked his host where

trees might be found that grew in such fashion!

The time of greatest luxury in Greek homes came after the most glorious period of Greece was past. Alexander the Great, in the fourth century B. C., led his conquering army through the East even as far as distant India. In

those oriental lands, with their antique and gorgeous culture, the invaders found such wealth of color and space and beauty that they went home clam-

oring for homes of their own like those they had seen.

Then it was that the Greeks began to build many-roomed houses having chambers set apart especially for cooking, sleeping, and eating. Rooms were provided for the women of the household, for the servants, for the

guests. These apartments were splendidly and luxuriously furnished. But the Greeks, with their love of beauty and their exquisite taste, knew better than to make their furniture massive and gaudily barbaric like the

things they had seen in the East; instead they made it as grace-

ful and beautiful as were the lovely Greek temples which are still the wonders of the world.

Going into a fine Greek house from the street, you first found yourself in a reception hall. Here was the most important piece of furniture in the house—the "thronos," a sort of private throne reserved for the master of the house or for the guest of honor. It was of finely carved wood, and usually so high



FIG. 13. Altar.

This delicately wrought tripod is from Pompeii. Like so much Roman art, it is Greek in design. The strange winged creatures carved on the legs are Greek sphinxes.

ART IN FURNITURE

that its occupant had to climb into it by way of a footstool. The reception hall led you to a huge living room, tastefully decorated and amply furnished with couches, footstools, tables, statuettes, and many light folding stools used as chairs. At one end was the hearth, with a handsome table before it to serve as the family altar. Opening off this colonnaded living room were the sleeping rooms; and if you went into them, you would find that the beds were cushioned with leather mattresses and pillows, dressed with fine linens, and probably spread with gorgeously colored fabrics. Sitting about the house were all sorts of convenient chests, perhaps with gay or martial scenes from history painted upon them.

Everything would be gracefully beautiful and yet made to last. Here is a small chair with a rounded, lyre-shaped back which fits snugly about you as you lean back against it. The legs reach to the floor in sweeping curves. There is an oval table supported on one spreading leg—and over in the corner is a round or perhaps a square one perched on three legs or four. The legs are carved to look like the legs of animals, and at the top of each one is a carved animal head. This

furniture may be of any of the woods the Egyptians had known, of maple or boxwood, oak, cypress, or ebony. It is carved and turned, gilded and painted, inlaid with rare woods, metal, and ivory. Some of it will be decorated with tortoise shell. Some will be veneered; that is, overlaid with thin sheets of rare and precious woods. So skillful were the cabinetmakers of Greece that craftsmen learn from them even to-day.

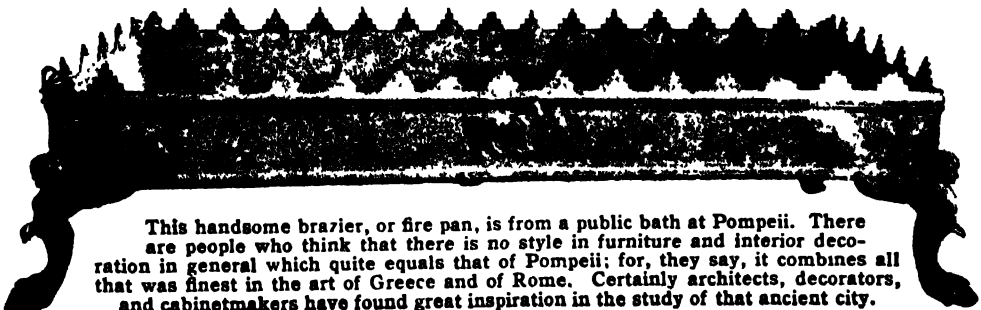
The Romans copied Greek furniture, just as they copied so many other Greek things. But Roman millionaires—for there were many millionaires in the days of the empire—had a vast amount of money to spend and not much taste in spending it. They insisted upon doing everything in the showiest way possible. So their lives were lived on a grand and lavish scale. Their town houses were like

palaces. Their villas, or country places, nestled away in the cool forest-clad hills not far from the city, or, built along the seashore, were surrounded by magnificent gardens and served by a host of slaves. Some of these villas had a hundred or more rooms. For rare and beautiful furnishings to fill them, the owners ransacked the ends of the world. Never before and seldom since have there been such sumptuous dwellings.

These Roman palaces were decorated and furnished by slaves. But the slaves were



Photos by British Museum and Metropolitan Museum of Art
Above is a Roman couch which has been wrongly restored as a seat. To the right are a Roman stool of about 100 A.D., and part of a Roman couch, decorated with bone carving and glass inlay.



This handsome brazier, or fire pan, is from a public bath at Pompeii. There are people who think that there is no style in furniture and interior decoration in general which quite equals that of Pompeii; for, they say, it combines all that was finest in the art of Greece and of Rome. Certainly architects, decorators, and cabinetmakers have found great inspiration in the study of that ancient city.

Photo by Alinari

ART IN FURNITURE

Etruscan and Greek artists and craftsmen, whose taste was usually much better than that of their master. Did we not say that furniture tells strange stories of history? What these artist-slaves could do we know from ancient writings and from pieces of furniture found in ruined cities. In 79 A.D. Pompeii (pŏm-pā'ē), a fashionable resort near Naples, was buried by a terrible eruption of Vesuvius in a deep grave of ashes; and when it was uncovered, modern men looked upon an ancient city much as it had been in the glorious days of Rome. Though a good deal of the wood in the furniture of that old city has crumbled away, enough remains to show us very well what the slave-craftsmen could do.

Their handiwork is elaborately decorated. It is carved and turned, painted and gilded, grained, and veneered with highly figured woods. It is inlaid with jet-black ebony brought back from Africa by Roman

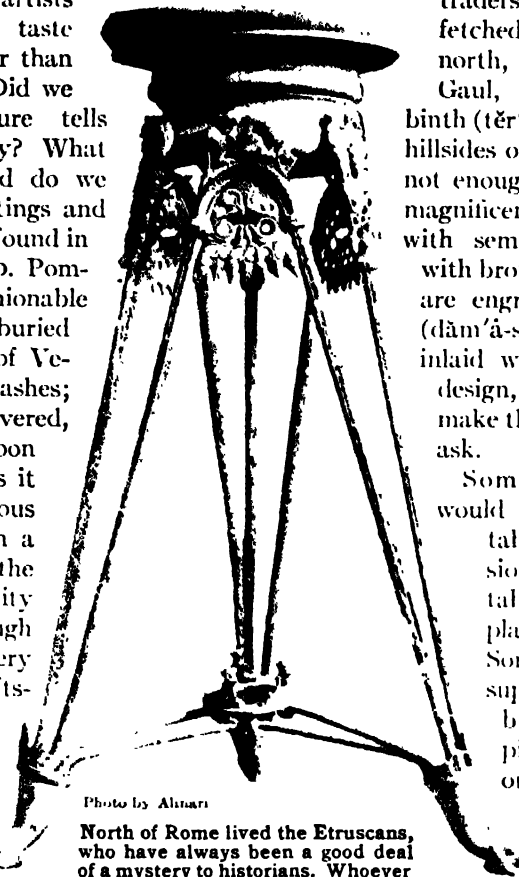


Photo by Alinari

North of Rome lived the Etruscans, who have always been a good deal of a mystery to historians. Whoever they were, these people were very artistic, and from them the Romans must have learned much in the arts. Here is an example of their work in furniture: a beautiful tripod for a temple.

traders, with chalk-white holly fetched from the forests of the north, with cherry wood from Gaul, and with satiny terebinth (tēr'ē-bīnth) from the rocky hillsides of Syria. As if this were not enough, it is made yet more magnificent with gold and ivory, with semiprecious stones, and with bronze. The bronze fittings are engraved and damascened (dām'ā-sēn'); that is, they are inlaid with a delicate running design, often of flowers, to make the bronze look like damask.

Sometimes the Romans would spend a fortune on a table—tables were a passion with them. These tables were made for display as well as for use. Sometimes they were not supported on legs at all, but on massive end pieces, of course richly ornamented. Sometimes there would be one pedestal leg, sometimes three, as in a tripod. The legs were carved into heads and foreparts of ani-

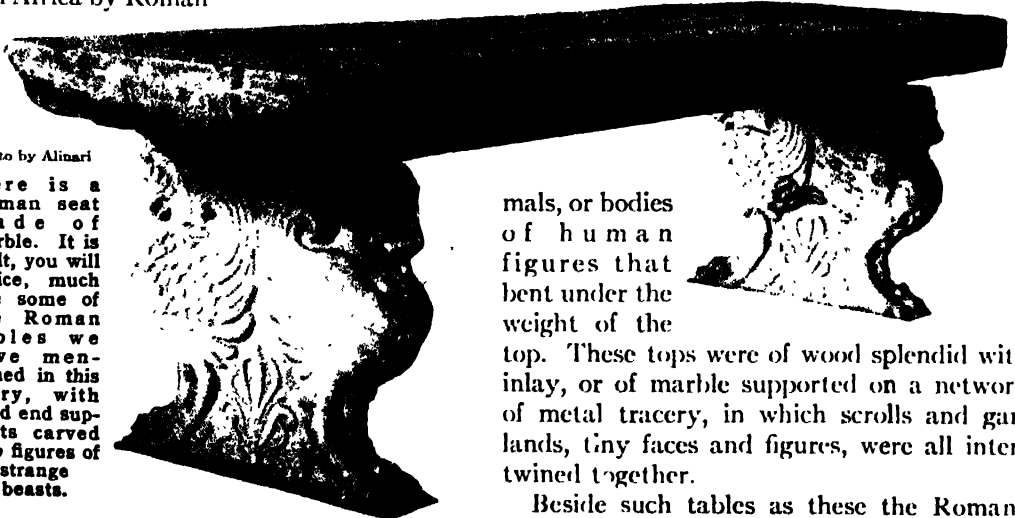


Photo by Alinari

Here is a Roman seat made of marble. It is built, you will notice, much like some of the Roman tables we have mentioned in this story, with solid end supports carved into figures of strange beasts.

mals, or bodies of human figures that bent under the weight of the top. These tops were of wood splendid with inlay, or of marble supported on a network of metal tracery, in which scrolls and garlands, tiny faces and figures, were all intertwined together.

Beside such tables as these the Romans

reclined on low couches when they ate, when they read, or when they were idly chatting. The couches had low backs and rests for the arm, and were made comfortable and gay with mats and woven carpets, or with bright pillows. Purple was a favorite color for couch coverings; it became so common that the nobles stopped wearing the purple cloak that was a badge of their dignified rank, for what nobleman would wish to use the same color that everyone else was using?

Sometimes the Romans sat in chairs as we do, and of these they had as many kinds as we have. A favorite was the "curule" (ku'-rool) chair, which had at one time been a sign of rank. It had no back, was shaped like the letter X, and folded up like a modern campstool. But it was made of

bronze or ivory and furnished with beautiful cushions. The Romans used also fine desks and footstools, stands of nearly every shape and size, movable bookcases, and cupboards with shelves and drawers. One of the cupboards, used for storing weapons, was called an "armarium," and from this word come "ambry" and "armoire" (âr'mwâr'), names that are still used for large movable closets for clothing and linens.

The Splendor of Byzantium

When, in the fourth century, all this luxury was swept away by the great hordes of barbarians who overran the Roman empire in the West, a new center of splendor appeared in the capital of the empire in the East—in Byzantium (bî-zân'shî-ûm), now called Con-

stantinople. Byzantine (bî-zân'tîn) furniture, however, like the Byzantine empire, is half barbaric in comparison with that of the old Roman empire in its glory. Hardly any of it has come down to us, and what we know of it we learn from carvings in stone and ivory and from paintings on old manuscripts. Crude and cumbersome, it could not easily be moved about, and was fit only for use in palaces and churches. Every inch of its surfaces is crowded with carvings and inlays, clumsily copied after the designs of

the ancient Greeks. But by this time Europe had grown Christian, and the designs are changed enough to make them glorify some Christian theme.

The most interesting pieces of Byzantine furniture which have lasted down to our own day are elaborate throne-like chairs, made for great churchmen and the large cathedrals.

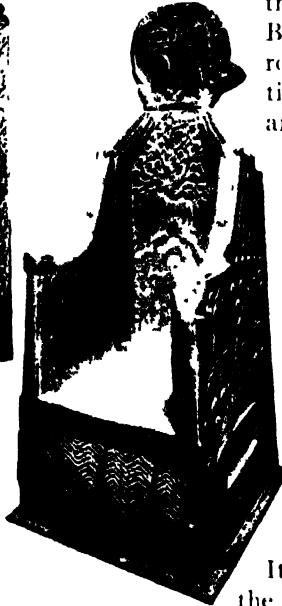
At Ravenna, in Italy, is still to be seen the great throne made for Maximian (măk

sim'Y-ân'), once archbishop of that city. It is covered with ivory carvings showing scenes from the life of Jesus and Joseph. Another chair of this period, perhaps the most famous chair in all the world, is said to have belonged to St. Peter and to have been used by him when he was bishop of Rome. But the experts say that its ivory carvings can have been made only by sixth century Byzantine artists, long, long after St. Peter's day. Some day, when you go to Rome, you must visit the church of St. Peter, where this famous old Byzantine chair is kept, and ask its guardians to show you the treasure.

Meanwhile, in the west of Europe, the cabinetmaker's art had been almost forgotten. The half-barbarous peoples who had overrun the old empire looked longingly



The bishops in medieval cathedrals sat on magnificent thrones that were beautifully carved and often made of ivory or other precious materials. Above is the famous ivory throne made for Archbishop Maximian in Ravenna in the 6th century. At the right is a bishop's throne of marble, from the cathedral of St. Mark, in Venice. It was made in the seventh century.



Photom by Ali

toward the luxury of Byzantium and occasionally a great king like Charlemagne (shar'le mān) might bring in some Byzantine furniture for his court. But life was hard in those days, and it took centuries to build a new civilization on the ruins of the old. Home, even for a knight or a mighty baron, was rather a place of safety from all enemies than a place of comfort and beauty. What furniture he had was mostly so simple that he did not mind leaving it when he moved on, or it was so easily carried that he could take it along. The safest place was the church, and it was there that the finest of the furniture was found. The furniture made in the early Middle Ages, from about the fourth century to the twelfth, is called Romanesque (rō'man ēsk') or Early Gothic. By about 1000 a new style, often very beautiful, had been developed to suit the new way of life, and this style of the later Middle Ages is called Gothic (goth'ik), a name which we apply to the beautiful architecture that we find in the castles and cathedrals of the same great period of art.

Never did furniture more faithfully reflect the life of the people than all through the Middle Ages. These centuries have been called the Age of Faith, because the great power of the church and its doctrines went into every nook and cranny of men's lives. And it was the church which mainly gave us the Gothic style in furniture, most of the best Romanesque and Gothic pieces were made by monks for use in churches and convents.

Early Church Furniture

This monkish furniture is solid and often severe in outline, massive in bulk, straight of line and splendidly impressive, like the

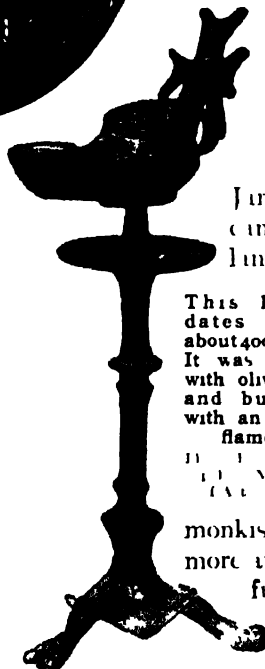
great convents and cathedrals it adorns. In the earlier period it was usually made of strong oak, a plentiful wood that was ready to hand. It was made even stronger by bronze and iron hinges whose spreading wings often half covered the surface of lid or door. Chests and coffer, crude beds, tables, and chairs were decorated with geometrical carvings. Chairs had stiff backs with ornaments at the top shaped like the gable of a church.

The most famous Romanesque chair that has come down to us is the coronation chair of the English kings. Since the day of Edward I (1272), nearly every English ruler has been seated in this chair when the crown was placed upon his head. In the base of it is the famous Stone of Scone which for centuries served as a seat for princes who received the crown of Scotland. When James VI of Scotland became James I of England he had these two royal seats combined to make a single coronation throne. As time went on and the true Gothic style developed, the monkish cabinetmakers came more and more to make their furniture tell of their faith. Like Gothic architecture it has pointed arches and

steeped towers pointing toward heaven. The deep carvings are often shaped like rosettes, as are some of the most famous stained glass windows in the cathedrals; the oak leaf stands for God's strength, and the circle for God's embracing love. Along

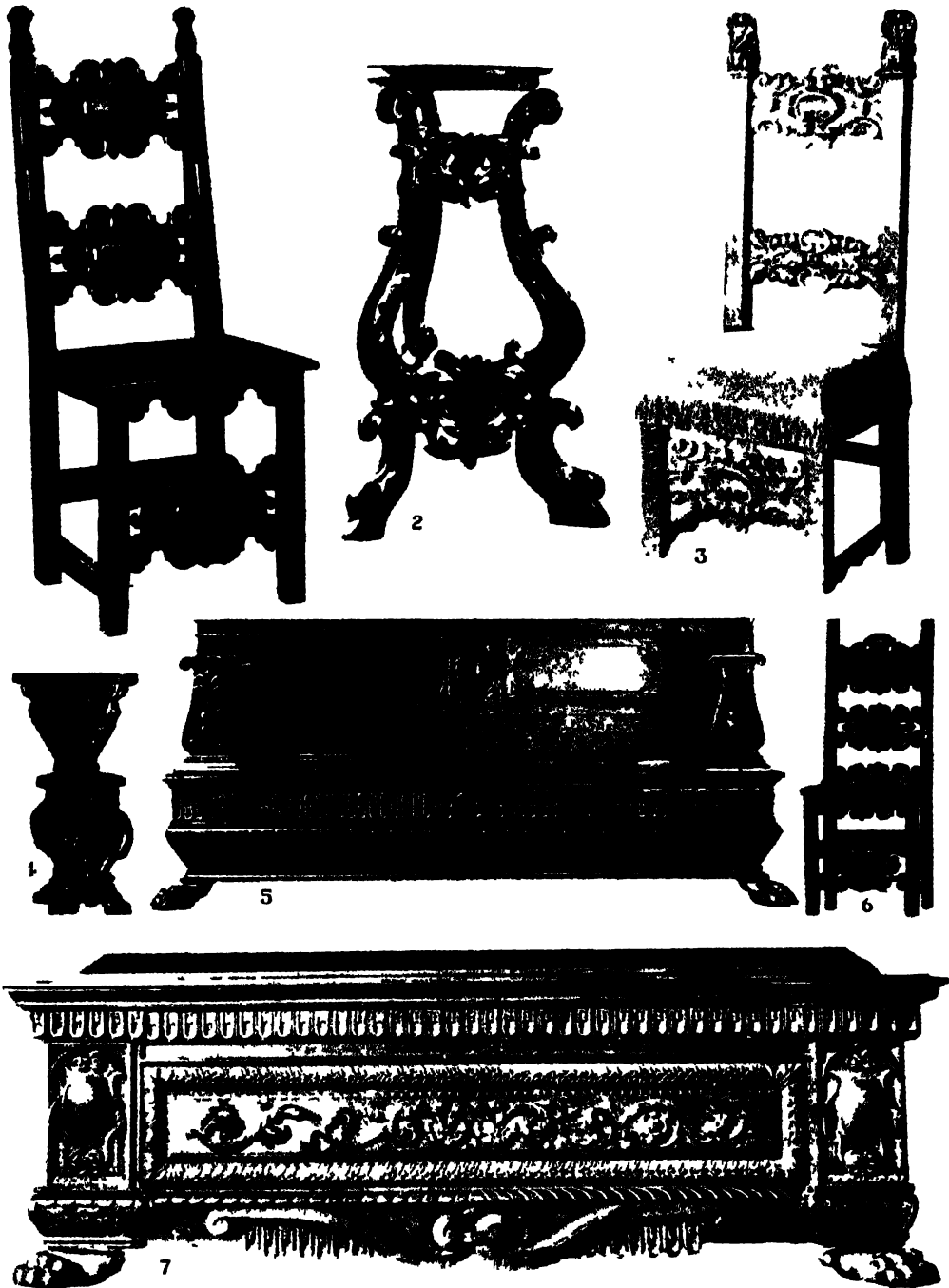


Photokopied by W. C. Above is the famous Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey, on it British sovereigns are always crowned. It was made late in the thirteenth century. The Scottish coronation stone is placed under the seat.



This lamp dates from about 400 A.D. It was filled with olive oil and burned with an open flame.

ART IN FURNITURE



U. S. A. M. A.

This page will give you a very good idea of what furniture was like in the Italian Renaissance. Only a glance will remind one that these people loved carving, for every piece is heavily carved. All the chairs (1, 3, 6) are solid and magnificent. The most elaborate designs

are on the stand (2) and the small seat (4). The large seat (5) illustrates the way in which Renaissance furniture was sometimes made to look almost like architecture. Finest of all, perhaps, is the magnificent cassone, or chest (7).

ART IN FURNITURE

with these, there are twining tendrils of ivy to stand for, or "symbolize" (sím'böl-iz), man's dependence on God. The trefoil (tré'foil), a three-parted rosette, is emblem of the Trinity. In these and other ways did the Gothic builders make their furniture express their faith, and they did it so well that a great deal of our modern church furniture is still Gothic.

Outside the churches and monasteries the best furniture was of somewhat the same kind, but much cruder. In the early Middle Ages there was very little comfort in home life. The only large room in the castle would be a great hall, with the heavy

beams of the ceiling showing and a floor of bare earth or of stone slabs. At one end there would be a table on which the jesters and singers could leap between the courses of a banquet and amuse the company. The knights and their retainers would sit on rude benches or crude stools, at long rough tables made by laying boards on trestles. After the meal the tables could be taken away, and the whole company might take a turn at the dance. The lord of the castle often had a chair of state, but most of the company sat on the benches and stools, and when there were not enough of these, they sat on cushions on the floor.

Going to bed was a simple process in those days, the knights and ladies merely stretched themselves out on the benches or upon the floor, though the lord and lady might have a low bed in the corner, with straw mattress and pillows that were anything but soft, and

such privacy as a curtain could give them.

Slowly changing with the changing times, this castle furniture became more plentiful and beautiful as the years went on. Soldiers came back from the crusades with new ideas about comfort, just as Alexander's soldiers had brought back new notions fourteen centuries before. Women came to be of more importance, and so could ask for finer hangings and more comfortable chairs and couches. Noblemen began to hire cabinet makers among their retainers. These craftsmen learned from the monks, and then adapted the monks' designs for use in the great gloomy castles of their lords.

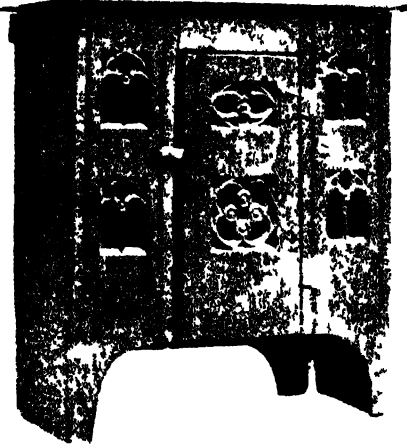


FIGURE 1. Stout Oak Cupboard of Art.

This stout oak cupboard dates back to the stormy days of the fifteenth century in England, before the Renaissance, which was already far advanced in Italy—had affected English furniture.

Among the most important items in the furnishings of any castle were the chests

and coffers and cupboards that served the same purposes as the closets and wardrobes of a modern house. Huge chests bound with iron bands and fastened with great locks kept the clothing and jewels safe from pillaging servants. Several of these chests were carried along on pack mules whenever the knight journeyed with his family, for he was never sure that enemies might not pillage and burn his castle while he

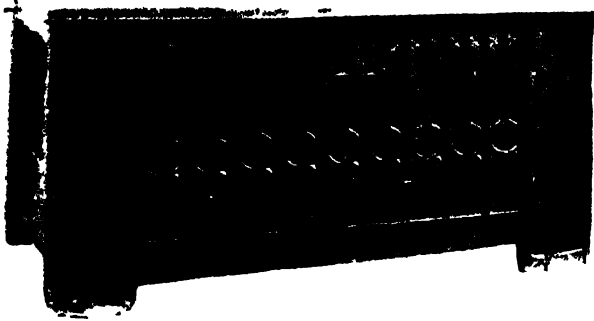


FIGURE 2. Sturdy English Chest of Art.

Here is a sturdy English chest, made of oak. It comes from the fourteenth century, and might easily have belonged to one of the more genteel of the Canterbury pilgrims of whom Chaucer tells.

was away. The top-most chest, secured by straps fitting snugly over its rounded lid,

held garments that would be needed on arrival, as well as the armor and weapons which the knight would use for tilting in tournaments. Such a coffer was called a "tilting chest." It was covered with gayly painted canvas, whose design usually included the

owner's coat of arms. Beautiful chests were made, too, to hold the trousseau of a bride—a custom that has come down to our own day in the "hope chest" which a girl sometimes packs with dainty things for her wedding. This bridal chest was often a bride's chief treasure, and was set in a conspicuous place in her new home to prove her social rank.

But possibly the best way to find out the rank of a household of the later Middle Ages was to count the shelves in its side-board, or "dressoir" (drēs'swār'). This was a cabinet built rather like a table with shelves on it. The word "dressoir" is from a French verb meaning "to arrange," and the art of arranging a side-board lay in setting forth the family pewter and silver plate, with a gilded shield perhaps and certain other cherished possessions of the household, in such a way that a guest could not fail to see them. The higher the rank of the householder, the more shelves might be used to display these treasures. A fifteenth century writer reports that "no princess except the queen of France should have five shelves."

Elaborate Chairs for Lords and Ladies

The chairs of state for the lord and lady of the castle came also to be very elaborate. They often had hoods over them, or canopies, and looked like the throne of a bishop in a cathedral. They were tall, straight-armed, and straight-backed affairs, but were made comfortable by cushions and embroidered covers. The arms and legs were carven, and the wooden canopy might be an open network of carving. The back of the chair was almost never pierced clear through, but was left solid and substantial—for in those warlike times no knight cared to risk a dagger

thrust from behind! Sometimes these great chairs were made two or three together, so that they might serve as beds at night. Meals were still served on tables made by laying boards across trestles in front of the great chairs, and the less dignified members of the household still sat around the tables on stools and benches.

The important members of the household still slept, in many castles, on beds in curtained corners of the great hall. Sometimes such beds were built like a sort of cupboard of paneled wood, with the front open except when the curtains were drawn. For it was long, long after this that people began to worry about having fresh air. But by now there were sometimes separate rooms for

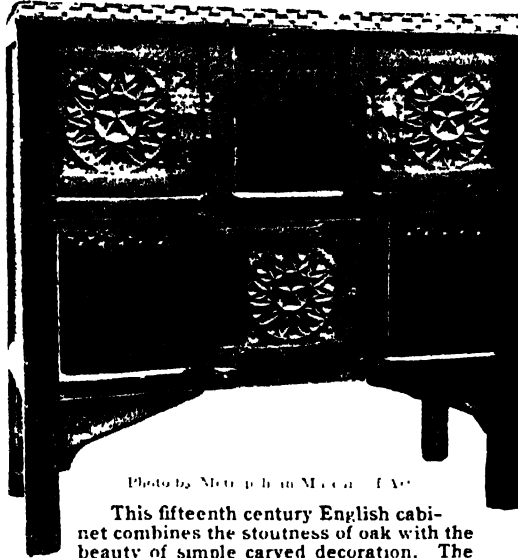


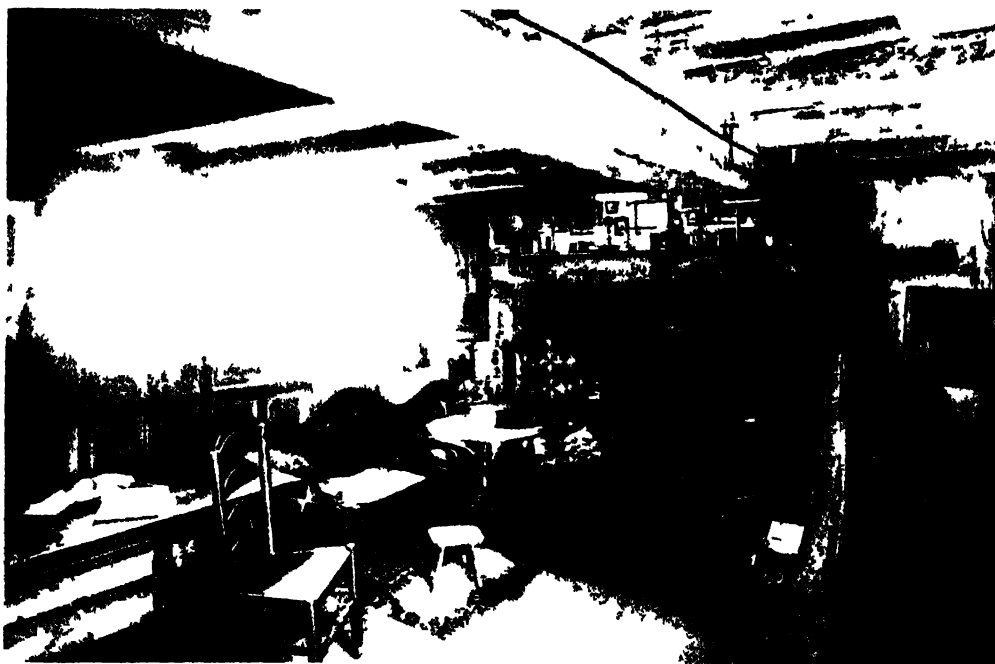
Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art
This fifteenth century English cabinet combines the stoutness of oak with the beauty of simple carved decoration. The three panels bearing vertical carvings are decorated with the famous "linen-fold" design.

sleeping. A very great noble or prince might even have a state bedroom, and receive his courtiers and suppliants in bed. The French king used to recline on a low couch when he met his parliament, and from that custom arose the phrase "a bed of justice," which the French still use.

As the years rolled on and times kept changing, the Middle Ages, with their spired cathedrals and teeming monasteries and frowning castles, gradually faded into the past. Nobles ceased to spend most of their time in warfare. They grew rich and longed for more comfort and beauty. Starting in Italy and spreading all over the Western world, came a new love for beautiful things and for the ancient lore of Greece and Rome. This is the time we call the Renaissance (rën-ê-sòN's').

Craftsmen of a Splendid Age

And again new ways of life brought new fashions in furniture. The modern world was coming into being, and the craftsmen of



If we are lucky enough to visit Stratford on Avon we can see at least one sixteenth century house still furnished much as it was in Shakespeare's day. Here is

pictured a corner of this famous house, Anne Hathaway's cottage. It is cherished so carefully because Anne Hathaway married William Shakespeare.

those days were contriving the furnishings from which have been developed most of those we use to-day.

The new styles had started in Italy even as far back as the fourteenth century, and soon Italian cabinetmakers were carrying them to France and thence all over Europe. The designers borrowed from the rediscovered work of the Greeks and Romans. They still made their furniture massive because most of it still had to go into majestic halls, but they made it more and more splendid in decoration.

The Age of Carvers

They upholstered it in rich damasks and velvets. They painted and gilded it. Above all, they carved it. It was an age of carvers, and they made wood into almost every shape and form imaginable. But since there were not enough of them to do all the work demanded by princely patrons and the rich merchants of the new day, the more skillful ones made moulds for casting many copies of their own inventions. The copies were

made of 'gesso' (jes'ō), a kind of soft plaster, and then glued to the furniture and painted or gilded. This was really stucco work. It was used on door panels, ends of chests and cabinets and other broad surfaces. It grew very popular and the best artists gave their time to it. Sandro Botticelli (bot' tē chē'l'lē), one of the world's most original painters, began his career as a decorator of furniture.

A Glimpse of a Renaissance Palace

Not only painters but goldsmiths and architects took a hand in designing Renaissance furniture. Some of the magnificent cabinets that stood against the walls of the Renaissance palaces are so rich in columns and mouldings that they look for all the world like the fronts of the buildings planned by architects of the time.

One must imagine these splendid pieces as standing in the great rooms of palaces, rooms hung with gorgeous tapestries and paintings, and crowded with noble lords and ladies gayly clothed in rich silks, satins, and

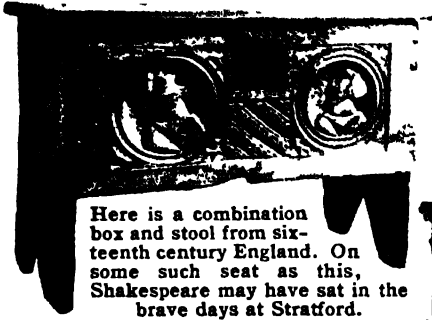
ART IN FURNITURE



away China The table is of teakwood inlaid with mother-of-pearl, the cabinet too is teakwood, inlaid with jade, mother-of-pearl, lapis lazuli, and other lovely things It is a pity we have not had more time to talk of the beautiful oriental furniture which began to influence European design in the 1600's.

velvets. All this color and magnificence—the gilded cabinets and chairs, the tapestries, the brilliant costumes of the guests—is reflected in the tall, polished-metal mirrors that decorators have learned to set along the walls in great gilded frames.

But this would be in Italy, or perhaps in



Here is a combination box and stool from sixteenth-century England. On some such seat as this, Shakespeare may have sat in the brave days at Stratford.

France. In sixteenth-century England furniture was still sturdy and practical rather than elegant. Made of oak planks fastened with wooden pegs, the stanch tables of Queen Elizabeth's time had extensions on tops as heavy and firm as the deck of a ship. They stood on massive legs swollen at the middle in the form of melonlike bulbs, and joined by a framework of stout stretchers resting squarely on the floor. In oak-paneled rooms, about such tables as these, sat lusty adventurers like Sir Walter Raleigh and Captain John Smith, laying plans for a colonial empire in far-away America. Out of this empire came some of the wealth which was soon to allow England to enjoy the fine furniture for which she later became famous.

Furniture in Old England

For a while the best cabinetmakers in England were skillful craftsmen who were driven out of France and the Low Countries because they were Protestants. In the seventeenth century the great architects, Inigo (in'i-gō) Jones and Sir Christopher Wren, built so many fine buildings that their work affected the designs of cabinetmakers. Those of James I's reign softened the rugged effect of that earlier style. Their pieces were less

massive and more neatly ornamented. The melonlike bulbs on the legs of tables and chairs grew smaller and more shapely. Such bulbs are one of the most characteristic things about this furniture, which is called Jacobean (jāk'ō-bē'an) from "Jacobus," the Latin form of "James," the King's name. Each style in English furniture from this time to the middle of the eighteenth century takes its name from the reigning king or queen.

For a while in the middle of the seventeenth century, of course, there was no king or queen at all in England. This was the time of the Puritan Commonwealth. The staid and simple Puritans had little use for kingly pomp, and they disliked the fine furnishings of the great palaces. With the approval of their leader, Cromwell, the furniture, hangings, and pictures of nineteen royal palaces were



It is interesting to compare the French cabinet above and the French chest to the right with the English stool shown on this page. French designs in the 1500's were much more elaborate than were those across the Channel.

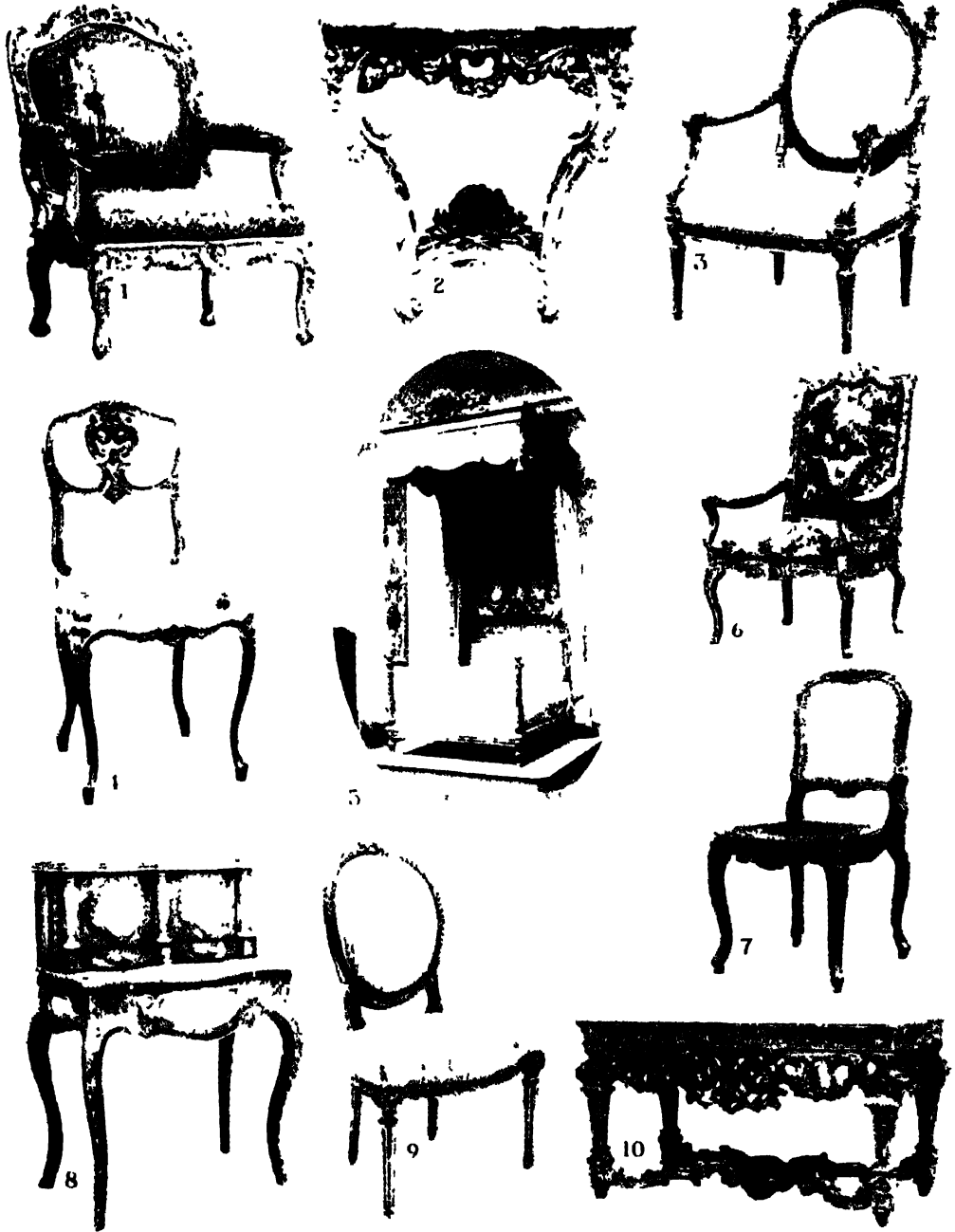


Photos by Metropolitan Museum of Art

destroyed, and many a noble piece of fine old furniture was used for firewood. The Puritans were content to live in somber houses with uncomfortable, straight-backed chairs whose only ornament was plainly-turned legs. Yet they did use padding on the backs of chairs as well as on the seats. A few such chairs, a high-backed chimney settle, and one or two gate-leg tables were furnishing enough for these frugal and hardy people.

But when the Commonwealth fell and Charles II came to the throne, there was such an upheaval in England as the world has seldom seen. The "merry monarch" set

ART IN FURNITURE



Photos by Metropolitan Museum of Art

This page shows French furniture of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. One could guess at once that most of the pieces were French—because of the pictured or flowered tapestry, the slender curved legs, and the delicate ornamentation. Most of them do not look very sturdy or practical. Indeed, if we could walk through the rooms in a museum where the furni-

ture of Louis XIV, XV, and XVI is shown, we should be even surer that these things were meant for kings and courtiers. There would be delicate colors, gilding, tassels, and other furbelows such as are suggested in the great bed above (5). Number 6 is in the style of Louis XIV; 1, 2, 7, 10, of Louis XV; 3, 5, 9, of Louis XVI; and 4, 8, of the Empire.

to work to undo everything the Puritans had done. Among other things he started furnishing more richly than ever all the palaces that had been emptied by the reformers, and there began an age of luxury such as England had never seen before.

The Magnificent Court of France

Most of the fashions came from the splendid court of Louis XIV of France. So now we must go back to the Continent, to see what had been happening to the people who could buy fine furniture in France, where their magnificent king was giving a startling example of new splendor.

He had set out to glorify his name and land by building palaces that should astonish the world with their glitter and grandeur. In the furniture placed in those palaces the world saw something more splendid than had been seen since the days of the Roman empire. So famous was the work of some of the artists that their names were given to certain styles of ornament. Thus we have, for instance, "boulle" (bōōl) work—or the inlaying of ebony with steel, brass, bone, tortoise shell, and mother-of-pearl—as it was done by André Boulle for the King's magnificent palace at Versailles (vēr'sa'y'). Boulle and other designers made so much use of the cockleshell as an ornament that English cabinetmakers, and even some in the American colonies, began to use it in their work. A good deal of this "Louis Quatorze" (lōō'ē' kā'tōrz'), or Louis Fourteenth, furniture is as dazzling for its extravagance as for its grace of design, and some of it is very beautiful.

The great variety of magnificent furniture in Louis XIV's long reign of seventy-two years can hardly be described in a short

story. In another long reign his successor, Louis XV—or "Louis Quinze" (kǎNz)—tried hard for even greater splendors. One of his favorites, Madame de Pompadour (dē pōN' pā'dōōr'), ruled the arts of the time, and she called on painters and potters, sculptors and carvers, weavers and metal workers to help the cabinetmakers. They made such marvels of craftsmanship as the famous "King's writing desk" now to be seen in the Museum of the Louvre (lōō'vr') at Paris. On this one piece two famous cabinetmakers worked for nine whole years. It is adorned with daintily colored precious woods inlaid in panels of exquisite pattern, which are joined by scrolls and festoons of bronze. The ornament of the "King's writing desk" is a good example of "rococo" (rō kō'kō), as the very ornate style of this time is called. The artists who made it prided themselves on using "not one straight line" a strange cause for pride, you may say.

If the artists of Louis XIV's time had used too much decoration, and had sometimes made their furniture more showy than beautiful, the artists of Louis XV went even further. They overdecorated beyond measure. As a re-

sult, pieces of art in this kind of doubtful taste are still called "rococo," no matter when they were made.

When Louis XVI came to the throne (1765), he let it be known that he was weary of the overdecorated style. He refurnished his palaces with cabinetwork of a pattern almost severe. It is exquisitely finished, with fine proportions and dainty ornament. The legs of the chairs and tables are slender, tapering, and fluted; the upholstery is in lovely tapestry of delicate pastel shades; the carvings and inlays are of dainty flower garlands bound with bows of ribbon. If your taste runs to the delicate and exquisite, you will delight in the "Louis Seize" (sēz) style.



Here is a handsome Louis XIV chair, showing the elaborate and delicate ornamentation.

ART IN FURNITURE



Photos by Metropolitan Museum of Art

Here is a page of eighteenth century English furniture, most of it attributed to one or another of the four masters of the "Golden Age of Cabinetmaking"—Adam, Hepplewhite, Chippendale, and Sheraton. We begin at the end of the seventeenth century with a William and Mary cabinet (4); the severe lines show the reaction from French lavishness. The commode

(7) is Adam; note the plain lines and the classic urn. The stand (5) is an example of Hepplewhite's work. The sofa (1) and the heavier chair (6) are Chippendale. They are somewhat more elaborate than the others, and the chair has the ball and claw foot that Chippendale introduced. The other chair (2) and the writing table (3) are Sheraton, graceful and elegant, as always.

ART IN FURNITURE

But the days of kings in France were almost over. And the next style of French furniture is called "Directoire" (dē'rèk'-twâr'), for the "Directory" which ruled for a time after the French Revolution. This furniture was copied in many a detail from Roman pieces found in the ruins of Pompeii. Now we have already said that furniture ought to go with the time and place and people who use it; and when you dig up and copy something two thousand years old you need not be surprised if it does not suit your way of life any too well. Directoire furniture looked rather out of place. This was even truer of the "Empire" furniture, made under the Emperor Napoleon.

It too followed Roman models, and usually pretty had ones. It tickled the vanity of Napoleon, who liked to think he was another Caesar. But it was so cheap and tawdry in its slavish imitation of work done by another race centuries before that it now seems merely theatrical, as if it had been made not for use but just for show. For a time at least, the fine art of furniture was dead in France.

The Furniture of William and Mary

But the art was by no means at an end elsewhere. All this time the English craftsmen had been forging ahead, and by the middle of the eighteenth century they were ready to take over the leadership for a while.

The French lavishness which had come into England with Charles II had not lasted very long. "William and Mary" furniture, which came into fashion during the reign of those two monarchs at the end of the seventeenth century, was simpler and less showy.

It was suited to humble homes as well as to palaces, for these rulers had come from Holland and had brought with them a love for the solid comforts of home life. The furniture was lighter, more graceful, and more comfortable in everyday use than any made in England before that time. Open cup-

boards and shelved cabinets with glass doors now came into vogue, for displaying Chinese porcelains brought from the East by Dutch and English traders. Gilded, painted, and lacquered carvings of flowers, foliage, cupids, and serpentine scrolls were common. No one could carve these things like Grinling Gibbons, England's most famous carver.

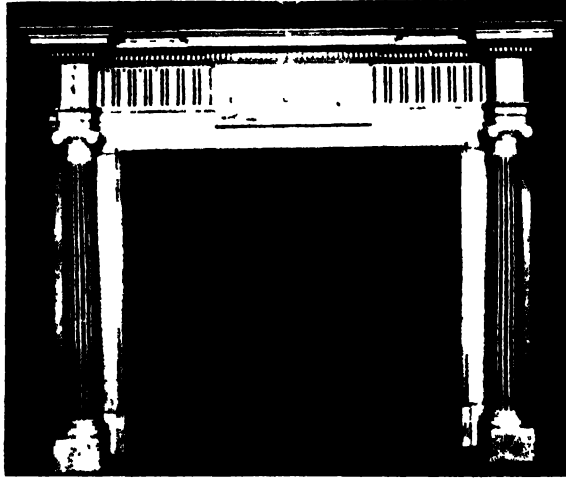


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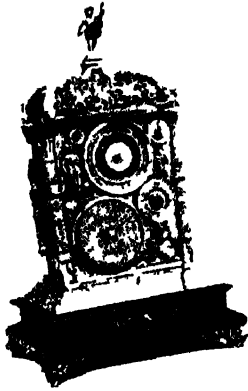
This beautiful mantel is a fine example of Robert Adam's work. It makes use of many details borrowed from Greece. In fact, with its Ionic columns and Greek mouldings, it is not unlike the doorway to a Greek temple.

who lived at this time. Wood panelings covered with his luxurious flower design, carved in astonishing detail and left unpainted so as to show every delicate line of the work, are still proudly displayed to wondering tourists.

Queen Anne furniture, of the early eighteenth century, is not very different. The craftsmen carved and inlaid it rather less elaborately, for they had begun to see the beauty of plain surfaces and of the fine grain of the walnut wood they were fond of using. But sometimes they decorated with lacquer work, with flowers, and with little scenes in oriental style. There had been oriental touches in both French and English designs for some time. Now lacquered chests and cabinets were often brought from China, and mounted on carved and gilded legs to add to their elegance.

The eighteenth century was a queer age but then all ages are queer. The particular queerness of the eighteenth century was that sometimes it seemed to be all for simple,

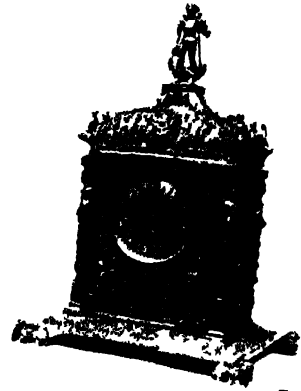
ART IN FURNITURE



1 German sixteenth century clock



2 French eighteenth century clock. The elaborate ornamentation was in the prevailing fashion



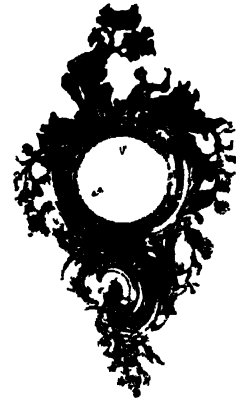
3 Another sixteenth century German clock.



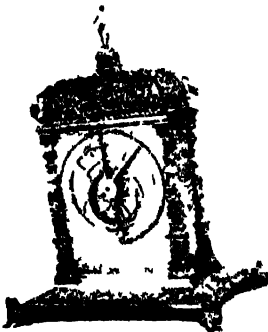
4 Swiss sixteenth century clock



5 French clock of the nineteenth century a very ingenious device, though some of us may prefer clocks that are simpler and easier to read



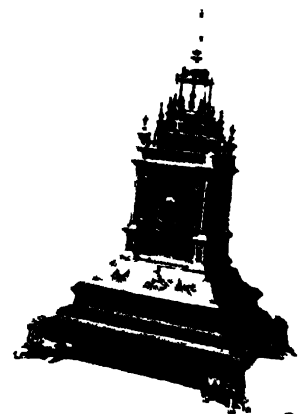
6 French eighteenth century clock



7 German sixteenth century clock Compare with 1 and 3



8 German twentieth century clock The taste for odd and ingenious designs in clocks and similar things has been widespread and lasting, as is clear from this page of pictures. Many people to-day prefer much soberer patterns, yet often exquisite workmanship is lavished on the more fanciful pieces, and they may be extremely interesting.



9 German sixteenth century clock in architectural design.

sensible things fitted into a neat design and usually made in imitation of the ancient Romans; and then again it sometimes seemed to be all for confused and elaborate things brought together from all sorts of times and places—the far-away Orient or the long-past Middle Ages. The furniture of the century is like that—sometimes with restrained and simple lines and sometimes with all sorts of ornament, sometimes trying to be like the furniture of “classic” Greece and Rome and sometimes like that of the “romantic” Gothic style. But out of the confusion there arose, in the middle and latter parts of the century, four great craftsmen who made English furniture famous far and wide and who are honored as masters to this day. They were kings of their craft, and a style of furniture is named for each of them, just as styles had been named before for French and English kings.

A Great English Craftsman

First of the four was Robert Adam, architect to George III. Adam had studied for several years in Italy, and had come back full of zest for the art of ancient Greece and Rome. He and his brother James were architects in the first place, but when they built a house they also designed all furniture to go inside it. In this way they could work out the classical idea of making everything match. They used a great deal of rich mahogany and decorated it with delicate carved ornaments after the best ancient models, such as the lyre, the urn, and beautiful Greek mouldings. They liked inlays of satinwood, and used them so much that their furniture is sometimes called “satinwood furniture.” Comfortable chairs in various shapes, huge

swelled-front sideboards, cases and cabinets, bedsteads and tables at once shapely and substantial, were built for the spacious homes of the rich. To this day pieces following the Adam designs are commonly used to give rooms an air of dignified repose.

The Man Who Made Chairs Beautiful

George Hepplewhite, a cabinetmaker as well as a designer, had ideals much like Adam's, but he worked not only for the rich but for humbler people as well. His furniture is simple, graceful, and homelike. No one can compare with him as a designer of chairs. The typical Hepplewhite chair has a back shaped like a shield or a heart. Though he was influenced by the designers of Louis XVI's court, Hepplewhite managed to make his work very much his own.

Thomas Chippendale had very different ideas. He was interested in the

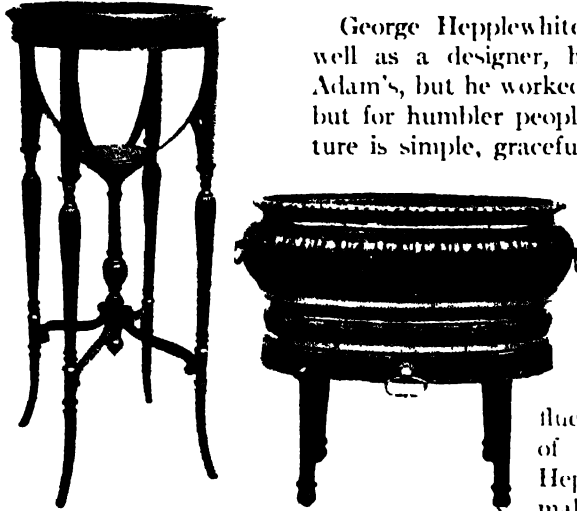


FIG. 106 by Hepplewhite and Chippendale, 1750-1760

Here are two graceful English pieces of the eighteenth century. At the left is a stand designed to hold a basin of water; at the right is a wine cooler.

other sort of eighteenth century furniture in designs suggested by the French rococo or copied from the Gothic or the Chinese. He had a knack of taking anyone's design, working it out to suit his own notions, and making something new of it. He even succeeded in making over Chinese furniture to fit into the English home. He was a peerless carver, and loved his art. Whatever he made—and he made every sort of piece imaginable—was substantial, beautiful, and marvelously carved. He prepared the first book of furniture designs ever published, and to this day his book remains an inspiration to designers.

An artist of distinction, Chippendale was also a crafty business man. He himself made little of the furniture he sold, but instead had it made by workmen in his own shop. But he was such a good salesman as to convince his customers that they were buying a piece in the making of which he had played a great part. He had played a great part, of course, merely by designing it.

ART IN FURNITURE



Photos by Metropolitan Museum of Art

Most of the furniture on this page is American of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. You will have no trouble picking out at least one of the two nineteenth century pieces, the over-elaborate sofa (6). The other highly ornamented piece, the seventeenth century chair (8), is much handsomer, but it is not what we think of as "colonial" in style, perhaps it was

brought over by some wealthy man from England. Here is a key to the pictures: 1. Highboy (18th century) 2. Clock (19th century). 3. Sheraton style sofa (18th century). 4. Chair (18th century). 5. Lowboy (18th century). 6. Sofa (19th century). 7. "Grandfather's" clock (18th century) 8. Chair (17th century). Any early piece is now highly prized.

ART IN FURNITURE



Photo by Metropolitan Museum

It seems almost as if one might find it a pleasure to get meals and do dishes in this kitchen in the Parson Capen House, at Topsfield, Massachusetts.

Thomas Sheraton (shĕr'a ton), list of the great designers of the "Golden Age of Cabinetmaking," was anything but a business man. His life was one long struggle to get food and shelter for his family. But none of his hardships were reflected in the furniture he made. It is graceful, dainty, and elegant. All of it is beautifully designed, well constructed, and tastefully decorated with inlays, for Sheraton was above all else a master in assembling woods. There are those who think that his designs are the most artistic ever made.

The Twilight of a Fine Old Craft

And that brings us down to the beginning of the nineteenth century, when machines began to grind out furniture so fast that all too soon the cabinetmakers lost interest in their work. The machines turned out more and more cheap imitations, often of styles that did not suit modern life at all, until there seemed little good taste left anywhere, from the palace to the hovel. Of course there

It is in the very best Early American style, with its simple, solid chairs and cabinet, and the pewter dishes in even simpler designs.

was far more furniture of some sort or other in use than ever before. For more people had money to buy it and the furniture was cheaper. But the nineteenth century, on the whole, is a period of poor taste in furniture. In the later decades of the century William Morris tried to revive a medieval simplicity, made over to suit modern times. But only very recently has there been much effort to make furniture that really answers to the needs of the life we live to day.

Long before this the Englishmen had been building a new country by peopling a new continent across the ocean in America. And it would never do if we did not glance at the changing styles of furniture in the history of the land we know best.

The Puritans' Scorn of Luxury

In the Metropolitan Museum in New York City you may see room after room fitted out just as rooms were fitted out at one period after another in American history. In the earliest rooms the furniture is plain and solid,

ART IN FURNITURE



How to Measure

Here is another page of American colonial furniture. Some of these pieces are made in the great English styles illustrated on earlier pages, and it will be interesting to compare the two. Others are more purely American, and one or two are cherished because of historical associations. Here is the key: 1 Sideboard, Sheraton style. 2. Chair, by Duncan Phyfe,

who liked to use the lyre for decoration. 3 Chair, Hepplewhite style (18th century). 4 Desk used by Washington during his stay at Cambridge, Massachusetts (18th century). 5 Hickory chair (17th century). 6 Upholstered chair (18th century). 7 Chest (17th century). You will notice that the Hepplewhite chair has the shield-shaped back which that master used

as befits pioneers in a new land. The first settlers in the seventeenth century brought with them furniture and ideas about furniture from an even earlier day. For most of them came from humble homes where the splendors of royal courts had never shone, and where something of the solid simplicity of medieval furniture still lingered. Besides, many of them were Puritans, and had the Puritan's scorn of luxury. In the New World they built plain chests, tables, cupboards, and chairs, often from pine, which was plentiful all around them. They seldom painted these pieces, though sometimes they carved them simply—and the German settlers in Pennsylvania often painted theirs with bold designs like those they had known at home. In the corner of the low-ceiled seventeenth century room would stand the tall spinning wheel with its distaff full of flax.

Some furniture, of course, had come over from England. A chair said to have been brought over in the "Mayflower" by John Carver, first governor of Plymouth, was widely copied in New England. It had a straight, stiff back and simple turned spindles, in true Puritan style.

The Home of the Rocking Chair

By the early eighteenth century, there were more good craftsmen in America, and the people had conquered enough of the wilderness to have money and time to turn to other things. Most of the furniture they made was naturally copied from English designs, but not quite all of it. The "Windsor" chair is said to have been first made in Windsor, Connecticut. And the rocking chair is an American contrivance. Fancy no one's ever having had a ride in a rocking chair before! Then there were "highboys," "tallboys," and "lowboys"—or chests of drawers that an-

swered well to their delightful names. All these things were made with English methods and with simple machines imported from England; but they were built and decorated in an American way.

America's First Original Cabinetmaker

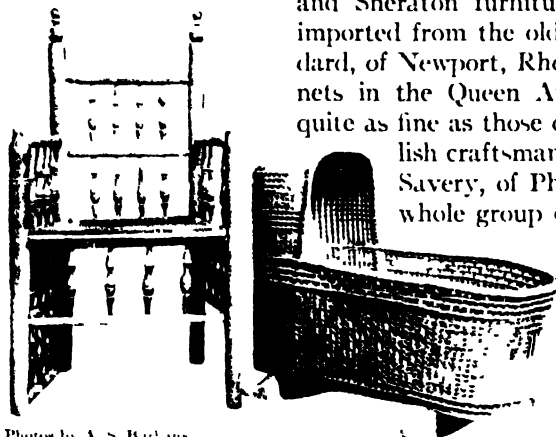
After a while some few Americans managed to make pieces not unworthy to stand beside the fine Adam, Hepplewhite, Chippendale, and Sheraton furniture that rich colonials imported from the old country. John Goddard, of Newport, Rhode Island, made cabinets in the Queen Anne style which were quite as fine as those of any French or English craftsman of the time. William Savery, of Philadelphia, leader of a whole group of cabinetmakers, imitated the work of Chippendale, though not always very well.

There was one early American designer who copied nobody, but did work as distinctive in its way as that of the great Englishmen. This was

Duncan Phyfe (tif). Though he was born in Scotland, Phyfe came to America as a very small child and spent his life here. He was turning out work from his New York shop from 1795 to 1840. His earlier work is a bit like Adam and Sheraton, but later he drew his ideas more from French Empire furniture. His best pieces are so graceful and elegant that he may be called the equal of any cabinetmaker of his time in England.

As the people grew richer, the Americans came to be the world's greatest users of good furniture. But no great new designers arose here. The machines turned out cheap imitations—sometimes ugly, sometimes nearly as beautiful as the originals and occasionally people scurried around among farmhouses and bought up early American antiques for a song. In general antiques are articles over a hundred years old.

Yet of late years a real interest in furniture and interior decorating has quickened all over the world. Not only do plain people now furnish their houses in simpler and better taste,



Photos by A. S. B. and A. S. B.

Here are two famous pieces of colonial furniture—Elder Brewster's chair and the cradle of Peregrine White, the first Pilgrim baby.

ART IN FURNITURE

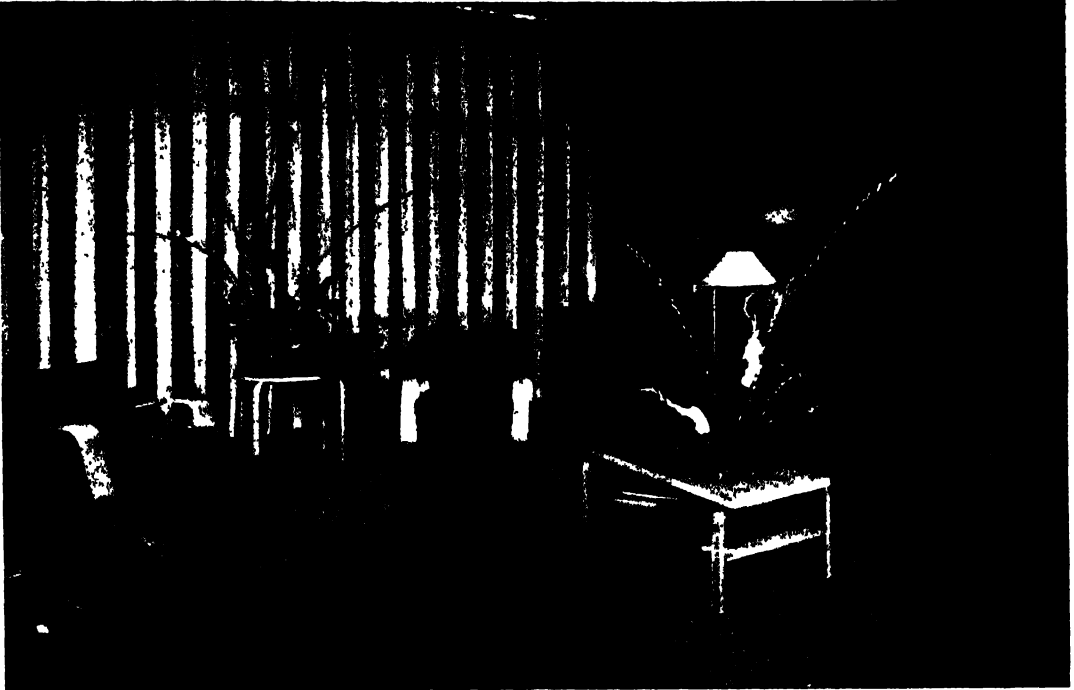


Photo from Frederick Lewis

A glance will tell you that this living room is furnished in the style that we know as "modern." The absence of ornamentation, the severe straight lines, the quiet atmosphere, the sense of space, and the air of gracious comfort are not to be mistaken. You will notice that the beauty of the newest furniture is not in its decoration for it has none but in the materials of which

but designers have been making a mighty effort to give us furniture that is really expressive of the lives we lead—as all good furniture should be. The medieval knight, warlike and religious, had his tilting chest and his great chair carved in the sacred rosette. The gallant of the time of Charles II loved frivolity and idleness, and he had his satin upholstery and his ostrich plumes nodding over the embroidered curtains of his bed. Should not we, among the whirr of wheels and the sharp brightness of steel, have furniture whose beauty is the beauty of machines?

From this idea the "modernistic" movement arose, strongest in Germany and France, but strong also in England and America. The furniture is made not only of wood, but of metal and glass. The design is geometrical instead of imitating growing things; it shows us exact circles and sharp angles, clear bright colors, smooth surfaces.

it is made. It is meant for use, and there is not one line that does not serve a useful purpose. Instead of sturdy-looking legs of wood, a heavy chair may have a thin, gleaming circle of steel as its only support. We know that steel is strong but furniture made of it will look flimsy and unbalanced until we are used to it. The best of the new furniture is made by architects.

Against the wall is a wooden bookcase with the shelves "staggered" like the sky line of a skyscraper. Here is a round table of metal or glass, there another with fantastic shelves and arms for books or tobacco. Here is an armchair, in metal or wood, with polished surface sweeping in a smooth, clean circle to the floor. In their places are wall and table lamps of frosted glass in geometric spangles and disks and prisms.

An exclusive use of modernistic furniture may seem cold and ruthless, as little home-like as the machines that suggested it. But in business offices some of it may well be in place, and even at home it may eventually manage to adapt itself. How far the style will come to seem our own, and how much we are likely to use it, no one can say as yet. But at least it is interesting to see the designers trying to make something meant to fit our own lives and not merely the lives of our ancestors.

The HISTORY of MUSIC

Reading Unit

No. 1

HOW WE CAME TO HAVE MUSIC

Note. For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

Interesting Facts Explained

Early man's discovery of rhythm and musical sounds, 12 202
Instruments used in 5000 B.C., 12 202
The wind as a player of instruments, 12 203

Ancient Hebrew religious music, choruses, and instruments, 12 204-5
The development of Greek "modes," 12 206-8

Things to Think About

How did Nature stimulate music making?
What instruments did early man make?
How can instruments be played by the breeze?
Where can we find the words of one of the oldest songs in the world? Who sang it?

Which ancient peoples preserved and fostered music?
How were tunes kept alive in early times?
Of what ancient instrument is our present mouth organ a descendant?
How do Greek 'modes' differ from our scale of seven notes?

Picture Hunt

Of what were early instruments made? 12 202, 203, 204

Do primitive peoples have orchestras? 12 207

Related Material

What produces the music when a string is plucked? 1 449

What is the tale of Orpheus, the musician? 14 432

Leisure-time Activities

PROJECT NO. 1: Make drums by stretching parchment across the open end of a butter tub, small keg, or wooden chopping

bowl, 12 202.
PROJECT NO. 2 Play the Doric, Lydian, and Hypodorian scales on the piano, 12 208.

Summary Statement

Early man learned to beat rhythms on crude drums, and to make music by plucking strings and blowing through pipes. The ancient Hebrews developed and preserved music through their use of vocal and instrumental ceremonial music, the Greeks

through their development of music as an art. The Greeks invented the scale, from a three-tone, to a series of nine seven-tone, "modes." Two of those modes became the basis for present-day major and minor scales.

The troubadour sang
of his lady as he rode
off to the wars. The
sailor shouted his
chanteys as he
climbed the masts.
The negro slaves
lightened their bur-
dens with melody.
For no matter what
you are doing, a song
will make it easier.



HOW WE CAME TO HAVE MUSIC

*The Birds, the Waves, and the Winds Were Man's First Music
Teachers, and the Scales He Learned from Them
Were Only Three or Four Notes Long*

WHO invented music, and when did it begin?

If you will think a moment, you will realize that there never has been a time when there were not sweet sounds upon the earth. For even in that twilight past when there was nothing but water over all our globe, there must have been a fine surging of waves like the beat of a great drum and a splendid roll of thunder when the lightning played.

And then when land was reared up out of the sea and life began to quiver all about there was the soft murmur of leaves, the lapping of waves, the ripple of little streams, the pleasant hum of insects, and the song of birds. All this is Nature's music, music which our greatest composers try hard to imitate with flutes and horns and strings.

But where, I hear you say, did our kind of music come from—man-made music that

we can sing and dance to and make with our own fingers and lips? Why, it came from Nature's music, which is as old as the earth. It came from the very winds and waters and birds that we have been talking about.

Have you ever seen a little child try to imitate the kitten's mew or the dog's big bowwow? It is as natural to him to copy the sounds around him as it is to learn to talk. And he works hard at it, too. That is just what early men tried to do. They copied as best they could, the sounds of the animals round them, and particularly the birds. For men have by nature a beautiful device for making lovely sounds. It is their birdlike whistle.

One can imagine how, gathered into the cave at night or on a cold winter's day, they would beg some talented member of the

MAN'S EARLIEST MUSIC

tribe to give the various bird calls—or a whole concert, perhaps, made up of his imitations of the song of the nightingale.

But there were other sounds that they liked, too—the distant drums of the thunder and the steady swish of the waves. Those were harder to imitate, but men learned from them how to beat time and to listen for beautiful rhythms. Finally, when someone had the happy notion of stretching a sheepskin over a frame, he could produce the thunder's majestic roll in a way to fill everybody with delight. Of course they used so marvelous a thing as that in their religion. It was of untold value in frightening demons away! And savage tribes to this day delight in the *tor tom*.

Then, too, early men learned the pleasant sounds you can get from plucking at a string, and the lovely tones a reed or pipe will give if you know how to stop it up at the proper lengths. Even before that, perhaps, they had discovered that if you blow on a blade of grass held between your two thumbs, you can produce musical sounds. When the curtain first rises on the drama of history, way back between four and five thousand years before Christ, the people discovered on the stage have drums and instruments with strings, and before long they will add the pipes, or "wind instruments," as well. Both along the Nile and on the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates, in western Asia, men were experimenting with these three kinds of instruments, and some of their lyres and trumpets were very quaint and beautiful to look at.

But early men did not usually think of

music as a thing to be enjoyed by itself. Instead, it was an accompaniment to poetry and dancing, and their tones were sad or merry according as their mood was grave or gay. It was this companionship with dancing which gave to music the beautiful thing that we call "rhythm" (*rith'm*)—that exciting accent or stress that falls on regular beats. It is a delight in rhythm that makes us like to dance or march, or keep time with music in any other way.

At first early men had probably just tapped or beaten on their instruments blow after blow after blow. But when they began to make up dances, the music naturally divided itself up according to the kind of dance it had to follow into two's or three's or four's *Tum, tum, tum; tum, tum, tum, tum, tum, tum, tum, tum!* And that regularly accented string of beats is what makes rhythm. How much more interesting it is than just a *tum, tum, tum, tum, tum, on and on and on* without variety!

We shall never know the sound of the music that lulled to sleep the dark-skinned people along the ancient Nile. But perhaps it is just as well. For it is almost certain that it would be pretty disappointing to our ears to-day. Those ancient musicians had not invented a way to write out their music, but some of the instruments on which they played it have come down to us, and a few lucky persons have heard those old, old harps and flutes made to yield up their sounds. The result has nearly always been unpleasant, to our ears. Perhaps the Egyptians who played them could do better than we can to-day; certainly their poets loved



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

The two amusing little affairs at the top are whistling jars from Peru. In the square are musicians who whiled away the hours for Ashurbanipal, who lived more than six hundred years before Christ and was the most magnificent of all Assyrian kings. One would give a good deal to know the kind of sound those strange-looking instruments made. The group adorned the wall in Assurbanipal's great palace. At the right is a native African drum, made from a hollow log.

MAN'S EARLIEST MUSIC

to hear them, and the Egyptian lute was popular until not very long ago. But it is hard to think that its sounds, even when it was new, could have been very beautiful in comparison with our modern instruments.

The First Wind Instruments

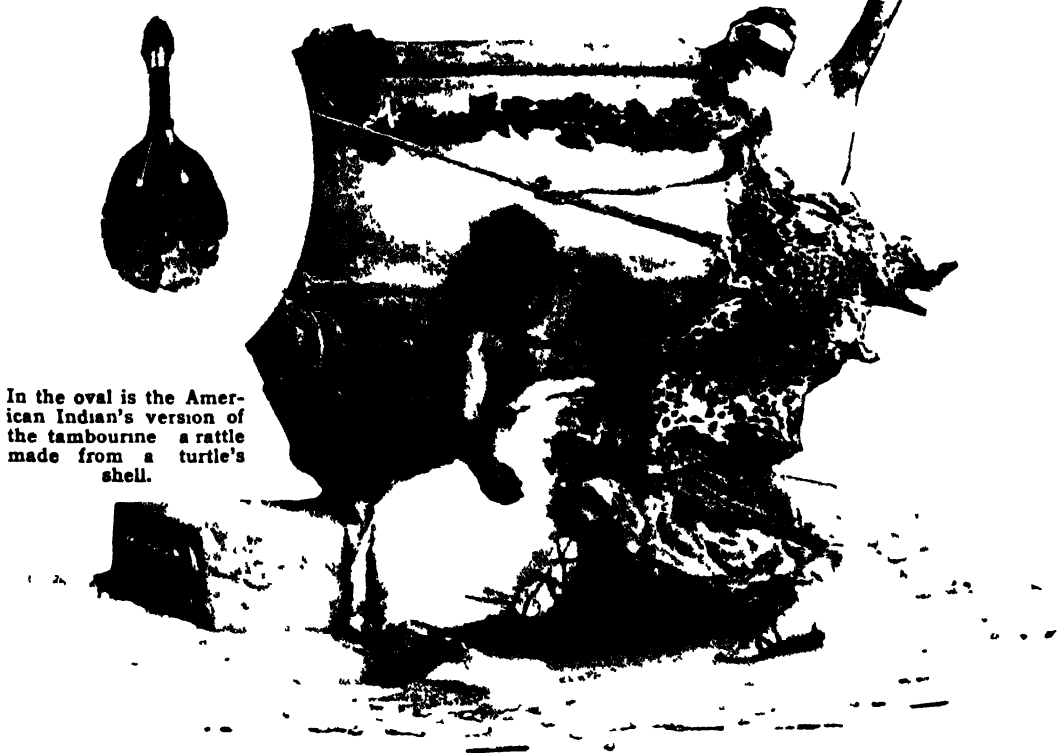
But crude as they were, those simple contrivances were very dear to men. The use of them spread through Asia all the way to China. And other kinds were invented too. Some clever person in Asia Minor ages ago found that the wind passing over strings stretched upon hollow boards would make music of its own. So he invented an instrument upon which the wind could play as long as it would. It was named for Aeolus (a'ô lûs), the Greek god of the winds. We call it the Aeolian (a'ô li'an) harp.

There were various other instruments on which the breeze would play. We have the

story that King David's harp sounded at midnight as it hung above his bed in the boisterous north wind. The East Indians and Chinese knew how to make the wind sing in some such way; and even to-day the Chinese fly kites with vibrating strings stretched across them, and so snatch musical sounds out of the air. The Malays amuse themselves with a bamboo cane pierced with holes, they stick it into the ground and let the wind play at its own sweet will.

There is one ancient instrument that is common in our own time, though of course it has been very much improved. It is the timbrel, or tambourine. It is often to be seen in the carvings of the Assyrians and other ancient peoples. In fact the Incas of Peru and the earliest inhabitants of Greenland, Britain, and Northern Europe all enjoyed its lively tones. It was used everywhere in

The tambourine accompanied early dances in honor of the gods. Below, it is marking the time for a dance in honor of Bacchus, in which it was the custom for the dancers to keep on until they sank down exhausted.



In the oval is the American Indian's version of the tambourine—a rattle made from a turtle's shell.

MAN'S EARLIEST MUSIC

certain religious ceremonies where music played a part; it even kept time for the famous dances in honor of the god Bacchus (băk'ŭs) in ancient Greece. For its music was thought to please the gods so much that they grew quite obliging and could be persuaded to answer all sorts of prayers. A mighty instrument—the little tambourine!

Different races had different thoughts to express in musical sounds. And of course their musical languages, like their spoken words, came to sound very different. The songs and chants of China and Japan are so unlike ours in the West that we can hardly feel they are music at all, though they probably have come straight down from those old songs and dances in Egypt and in Asia just as ours have done.

It was the ancient Hebrews and the Greeks who passed the early music on to us and in doing so, did a great deal to make it more interesting and more beautiful. Anyone who will read the Book of Exodus in the Bible can learn the words of one of the oldest songs in the world, the song of Miriam, which she sang when the children of Israel saw their enemies the Egyptians swallowed up in the Red Sea. We have lost the music to which she sang it, though some people think it may have come down to us without our knowing it. But whatever it was, it almost certainly was Egyptian, for the Israelites had lived in Egypt for a long, long time, and had learned the arts of the Egyptians.

When they started on their long march up to the Promised Land, the Hebrews took with them the instruments of their taskmasters, for Miriam and her maidens offered

up their thanks "with timbrels and with dances." The marching host had drums, cymbals (sĭm'băl), flutes, harps, lyres, and trumpets; and later they learned to use the Panpipe—a kind of mouth organ—and the bagpipe. All those instruments were played in religious services; and many of the words that they were used to accompany have come down to us as the Psalms in the Bible. If you will look just under the number of the Psalm, you will see, in many cases, the name of the person who was believed to have written it, and sometimes the very occasion

upon which it was thought to have been written. Often you will see the words, "To the Chief Musician." For the later Hebrews had a magnificent Temple service, with four thousand singers and a large orchestra. The chorus of men's and women's voices was divided into two great choirs that stood on the Temple steps and at a signal from the trumpets chanted their hymns in unison or alternately, each an-

swering the other in what we call antiphony (ăn-tĭf'ô-nĭ) or "sound against sound."

Three times a year the people came up to the Temple from all over the land, and then there was tremendous rejoicing, with the whole nation standing in the congregation.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help," the choir on one side would intone.

"My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth," the second choir would answer.

"He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber" the first choir took up the chant. And in that way they would sing the well-known

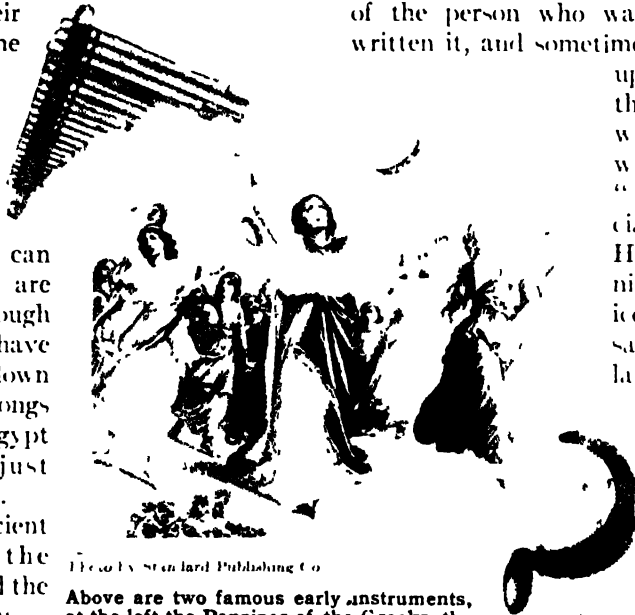


Illustration by Standard Publishing Co.

Above are two famous early instruments, at the left the Panpipes of the Greeks, the favorite instrument of shepherds, and at the right the Hebrew shophar, which was powerful enough to bring down the walls of Jericho. In the square is Miriam, with her maidens, celebrating the passage of the Children of Israel through the Red Sea.

MAN'S EARLIEST MUSIC

Psalm through to the end. It is thought that the word "Selah," which we meet in many Psalms, may have been some sort of direction to the musicians, but we do not know just what.

Besides religious music, the Hebrews had many harvest and vintage songs.

One of those ancient Temple instruments has been used in Jewish worship down to

the walls of Jericho. And it was the shopbars that sounded the attack for Gideon's valiant army.

How Solomon's Music Was Kept

The Hebrews composed a great deal of music for their Temple services, but nearly all of it has been forgotten. It would hardly be true to say that it was lost, since it is



The lyre was the instrument of Apollo, the god of music and poetry. Here he is playing it for the delight of the muses, of whom he was leader. It was their duty to preside over the various arts. You will often hear of them, and so should know their names. From left to right they are Urania, with her globe, muse of astronomy; Thalia, muse of comedy; she usually is

shown with a comic mask; Calliope, with her wax tablet, muse of epic poetry; Melpomene, with tragic mask and wreath, muse of tragedy; Erato, muse of love poetry; Clio, with a scroll, muse of history; Terpsichore, with her lyre, muse of choral song and of the dance; Euterpe, with her flute, muse of lyric poetry, and grave Polyhymnia, the muse of sacred song.

this very day. It is a horn called the shopbar (sho'tar), which is blown in the synagogue with great solemnity during the service on the Day of Atonement. It was always part of the Temple orchestra at Jerusalem.

The Trumpets of the Hebrews

Now early peoples had to make their musical instruments out of whatever was handy. The Hebrews made their shopbar out of a ram's horn. And if they had a very large twisted horn, they could blow a mighty blast upon it. No wonder they used it to call men to battle! A number of those horns, all sounded together, must have been the trumpets that gave the signal for the fall of

Jerusalem. It is certain that many of the melodies that came down to be used as hymns in the early Christian Church were taken, either in part or note for note, from those very Hebrew chants that were sung in Solomon's beautiful Temple.

For when people have learned a tune and love it, they never care to let it go, but set new words to it if the old ones get out of date, and hand it down to their grandchildren century after century. Some of our tunes to day go back a long, long way. But we must not think of them as dull and musty, just because they were sung so long ago. Instead, we must try to remember that they were nummed by gentle maidens bending

MAN'S EARLIEST MUSIC

over great embroidery frames inside a castle tower, or were trolled by lusty knights in armor as they rode off to joust or tournament.

In Europe, the beauty-loving Greeks were the first nation to do much with music. Before they came, it had been just a handmaid to help out at various ceremonies. But the Greeks made it into an art. Their instruments were borrowed from Asia, and were of different sorts. The *syrix* (*sir'ingks*) a row of seven little reeds bound together in the order of their pitch—was loved of shepherds and simple country folk. It was called the *Panpipe*, for it was thought to be an invention of the great god Pan, who ruled over flocks and pastures, forests and all wild things, and was especially dear to shepherds and those who led a life in the open.

The story goes that Pan fell in love with a beautiful wood nymph named *Syrinx*, who, frightened at his advances, begged the water nymphs to help her. So they saved her from his embrace by changing her into a clump of rustling reeds. But her ardent lover plucked the reeds to press them to his lips, and as he kissed them he sighed. The force of his breath in the hollow stems awoke sweet music, which so delighted the lovelorn god that he bound the little reeds together and used them ever after to play upon.

Our own mouth organ is a descendant of the little *syrix*.

The Greeks Invent the Scale

But the instrument the Greeks loved most was the lyre, which, as we have seen, had been used by the Egyptians. In shape and size it was between a harp and a lute or guitar, and was played upon by being

plucked. This was the instrument of Apollo, the Greek god of music.

It was the Greeks who invented the scale—but they had a number of different scales, called "modes," and even those came about after a long, slow growth. Now to us, who are used to hearing our modern music almost from the day of our birth, the fact that there could be any other scale than the one we know seems absurd. We feel that our seven

notes are as bound to follow one after another as sunrise is bound to follow the dawn. It seems to us to be the way the world is made.

But our scale, as we have it to-day, is one of the latest products of civilization. Large parts of the world—China, India, and Japan—do not use it at all; and in its present form it did not come into common use in Europe until the eighteenth century.

It all comes from the fact that early men did not have ears trained to carry a tune

so of course they had no tunes. By slow degrees they learned how to be sure of two notes that should be always just the same distance apart—or, as we say, at just the same "interval" in the scale.

It is thought that, in many tribes, those were the first and fourth notes, or *do* and *fa*, in our modern scale; they are the first two tones in the hymn "Lead, kindly light." In other tribes those first notes were *do* and *sol*, the next note above *fa*.

Now the learning of those two notes was a great advance. How much better to have two notes to make up tunes with than to have only one! It is possible to do a good



Centuries ago these two strange old instruments gave forth tones that listeners felt were quite entrancing. The Greek lyre, above, was used only for striking chords by way of accompaniment to singing. It was never played alone.

Photos by British Museum and Metropolitan Museum of Art

One hardly knows how this harp was used. David, of course, knew how to play the harp as a solo instrument. But that was long after the day of the strange and beautiful instrument shown here. For this harp was first strung in Ur, the city of Abraham's birth, and is at least five thousand years old.

MAN'S EARLIEST MUSIC



Phot. by C. v. of S. Africa

Primitive men to day have to do their best with whatever instruments they are able to invent just as our own forefathers did, thousands of years ago. These

native Africans seem to have rigged up quite an orchestra but one wonders if perhaps it is not just as agreeable to look at in the picture as to listen to.

deal with two notes. Some of the tunes of savages to day do not have any more than that. And then, of course, once those two tones have been firmly fixed in mind, one can put a note or two in between them. And then one has a scale! It is not a very long scale, only three or four notes, and it has no sharps and flats, but it is quite long enough for the simple tunes that its inventors will be able to think up.

For of course all their tunes will be made out of those same three or four notes and those alone. It will just be a matter of

arranging them in as many different ways as possible, and of varying the length of the different notes. If you will take the first four notes in our scale and arrange them in every order you can think of, you will be doing exactly what the early musicians did.

But the first four notes of our scale would probably not be just the same ones that early men hit upon. The first scale we know of among the Greeks was only three notes long, and very nearly corresponded to our *do*, *re*, and *mi* or *fa* and *la*, the third, fourth, and sixth notes of our scale. It seems a

MAN'S EARLIEST MUSIC

queer scale to us; but the people who used it had never heard any other, so it sounded natural enough to them. And at first its three notes were all they needed to make up their tunes.

Some Queer Scales

Later they added a fourth note—G, or *sol*—between F and A. And then they learned how to repeat the little scale from A up and from E down, so that they had quite a range of notes to sing or play in. But they never went so high or so low as we do. All their music lay within a range of about two octaves. They probably felt that very high or very low singing was strained, and bad art.

It was in this way that the Greeks finally worked out a scale of seven notes. But many peoples—among them the Chinese and Japanese—have scales of only five notes, and curious notes at that! It makes their music sound very strange to us. The Scotch bagpipers, too, have an unusual scale; and so have the people of India and of Persia.

In Persia an octave is divided into twice as many notes as we have in ours. Only think how highly trained the ear of a musician must be to hear all those tones! If you will try to put an extra note exactly between the third and fourth notes of our scale, you will see how hard it is to do.

There were other Greek "modes," or scales, besides the one we have just told of, which was the oldest and was called the Doric. Altogether there were nine, each one differing from the rest according as the space between those first two precious notes had been filled up in one way or another. One mode—called the Lydian (līd'ī-ān) - became our major scale of to-day; and another the

Hypodorian (hīp'ō-dō'rī-ān) - became our minor scale.

You can see how the old Greek modes sounded if you will play a series of scales using only the white keys on the piano and beginning each scale on a different white key. If you begin on E, you are playing the Doric mode; if on C, the Lydian; if on A, the Hypodorian. And if you will make up a little tune using only the notes in one of those modes, you will have some idea of the way a Greek air in that mode would have sounded.

For the Greeks never used notes from any other mode than the one they were playing or singing in—they never had any sharps or flats. So far as we know, all their music consisted of nothing but little airs. There were no chords at all. All singing and playing was probably in unison—or sometimes on the same note an octave apart.

Those different modes had very strongly marked traits for Greek ears. The boys of Sparta might sing and play only in the Doric mode, for it was thought to be full of manliness and dignity. And airs in the Lydian mode were felt to be very emotional, and therefore weakening. Indeed, music in general was thought to have a powerful effect in forming character, and wise philosophers gave much attention to the subject.

Between 400 B.C. and 500 A.D. the Greeks did a great deal for music. They perfected the airs that they had borrowed from Asia, they wrote words for them and chanted them on important occasions, they developed skill in singing and playing, and they invented a way to write music down—a very important thing indeed. They may be said to have discovered the "alphabet" of music.

This strange horn is one of the oldest instruments known in Europe. It is called the luren, and its mellow tones may still be heard in out-of-the-way places in Switzerland and the Scandinavian countries.

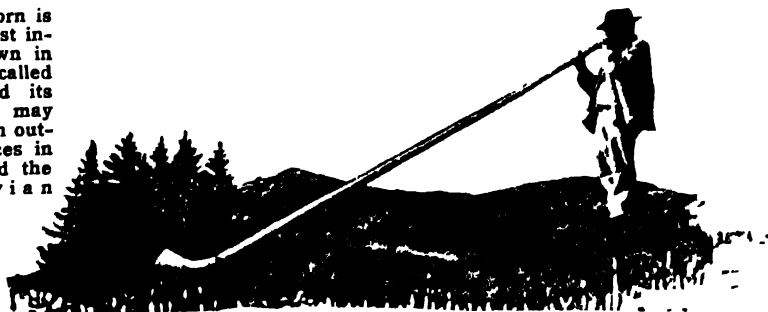


Photo by Swiss Federal Railway

The HISTORY of MUSIC

Reading Unit

No. 2

THE CHILDHOOD OF MUSIC

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

Interesting Facts Explained

Story of St. Cecelia, 12 210
Song helped sustain the early Christians, 12 211-12
Ambrose's rules of music, 12 212
The "revival" of Greek "modes," 12 212
The beginning of written music, 12 213

The first attempts at harmony in song, 12 213, 215
The development of "major" and "minor" scales, 12 215
The rise and spread of secular music, 12 216-17
The mechanism of old organs, 12 219

Things to Think About

How can one's mood be affected by music?
What was the basis for Gregorian Chant? Does it exist to-day?
What was the church's most important contribution to music?
What activities by certain groups

outside the church resulted in a greater love of music?
What was the effect of song upon instruments?
Did women sing in the church service?

Picture Hunt

For what type of music was the four-line staff used? 12 212
Who is the patron saint of music? 12 210

How was present-day notation developed? 12 214
Is the lute a plucked or bowed instrument? 12 213, 215

Related Material

What developments in the Middle Ages ran parallel to the devel-

opments in music? 5 263, 271

Leisure-time Activities

PROJECT NO. 1: Sing "Old Folks at Home" while your friend sings "Humoresque" (Dvorak) at the same time.

PROJECT NO. 2: Play a major scale and a minor scale on the piano, 12 215.

Summary Statement

During the Middle Ages, music was developed by the church through Pope Gregory's scales and rules, through Guido of Arezzo's method of writing music down, through the development of chorus harmony, the major

and minor scales, and counterpoint. Outside the church, music was composed and made popular by troubadours, trouvères, minstrels, minnesingers, and mastersingers. Instruments were improved, especially the organ.



Artists have always loved to paint St. Cecilia, revered as the patron saint of music. She is usually shown with some musical instrument, and often is crowned with flowers. Legend tells us that she was a beautiful and talented Roman maiden who became converted to Christianity when to be a Christian was very dangerous. Her father betrothed her to a noble Roman named Valerian, and Cecilia's heart longed for his conversion. On the evening of her wedding day she is said to have asked Valerian to go out along the Appian Way, a magnificent road leading out from Rome. Here the young man met the aged Bishop Urban, and suddenly was granted a marvelous vision. He was instantly converted to Christianity, and was baptized by the bishop. The legend tells us that upon his return to Cecilia both she and her husband were crowned with flowers by an angel. But soon the Emperor's officers hunted them out, and when they refused to deny their faith they were cruelly put to death, in about 180 A.D. Because St. Cecilia played so beautifully that angels are said to have come to listen, she has long been patron of music. Her day is the twenty-second of November. The organ shown here was not in use till long after her lifetime.

The CHILDHOOD of MUSIC

The Early Christian Church Was like a Cradle in Which Music Grew Until It Could Sally Forth and Travel over Europe on the Lips of Minstrels and Troubadors

WHEN little knots of brave and earnest people gathered together, some nine or ten centuries ago, to worship God in the way that Jesus Christ had taught

them, they had no choirs and organs, no priests and ministers, no churches or cathedrals. Sometimes they had the sky for a roof, at other times they crowded into some

MUSIC DURING THE MIDDLE AGES



It was upon occasions like this one that the early Christians sang their noblest hymns. The painter has shown the touching burial of a Christian maiden stoned to death by the Romans. In an underground chamber

of the catacombs her friends have gathered to bury the poor body in a little niche which they have hollowed out in the wall. Out of such moments as these an inspiring music is certain to be born.

one's house; and all too often they had to hide in caverns underground to save their very lives.

But they were full of faith and deep joy at the new meaning life had taken on for them, and so no fear of danger could keep them from bursting into song. For if you are very glad, you find an air upon your lips almost before you know it. And if you are just a little frightened, and perhaps dream at night of lions charging down upon you across a blood-soaked arena, there will be nothing quite so good to keep your courage up as a noble tune. Soldiers have always known this. And the persecuted Christians were likely to sing whenever they found themselves together.

The First Church Music

But what were the hymns in which they voiced their joy and faith and resolution? Certainly none of the ones we sing to-day. For our church music, like all our religious

ceremonies, has a long history behind it. No, they had to do just what we should have to do if we were starting a new religion. They took the tunes they knew and wrote new words for them.

Now wherever Christians met—in Rome, in Greece, in Asia Minor—the only music that they knew was the music the Greeks had invented. No other people in the ancient world had understood the art so well; the Romans had never done more than borrow Grecian music. So all the old Greek “modes,” or different kinds of scales from which tunes could be put together, were used to make up the tunes the early Christians borrowed and those they invented later. Those hymns were no more than airs, chanted in unison, or perhaps an octave apart—no one had ever heard of chords, or of our modern part singing. Like all early songs, they would sound strange to our ears, for they were sung without the regular time beats we are used to in our music. This was because the

MUSIC DURING THE MIDDLE AGES

music was not thought of as something apart from the words, but was closely bound up with them, so that its rhythm, which is known as "free rhythm," was that of ordinary speech, unfettered by a fixed accent or rhythm. This early church music was of the nature of a melodious speaking. It followed the rise and fall of the voice.

In course of time this rise and fall of the voice gradually was elaborated as congregational worship developed. Psalm singing, anthems, choir responses had taken a fixed form, and new melodies were created to fit these forms. With this development came the need of keeping church music within strictly religious limits. Some of the earlier rules were laid down by Saint Ambrose, the Bishop of Milan, in the fourth century. Another great reformer of church music was Pope Gregory I about the year 600.

Gregory ruled that there should be in use eight "modes," or scales, to which all church music should belong; modern music has only two modes, major and minor. The names given to Gregory's modes were the same as those of the old Greek modes, but in fact the tonal structure was entirely

different. Like the Greek modes, the church modes were applied to a free non-metrical rendering of the words sung in unison— an air, so to speak. But the modes were quite varied. One was like the major scale of to-day. The music or

This Greek minstrel is playing upon a lyre, the favorite instrument of the Greeks, who had it from the Egyptians and passed it on to many later nations.

chant of that period is known as "plainsong" or Gregorian chant, called after the pope musician who

did so much for church music.

Many of those fine old Gregorian (grê-gô-ri-an) chants may be heard in the Catholic church to this day and most of our modern music has descended from them. If an ancient Greek should wander into a service to-day where those old plain songs were being sung, he would find in

them music that he understood. Our modern music, on the other hand, would completely bewilder him.

The rules of Gregory the Great were so strict that music changed very little for at least three hundred years. For though the people always

sang songs, which sprang up no one knew from where, those "folk songs," as we call them, were felt to be immoral, and were often forbidden by the church. So they did not help much in the growth of music, except that the church



This musical score may look strange to us to-day, but it was a great advance on earlier methods of writing music down. Of the first of these, probably invented by the peoples of the East, we know very little. But when music became a part of the church service, various schemes of notation were hit upon. These were all of them systems of dots and crooks written just above the words of the song. They were called the "neumes," and on the next page you will see a chart of various styles of them. But such systems were most unsatisfactory, and many improvements were tried. Different colors were used to indicate different letters, and gradually lines were added to show the pitch. You will notice that the staff above has only four lines. At one time four lines were used for sacred music, and five for other kinds. You will notice, too, that no measures are indicated, for that was never done before the twelfth century. All the music up to quite a late date was in triple time, which was thought to be perfect because it was the number of the Trinity. By the end of the fourteenth century the strange-looking neumes had entirely given way before the square black notes which you see in this page from an old antiphony (ân-tîf'ô-nâ-ri), or book containing the responses sung in church. In the fifteenth century lozenge-shaped notes were added, and tails showed the time value. It was not long, then, before our modern system was developed.

MUSIC DURING THE MIDDLE AGES

sometimes borrowed a tune from them.

At that early day none of the musical instruments were of much use for anything except accompaniment; and nearly all the trained musicians were to be found singing and composing for the church services. So the church had things all its own way. Under its guidance the system for writing music down was greatly improved. During the earlier Middle Ages music had been set down in a sort of system of musical shorthand known as the "neumes" (nūmz). It was very complicated and very vague, and was hard to read even in those days. Many specimens still survive that we cannot puzzle out at all. But about the year 1000 an Italian monk named Guido of Arezzo (gwe'dō of à rēt'sō) perfected a method of writing music down that is with some improvements virtually the one we use to-day. Since it was now comparatively easy to write down, and easy to read accurately, music immediately began to progress faster than it had ever done before. Great choruses were formed, and more and more people began to compose.

And gradually those big choruses of men's and boys' voices were getting impatient of always singing in unison. For one thing, it was not easy to manage. Of course the sopranos and the heavy basses could always sing an octave apart, but even that did not help the voices in between the two the altos and the baritones. Everything was too high or too low for them.

So at last the choristers hit on the scheme of having some of the voices sing at a pitch between the high and low - usually five notes above the air. For at first it was the bass

that kept the air, not the soprano, as to-day. And then voices were added at still another level.

The result would have been pretty bad to our modern ears, for though every effort was made to avoid discords, some of the sounds were very painful; and there never was anything that we should think of as a fine resounding chord. People would not have liked it at all! The singers simply sang along together, each part sawing away at the tune in another key, and trying as well as it could to keep out of its neighbor's way. Sometimes they were horribly out of tune and sometimes they they got along politely; but it was always several parts singing, each one on its own separate level, or "register," instead of each part doing its share to make up a harmonious whole, as in our part songs to-day.

But how amazing it must have sounded to the congregations, who had never heard anything but an air in unison before! People were so patient with the discords that the composers were encouraged to go ahead with every sort of experiment, just to see how things would sound. They tried having the various voices sing the same air, but with each one coming in a little late, one after the other. That was known as a "canon." A very famous one called "Sumer is icumen in" was written in England in the thirteenth century and is

sometimes sung even to-day. And we still follow the canon plan in the "rounds" we sing - like "Three Blind Mice."

Then those earnest experimenters tried the startling plan of having their choirs sing two different tunes at once! Now it is true



Photo by Alinari

This picture of the Virgin and Child is by the famous Venetian painter Bellini (bél-lé'né), who lived in the latter part of the fifteenth century. He has shown us three musicians of his day, all playing upon their instruments. The one at the left is holding a rebec, an ancestor of the violin. This little instrument could trace its descent back through an early stringed instrument used in the East as much as a thousand years before Christ. This was called the rebab, and was brought into Europe by the Moors, though it may also have come in by way of Constantinople. The other two instruments are lutes, popular throughout the Middle Ages and tracing their ancestry back to the same little old rebabs that were the ancestors of the rebec. The lute, however, was not played with a bow, as the rebec was. It was plucked, after the manner of our modern mandolin and guitar.

MUSIC DURING THE MIDDLE AGES

Elements	Name of Neume	Elementary Form	St Gall IX Cent	North Italy X Cent	Germany XI Cent	Lombardy XI Cent	Aquitaine XI Cent	Germany XII Cent	Gothic XIII Cent	Sarum Gradual XIII Cent on four lines	Gothic XIV Cent	South Italy XV Cent	Ratisbon 1889	Solomes 1902
Grave accent	Punctum	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•
Acute accent	Virga	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	/
Acute and grave accent combined	Civis or Clivis	∨	∨	∨	∨	∨	∨	∨	∨	∨	∨	∨	∨	∨
Grave and acute accent combined	Podatus or Pes	┘	┘	┘	┘	┘	┘	┘	┘	┘	┘	┘	┘	┘
Two grave and one acute accent	Scandicus	˘	˘	˘	˘	˘	˘	˘	˘	˘	˘	˘	˘	˘
Acute accent and two grave accents	Climacus	˘˘	˘˘	˘˘	˘˘	˘˘	˘˘	˘˘	˘˘	˘˘	˘˘	˘˘	˘˘	˘˘
Grave, acute, and grave accents	Torculus	˘˘˘	˘˘˘	˘˘˘	˘˘˘	˘˘˘	˘˘˘	˘˘˘	˘˘˘	˘˘˘	˘˘˘	˘˘˘	˘˘˘	˘˘˘
Acute, grave, and acute accents	Porrectus	˘˘˘	˘˘˘	˘˘˘	˘˘˘	˘˘˘	˘˘˘	˘˘˘	˘˘˘	˘˘˘	˘˘˘	˘˘˘	˘˘˘	˘˘˘
Grave, acute, and one or more grave accents	Podatus subpunctus or sub-bipunctus	˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘
Acute, two grave, and one acute accents	Climacus resupinus	˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘
Two grave, one acute, and one grave accents	Scandicus flexus	˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘
Two grave, one acute, and two grave accents	Scandicus subpunctus or sub-bipunctus	˘˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘˘
Grave, acute, grave, acute accents	Torculus resupinus	˘˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘˘
Acute, grave, acute, grave accents	Porrectus flexus	˘˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘˘
Acute, grave, acute, and two grave accents	Porrectus subpunctus	˘˘˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘˘˘	˘˘˘˘˘˘

Reproduced from Grove's Dictionary of Music by permission of the Macmillan Co.

By following this chart from left to right, you will see how the queer-looking dots and crooks called neumes gradually developed into our present musical notation.

MUSIC DURING THE MIDDLE AGES

that there are a few tunes that will go together very nicely. "The Spanish Cavalier" and "Solomon Levi" sound quite charming when sung at the same time. But when the thing was tried for the first time, back in the Middle Ages, the tunes did not harmonize at all. They were just rammed together, and if one voice saw a discord ahead, it hurried up to get past that danger spot before the other voice should have arrived there. Words, tune, time, everything was different for each voice. In fact, there was very little sense of time in those care-free days. Singers were more eager to keep out of one another's way than to keep together.

But gradually men were learning. They were still tied down to those old-fashioned Gregorian modes, and each part sang its own separate tune, with one of the lower parts carrying a more important tune than the rest. But their ears were getting used to hearing two, three, or four sounds of different pitch all at the same time, and they were learning when such combinations were pleasant and when they were not. In other words, they were beginning to understand what "harmony" is. And it is harmony that makes our magnificent modern music possible, our choruses, our operas, and our great symphonies. The discovery of its laws brought about the greatest revolution in all the history of music.

And men were finding out other things too. For as they learned to fit several parts together, they had to find some way of arriving at the end all at the same time, or of arriving at a given chord together. It was not a very easy thing to do, when each part was singing its own separate tune. You need only try it to see how hard it is. But gradually they learned how to divide their songs up into short lengths, or "measures,"

with a certain amount of time, which they told off in beats, allowed for each measure. Then all the parts could march along abreast and all keep in step. In that way "time" came to be an important feature in all music. For nowadays a piece may be almost lacking in "rhythm," or swing, but it is always played in some kind of "time."

And besides all this they were gradually getting rid of those old modes—and it was high time. For while the modes had been most useful to start with, and had helped to give a delightful variety to the old Greek and church melodies, they now were a kind of strait-jacket that music found itself in. For harmony could not develop freely while it was against the rules to use sharps and flats in your piece. It was almost as if a painter should decide that he must never use certain colors.

It all came about quite naturally. As various tunes, or "voices," were sung together, the singers discovered that by using

sharps and flats discords could often be avoided. Of course a mode never had contained any written sharps or flats,

and when they were added the modes began to merge and vanish, until composers found that all they needed was one "major" scale and a "minor" scale. It happened that the scale they found most suited to their purposes was the same as the old Greek Lydian (līd'ī-ān) mode; and the "minor" scale was the same as the old Hypodorian (hīp'ō-dō'rī-ān) mode.

When Several Tunes Were Sung at Once

Toward the close of the Middle Ages some very beautiful music was being written, for a great deal had been learned about the art. The church music was all of the kind we have described—several tunes, or "voices,"

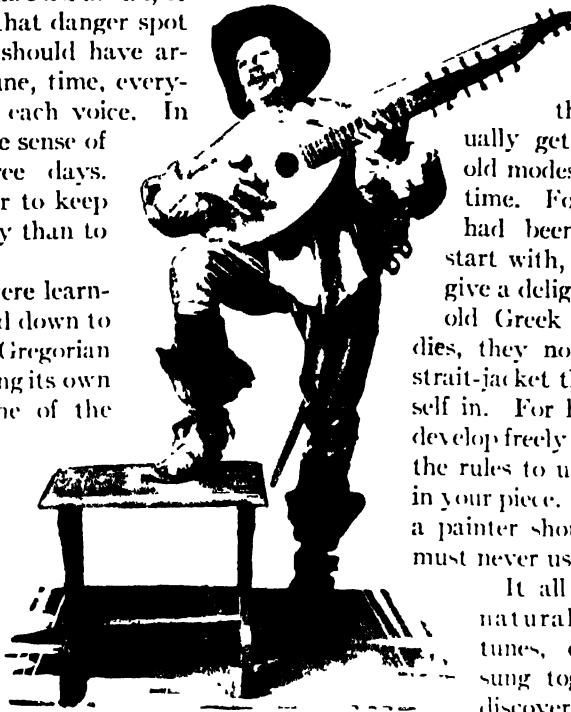
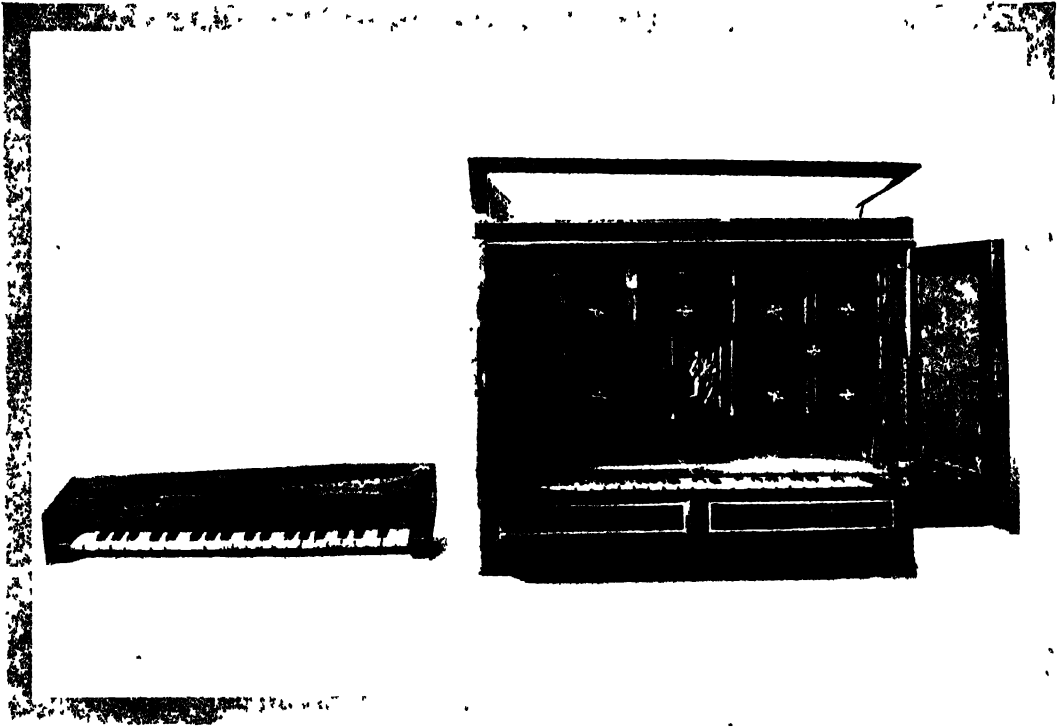


Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

A famous nineteenth-century French artist named Meissonnier (mé'sō'nyā') painted this picture of "The Lute Player."

MUSIC DURING THE MIDDLE AGES



This ebony cabinet organ with removable spinet was all going along together. It was called "counterpoint," for when a second voice was added to the main tune, it had to be made to fit, note by note—or "point against point"—and so that style of composition got its name.

Music Spreads Outside the Church

But the musicians were no longer found only in church choirs. The folk songs had been growing more and more beautiful, and the church had stopped frowning upon the singing of them. In the south of France the aristocratic poets and musicians called troubadours (trōō'bā-dōōr) delighted the knights and ladies with original songs. It was not beneath the dignity of kings to compose in this way; Richard the Lion-hearted was one of the troubadours.

In the north of France the "trouvères" (trōō'vār') were not so highly born, and perhaps for that reason they took their music more seriously; they were more like our professional musicians. One of the greatest of them was a hunchback named Adam de la Hale (1230-1288), who wrote

designed in Germany in 1508 by Laurentius Hauslans.

a great many little three-part songs called "rondels" (rōn'dēl) and "rondeaux" (rōn'dō). The Englishman John Dunstable, some two centuries later, was one of the great musicians of his day; and he was followed by a whole group of able composers in the Netherlands, of whom a man named Josquin des Prés (zhōs'kăN' dē prā) was the best. He has been called the first great composer.

And so music spread. England had her wandering minstrels, who sang in noble hall or in the market place. Germany had her "minnesingers" (mīn'ē-sīng'er), highborn musicians who, like the troubadours, sang their own poems to while away the heavy hours for knights and ladies. The name means "singers of love"; and for accompaniment they used the romantic harp.

Tournaments of Song

Wagner in his great opera "Tannhauser" (tan'hoi-zēr) shows how the minnesingers held their "Tournaments of Song" at famous castles in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and gives us a portrait of the greatest of them, Wolfram von Eschenbach (vōl'fram

MUSIC DURING THE MIDDLE AGES

fōn ěsh'ěn-bāK). And in another opera, "The Mastersingers," Wagner shows us Hans Sachs (zāKs), a famous cobbler-poet who lived in the early sixteenth century and belonged to one of the musical guilds. These had grown up among the humbler people in the German cities and had taken the place of the minnesingers.

A guild was a good deal like a trade union; and the mastersingers were members of various guilds of musicians. They held vocal competitions in the schools and churches and on the open meadows, with the strictest of rules to govern the contests. You see, as the people learned to love music more and more, the musicians grew to be more and more important persons. By 1550 we have names of men who were writing or singing music in all the countries of Europe among them Martin Luther himself.

It is easy to see that all these hard-working musicians would not be satisfied long with their funny lick old instruments. They soon set to work to improve the ones they had and to invent new ones. They did a great deal for the lute, a very old instrument somewhat like a guitar; its blunt little notes accompanied the songs of the troubadours and of the lovelorn maidens who are always pictured at the window of a frowning castle tower.

What the First Organs Were Like

But of course men worked hardest to perfect the organ, for the lute was used only by individual musicians, while the organ was used in the church services. We have some very amusing old fifth-century pictures of various kinds of organs. How quaint and strange those little instruments must have been! The pipes, made of wood or metal, were bound together in every possible shape, and the wind was sometimes supplied by as many as four sets of bellows, each set blown by a different man, who had to wear iron shoes, for he trod the bellows down. Before

the keyboard was invented there often had to be two players for each organ; and when an instrument did have keys, it sometimes took the whole of a man's fist to push one down.

Mr. Cecil Forsyth has given us an amusing account of what it must have been like to play on the organ built about 957 in Winchester Cathedral in England: "We can imagine the organists--all men picked for their physique--darting madly to and fro at the key-board, screwed up to the excitement of smiting the right key at the right moment, and attacking it with all the force of their bodies gathered into their thickly-gloved hands; the toiling, moiling crowd of blowers behind, treading away for dear life to keep the wind-chest full; the frightful din of the heavy timber mechanism, creaking and groaning like a four-decker in a heavy sea."

And yet many of the people living at that time thought that the tone of those awkward old contrivances was very sweet and pure.

Music's Greatest Messenger

In the ninth and tenth centuries organs were wonderfully improved, and the big churches and cathedrals everywhere in Europe began to install as fine ones as could be made. It is hard to imagine what a service must have been without them, for no other instrument can compare with them for richness and solemnity of tone. It is probably true that the organ has done more than any other instrument to spread the knowledge and love of music.

And now we shall bid farewell to the Middle Ages, with its music-loving monks, who were the teachers, its romantic troubadours and minnesingers, who made music the fashion, and its great contests of song. It laid the broad foundation for the fine music that was to come. For in the days that followed, the great art flowered into what we call its Golden Age.

The HISTORY of MUSIC

Reading Unit

No. 3

MUSIC COMES OF AGE AT LAST

Note For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index

Interesting Facts Explained

- | | |
|---|---|
| The madrigal Italian and English 12 220-22 | The aria created by Scarlatti 12 225, 24 |
| The ancestors of the piano 12 222 | The famous violin making families 12 224 25 |
| How opera was invented 12 222-23 | Early Italian opera arias plus recitatives 12 225 |
| The make up of an early operatic orchestra 12 225 | Early French opera adds drama and ballets 12 227 |

Things to Think About

- | | |
|---|--|
| How did Palestrina develop church music? | Which instruments were the predecessors of the violin? |
| Why did folk or secular music gain in usage? | Who was the greatest violin maker? |
| How do madrigals differ from current popular songs? | Of how many little pieces is a violin made? |
| What early stringed instruments with keyboards were in use? | What gives the violin its tone? |

Picture Hunt

- | | |
|--|--|
| What descendants of the lute are played nowadays? 12 221 | 26 |
| Which keyboard instruments were the forerunners of the piano? 12 221 | How were portative organs managed? 12 225 |
| Which instruments were the forerunners of the violin? 12 222- | How many keyboards has the harpsichord? 12 221 |
| | Does a harpsichord have pedals? 12 221 |

Related Material

- | | |
|---|---|
| What famous queen enjoyed playing on the virginal? 12 304 | World while violins were being perfected in Cremona? 13-475 7 124 |
| What was happening in the New | |

Leisure-time Activities

- | | |
|---|--|
| Examine a violin find the bridge pegs fingerboard and strings | Visit a museum and try to find pictures or models of the old viols and also of a Stradivarius. |
| Ask your music teacher to play a madrigal | |

Summary Statement

- | | |
|---|--|
| After the Middle Ages, secular music became popular, especially the madrigals Various viols and | keyboard instruments were in use and violins were perfected Opera was introduced |
|---|--|

MUSIC OF THE RENAISSANCE



The Italians seem born to music so it is fitting that the painter of this Italian scene should have shown us

a humble performer such as one may hear along the city streets or country roads almost anywhere in Italy

MUSIC COMES *of* AGE *at* LAST

A "Golden Age" and a "New Age" Started Everybody Who Liked a Tune Going to Hear Music Sung and Played in Public Halls, as Well as in Churches and Palaces; and in Italy a Handful of Men Were Making Violins Such as the World Has Never Seen Since

HAVE you ever noticed that great events have a way of happening at about the same time? There seem to be certain periods when all the hard work men have been doing for two or three centuries past suddenly begins to bear fruit. Then everyone wakes up to the fact that the world is an amazing place, and people feel that it is a fine thing to be alive.

Now it was during such a time that Henry VIII and Good Queen Bess sat on the throne of England. Exciting things were going

on everywhere. The gallant Magellan was sailing around the world. On the west side of the Atlantic a whole new continent was being opened up. The greatest dramatist the world has ever seen was writing plays and poetry that will make the name of Shakespeare famous for centuries to come. And in every corner of Europe a fever for action had seized men's minds. It was while all this was going on that music came into its Golden Age—its first age of perfection.

MUSIC OF THE RENAISSANCE

Now who were the musicians who put all those surging feelings into beautiful sounds? Mightiest of all was the great Palestrina (pa'lās-trē'nā), an Italian who lived in Rome during the sixteenth century and wrote music for the choir of the pope. Everything he composed was for the church, and was intended for choruses of male voices without any accompaniment. He took the awkward, stuttering music of the Middle Ages and wove all those separate independent voices that make up what we call counterpoint into a whole that was beautiful and dignified and harmonious. He was one of the greatest writers of sacred music who ever lived. Many of you know his beautiful Christmas carol, "Behold a rose of beauty from Jesse's rod is sprung."

The Age of the Folk Song

But you will remember that the world outside the church's walls was full of excitement. Men were thinking all sorts of new things, and feeling very deeply. It was hardly likely that they could keep from bursting into song. For some time musicians had been writing music

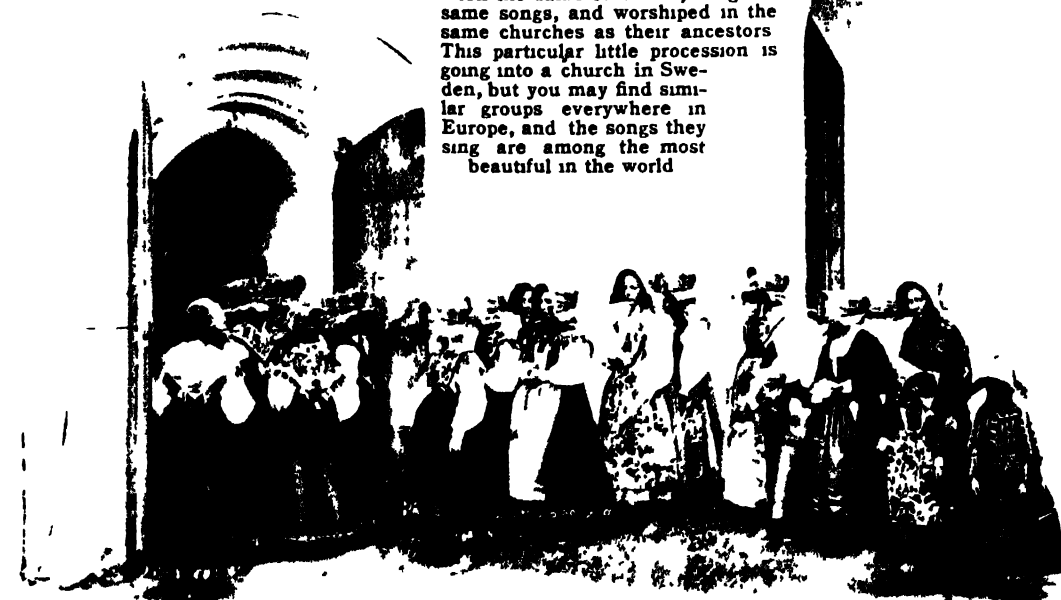
that had nothing to do with religion "secular" (sĕk'ū-lār) music, we call it—and the simple old songs of the people, or "folk songs," were on everybody's lips.

What Is a Madrigal?

It was now that all this secular music came into its own. Composers all tried their hand at writing madrigals (măd'rĭ-gāl). These were songs of love or nature or spring time, written for several separate voices without any accompaniment. Anything fresher, livelier, and lovelier than some of those old madrigals it would be hard to find. The composers kept the different tunes, or "voices," all going at once—in and out and all together—in an amazing way, like a juggler keeping a number of balls all in the air at the same time. And the songs were often full of feeling, too. Of course, people loved them, for the common tunes that ploughboys whistled and lads and lassies danced to were woven into them.

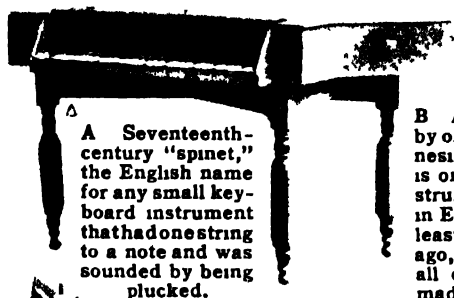
The finest madrigals were written in Italy, the country where everyone seems to be born with a song on his lips. But I ng

It was on the lips of simple people like these that our beautiful folk music was born. Year after year and century after century they have worn the same costumes, sung the same songs, and worshiped in the same churches as their ancestors. This particular little procession is going into a church in Sweden, but you may find similar groups everywhere in Europe, and the songs they sing are among the most beautiful in the world.

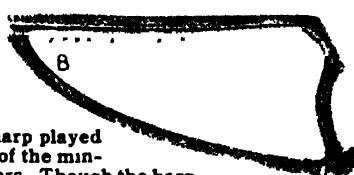


Photos by Swedish State Rys

MUSIC OF THE RENAISSANCE



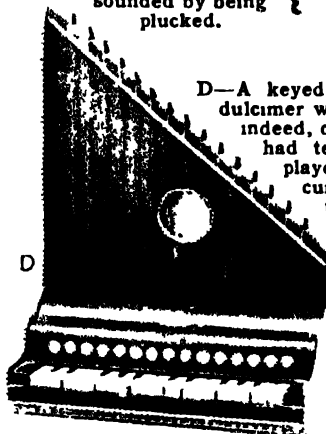
A Seventeenth-century "spinet," the English name for any small keyboard instrument that had one string to a note and was sounded by being plucked.



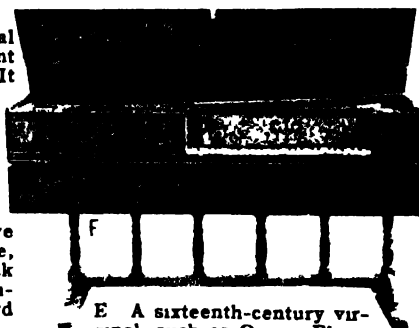
B A harp played by one of the minnesingers. Though the harp is one of the oldest of instruments, and was played in Egypt and Asia Minor at least three thousand years ago, our modern harps are all descended from those made in Northern Europe like the one above.



C A sixteenth-century lute, an ancestor of our modern guitars and mandolins.



D—A keyed dulcimer. The original dulcimer was a very old instrument indeed, coming from the East. It had ten strings, which the player struck with a long curved stick. This was the "instrument of ten strings" in the Bible. In the Middle Ages a dulcimer had from two to five strings for each note, and the player struck them with a little hammer. Finally a keyboard was added.



E A sixteenth-century virginal, such as Queen Elizabeth might have played upon. The name was applied in England to spinets that had four or five sides. Each note had one string, plucked by means of a quill. The instrument took its name from the fact that it was often played upon by young girls.

F A seventeenth-century harpsichord, much larger than the virginal and spinet but related to them in that the strings were plucked with a quill. This ancestor of our modern piano was shaped like a harp, and had two to four strings to a note. Sometimes, as

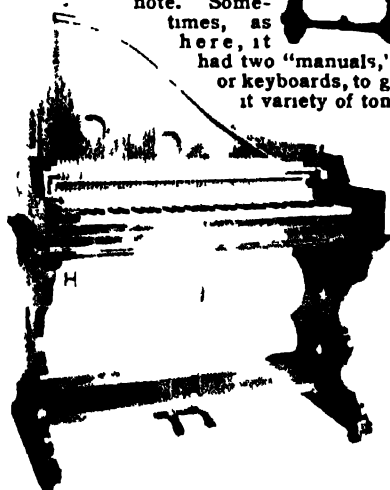


here, it had two "manuals," or keyboards, to give it variety of tone

G An eighteenth-century zither, an instrument somewhat like the ancient psaltery mentioned



in the Bible. The player plucked the strings as the instrument lay on the table in front of him.



H A keyboard was added to the zither in just the way that it was added to the dulcimer and other instruments. Here you see a "zither clavier" of the eighteenth century—that is, a keyed zither.

At I is a sixteenth-century clavichord, another ancestor of the piano. It developed from the keyed dulcimer, so its notes were sounded by striking the keys, instead of by plucking them. The tone was soft but very sweet.



MUSIC OF THE RENAISSANCE

land was a close second. Queen Elizabeth was delighted with the ones written by Byrd and Morley; and these charming songs grew so popular that they were sung everywhere. "A gentleman would take his part in a madrigal then as readily as he now takes a hand at bridge." And what poetry those composers had to choose from when they wanted

words to set to music!—Thomas Campion, Sir Philip Sidney, Edmund Spenser, and Sir Walter Raleigh. No wonder it was the Golden Age of song!

Orlando Gibbons (1583-1625) was another Englishman who wrote madrigals as well as fine church music; and Orlandus Lassus (1520-1594), a native of the Netherlands and one of the greatest musicians of the Golden Age, knew how to please both the priests in church and lords and ladies in the drawing-room.

One of the things that interests us most about these madrigal writers is the fact that many of the things they wrote could be either sung by voices or played by instruments. "Apt for voices or viols" was the phrase that many a madrigal carried on its title page. And that means that instruments were being improved and at last were being used for something besides accompaniment. Those viols, which were of different sizes, were

the ancestors of our bass viols, violins, and 'cellos.

And still more interesting than the viols was a little stringed instrument that the English people bought for their homes. It had a keyboard, as our piano has, and was called a virginal - or a "pair of virginals."

Its little tinkle sounds very thin to us

to-day, for the strings were plucked instead of being struck, and so did not resound. But in Shakespeare's time the virginal was one of the noblest of instruments. Henry VIII, Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth all were skilled in playing upon it; and we have to this day a famous book of dainty little pieces, full of scales and turns, which is called "Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book."

The spinet (spīn'ēt), the clavichord (klāv'y-kōrd), and the harpsichord were played as much as the virginals at this time. All of

them were stringed instruments with keyboards—little humble ancestors of our own piano.

When the First Opera Was Written

Like all the other ages, the Golden Age, too, had to pass away. Its music had been perfect of its kind, but it never had been able to voice men's stormier moods, and so, after a time, its composers found



This village musician from Germany is playing upon a quaint little rebec shaped like a boat and so small that he could stick it in his pocket to take to country dances. It was one of the forerunners of the violin, and in turn traced its descent back to the ancient oriental rebab, which often was shaped in this odd fashion.

MUSIC OF THE RENAISSANCE

they had said about all that they knew how to say.

So they went ahead and invented something new. For that is what men always must be doing if the world is to progress. And the new thing they invented was nothing less than opera--that mighty combination of voices and instruments which has given us so much of our best music.

Of course people at first shook their heads. This new form, which had so many different things all going at once--what with choruses and solos and interludes and a kind of singsong, tuneless talk called "recitative" (rēs'ī-tā-tēv') was just a horrid hodge-podge to a good many of the people who had grown up to hear nothing but the old unaccompanied part songs. There were all kinds of new chords and new arrangements of the old ones.

And there were even intentional discords, or "dissonances" (dīs'ō-nāns)--which seemed ridiculous and almost wicked! People laughed or hissed just the way they laugh or hiss at the new styles of music nowadays.

The First Opera

But a genius named Claudio Monteverde (mōn'tā-vār'dā), an Italian, came along and showed what could be done. Other men had blazed the trail. A group of musicians in Florence had been trying to imitate the Greeks, who had always had a chorus as part of their tragedies and comedies. The first attempt of these Italians, and the very first opera ever produced, was Jacopo Peri's (nā'rē) "Dafne" (dāf'nē), performed in the year 1597, at the Corsi (kōr'sē) Palace in Florence. It was a great success. So Monteverde (1567-1643) took the old Greek story of Orpheus and made a music drama

of it. In it there was no spoken word; everything was sung. He called it "Orfeo," and produced it in 1607 to entertain the members of the court of the Duke of Mantua. Of course it was the Duke who paid for the entertainment; that was always the way in those days.

The orchestra that played on that great occasion would have sounded very thin and almost laughable to us. To begin with, there were several little portable organs, called "positives" and "regals."

They had only a few keys and probably not much power. There were a number of harpsichords and lutes--the lutes, of different sizes, were a good deal like our guitars. And then there

were several harps and viols, "two little violins of the French kind," two

wooden wind instruments called "cornetti," four trombones, several trumpets, and one flute. And those little piping,

wheezing, scraping contrivances made up the orchestra

that all our amazing modern orchestras have descended from. But they must have seemed quite overwhelming to that noble audience at the Duke of Mantua's.

Of course other musicians were not slow to follow Monteverde's lead. Another Italian named Carissimi (ka-rēs'sī-mē) set Bible stories to music. His compositions were just like an opera except that there was no action--the whole story had to be told by the singers. We call them "oratorios" (ōr'ā-tō'rī-ō).

What Is an Aria?

Carissimi had a pupil named Alessandro Scarlatti (ä'lēs-sän'drō skär-lät'tē) who filled his operas with lovely little airs to be sung by a single voice and so perfected what we call the aria da capo (ä'rī-ä dā kä'pō), or, as we now call it for short, the aria. People always love to hear those charming operatic



Photos by Metropolitan Museum of Art

At the top is a curious Arabian stringed instrument played with a bow. Just below is a spinet made in Italy in the sixteenth century. And in the lower right-hand corner is a rather horrifying affair from Central Africa. It resembles a lyre, and is made from a human skull.

MUSIC OF THE RENAISSANCE



This is the great Stradivari himself at work in the shop from which he turned out the most perfect

violins the world has ever seen. Any one of them is now worth a fortune to its lucky possessor.

songs, partly because the melody is pretty and partly because they are usually so simple. For an aria such as the Italians wrote mostly follows the same general pattern—first a tune in one key, then another tune leading into another key, and then a repetition of the first tune. This is known as the “binary” (bī’nā-rī) form. Though it is much too short to be an aria, “Swanee River” is a good example of the scheme. Scarlatti, with his little arias, did a great deal to help people to write music in a single key. Those old “modes” were at last left far behind, and harmony had come to take their place.

When Opera Left the Courts

It was during Scarlatti’s day (1659-1725) that opera escaped from the courts of dukes and bishops and came to be a thing that everyone could go to hear. For in 1641 the first opera house had been opened in Venice.

And it was a friend of Scarlatti’s—a man named Corelli (kō-rē’lē)—who became the first great violinist in history. Corelli (1653-1713) was the first man who really understood writing music for the violin.

And it was a fine thing that he did, for the Italians had already begun to make those famous violins that after two centuries and a half are still the most perfect the world has ever seen.

The Master Violin Maker

It was in the little town of Cremona (krē-mō’nā) that the most famous ones were made. Whole families of geniuses—fathers, sons, grandsons, great-nephews—worked and experimented, each maker lovingly spending himself to fashion that magical combination of wood and catgut which is perhaps the most perfect musical instrument that we have.

Out of the clumsy viols and twanging rebecs (rē’bēk) the early violins grew. It was the Hindus who first had the idea of playing an instrument with a bow (1500 B.C.). The Arabs brought the invention into Europe in the seventh century. Then almost a thousand years had to pass before various families in Italy, like the Amatis (ä-mä’tē) and the Guarneris (gwär-nā’rē), worked out the violin. But it was Antonio Stradivari (strä’dē-vä’rē) who was the great-

est genius of them all. During his long life (1644-1737) he signed his name to instruments of such amazing beauty of tone and workmanship that their worth is fabulous to-day.

A Lost Art

Stradivari was trained in his art by one of the Amati family, but after a time he learned to shape his violins after a pattern of his own, and those are the famous "Long Strads" that we hear about. Later he went back to the smaller size. It is pleasant to know that the great man's finest masterpieces were most of them made when he was growing old. Each famous instrument he fashioned has a name; and it was when he had reached the age of seventy-one that he made the "Alard," the finest of them all.

We have tried hard to find out what it is that gives those old violins their amazingly beautiful tone, and have done our very best to copy them. We have reproduced to a hair's breadth every one of the fifty-seven little pieces that go to make up the permanent part of the instrument. We have chosen the wood with the greatest care, cutting the "belly" from pine and the "back" from sycamore or maple, just as those old Italians did. We have fitted the whole together carefully and finished it in the best way we know how. And yet how different it sounds! Many careful students of the matter think that the whole secret lies in the varnish, which we do not seem able to make just as the Italians did!

It was fitting that violins should have been improved in the country where opera was born, for what would an opera be without its orchestra, and what would an orchestra be without the violins? In fact, it was from the openings, or "overtures," that Scarlatti wrote for his operas that we got our great symphonies (sīm'fō-nī) of to-day. He composed short introductions, called "sinfonias," in three or more sections,

grave and gay, which the orchestra played before an opera began. Other writers followed his practice, and the "symphonies" finally came to be played alone without an opera following. From that it was an easy step to composing long works for the orchestra, still keeping the three or four separate sections, or "movements."

It is not hard to see that so great an invention as opera would not be likely to stay at home in Italy for very long. Its first journey was to France. Now the French have a very lively genius that is all their own, and if there is anything that a Frenchman does not like, it is a thing that is tiresome or unintelligent. He hates to be bored! So when opera fell into French hands, it was shaped in quite a new way.

In Italy it soon settled down into the most deadly monotony. For having invented a new kind of music drama, the Italians promptly forgot that it ought to be dramatic. They were carried away by the music instead. So all they did was to string together a lot of empty arias that gave popular singers a chance to show off. Between those meaningless solos, full of runs and trills and quirks and quavers, were long passages of singsong prose explanation, or "recitative." But very little ever happened. It was enough to make a quick-minded Frenchman die of boredom.

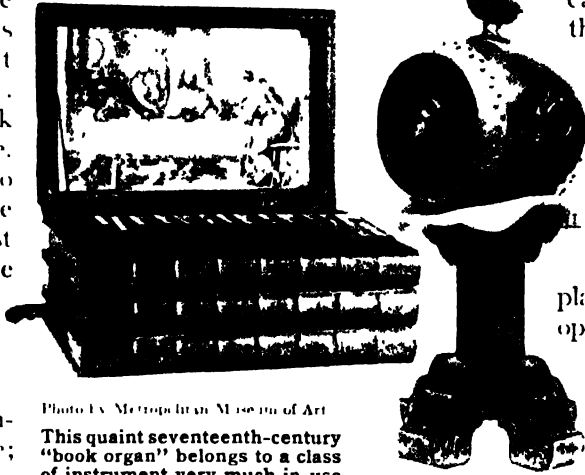


Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

This quaint seventeenth-century "book organ" belongs to a class of instrument very much in use in the Middle Ages. They were called "portative organs," and were small enough to be carried about by the performer. Of course they were not all so curiously and beautifully cased as this one is, but they were all very small, with only a few keys, and they all were pumped by bellows that it took one hand to operate. In this portative, the bellows protrude at the left-hand side, the performer played the keys with the right hand only. The picture at the right shows a curious old Japanese drum.

MUSIC OF THE RENAISSANCE



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

Here are various ancestors of the modern violin and of other orchestral instruments related to it—the bass viol, the viola, and the violoncello. At A and B are primitive musical bows, the one at the left with a resonator. Many an early hunter must have learned that he could get a musical sound by drawing his bow across the tense strings of various early instruments, such as the primitive African lyre at C or the Greek lyre at D, in both of which the strings were plucked. So it is not surprising to find that the Cretan "lyra" at E was played with a bow. Next came the German rotta, at F, which was plucked at first but by the eleventh century was played upon with a bow. This developed into the Welsh crwth (króoth), at L, which some think was an ancestor of the violin, though it was always plucked. Now while all these instruments were developing in Europe, there was being played in Asia a little pear-shaped affair called the rebab (ré-bab'). This was brought into Europe, bow and all, by the Arabs, and came to be known as the rebec. To this type of instrument belong the Arabian fiddle at G,

the Moorish rebec at H, and the pear-shaped rebec at I which was played all over Europe during the Middle Ages. The Wends, a Slavic people of Central Europe, used to play a fiddle shown at J. And then came the viols (K). These were of various sizes, but all had flat backs and most of them had six strings. They were in use from the last part of the fifteenth century until the end of the seventeenth century. By then the violin (M) had taken their place, though our modern bass viol still survives as a form of one of those early viols. The tenor viol was the first to take on the violin shape, and was called a viola (vê-o'la). It still figures in our orchestras to-day. A bass viol of medium range, known as the viola da gamba—the "viol for the leg"—underwent the same change and became our modern violoncello. Because the tone of the viols was weak, the main strings were sometimes reinforced by another set of strings beneath them, which vibrated in sympathy. Such was the viola d'amore (dâ-mô'ra), or "viol of love," shown at N. Its tone was very rich and beautiful.

MUSIC OF THE RENAISSANCE

The French have always had a strong feeling for what was dramatic. They were not long in seeing how great an invention opera was, with its orchestra, its solos, its accompanied choruses, and its thrilling situations. So they took it over and emphasized the action. For a long time they had had little dramatic plays with songs and dancing, so they introduced dances, or "ballets" (bâ'lê'), into their operas. They still used plenty of arias, but at least they broke them up with dancing, and made them shorter than those the Italians were used to hearing.

They also learned the new art of writing harmonies from their neighbors across the Alps, especially from a rascally fellow named Lulli (lu'lê'), one of the few great musicians who was a scoundrel too. The poor lad had gone to France in his youth, and had had rather a bad time. He had been obliged to pick up most of his musical education for himself. But he got an appointment as musician to King Louis XIV, and with that start forged ahead rapidly.

Writing Operas for a Court

Lulli (1633-1687) was quick to see what it was that the French liked, and his music pleased the court so much that he was able to drive out all his rivals and forbid the production of any operas except his own. As a result, when he died there were very few good composers in France until the time of Jean Philippe Rameau (1683-1764),

a writer of really fine operas, and François Couperin (frôN'swa' kôô'pê-râN'), who wrote many fascinating little series of dance tunes for people to play. We call such a set of separate pieces a "suite" (swê't).

To England, too, opera and the new forms of music found their way. In that country was an extremely gifted young man named Henry Purcell (1658-1695), the greatest composer of his day. He wrote music of every kind, especially a great deal of magnificent church music, for he was organist in Westminster Abbey. And it was he who composed the first great English opera, called "Dido and Aeneas." It is amusing to us to-day to know that it was written to be performed by the pupils of a "boarding school of gentlewomen" near London.

A Land Where Music Throve

In Germany the exciting new music was of course getting a hearing. There a man named Heinrich Schutz (1585-1672), a famous writer of madrigals, was composing beautiful things and helping to open the way for one of the greatest composers of all time, Johann Sebastian Bach (baK). For by the end of the seventeenth century it was clear that the Germans were going to be a music-loving race. Everywhere they were singing and playing. All the towns had skilled musicians as organists, and good music was coming to be necessary to everybody. It is in such soil that musical genius can be expected to bloom.



The HISTORY of MUSIC

Reading Unit

No. 4

MUSIC BEGINS TO SOUND MODERN

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts consult the Richards Year Book Index.

Interesting Facts Explained

Bach's contributions to music 12 229 32

The fugue 12 231

Bach tempers the scale 12 231

Handel and the oratorio 12 237

The Messiah 12 237

Haydn introduces the string quartet 12 233

Chamber music 12 234

The history and description of the sonata 12 234 36

The development and pattern of the sonata form 12 235 36

Mozart's symphonies and operas 12 237

Gluck emphasizes drama in opera 12 237

Things to Think About

Why is counterpoint interesting?

How did Bach temper or adjust the scale?

Why was "The Well-Tempered Clavier" written?

Why do audiences stand during the Hallelujah Chorus of "The Messiah"?

How do operas and oratorios differ?

What instruments comprise the string quartet?

What is the pattern of the sonata form?

What were Gluck's ideas about opera?

Picture Hunt

What is unusual in the clef signs and signature of Bach's manuscript excerpt? 12 231

Why was the head of the lute sometimes set at an angle?

• 12 229

On what instrument was Mozart an accomplished performer?

12 229

Related Material

Which great French writers were spreading democratic ideas during the time of the early

classicists in music? 6 252

12 417

Leisure-time Activities

PROJECT NO. 1 Study the music section of a daily newspaper for current programs of music. Make a list of oratorios

string quartet music, sonatas, symphonies, operas (and their composers) performed during the next two weeks.

Summary Statement

Bach "tempered" the scale, gave us lasting church music, and the highest type of counterpoint. Handel brought Italian opera to England and then developed ora-

toria. Mozart and Haydn prepared the way for Beethoven by writing string quartets, sonatas, and symphonies.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY MUSIC



The fifteenth century Italian painter Carpaccio kar-pat cho has left us this picture of a boy playing the lute. Here the head, with its tuning pegs, was set at an angle with the neck of the instrument in order to

increase the tension of the strings and to be handy for tuning during a performance for the lutes were famous for getting out of tune. They were of different sizes, some as much as six feet long.

MUSIC BEGINS *to* SOUND MODERN

How a Great Man Came into Fame a Hundred Years after His Death, and How All Paris Fell to Fighting over the Way in Which an Opera Ought to Be Written All of Which Happened in the Days of the Stately Minuet

WHEN the twenty children of Johann (yo'hun) Sebastian Bach (bak) practiced the little pieces that their gifted father wrote for them to play, they did not know that children two hundred years later would be toiling away at the same little lessons. Those "Two part" and "Three part Inventions" of the great man are still the best things there are to help a beginner to learn about that fascinating musical puzzle we know as "counterpoint."

It really is not a puzzle at all once one has the secret. It is nothing more than a

series of short tunes—two or three or four or more—chasing each other about, in and out and around—all going at the same time and making beautiful harmonies when they meet. If you are listening for a single air with chords to fill it in—like "Home, Sweet Home" or "Nearer, my God, to Thee"—you will soon be lost in a maze of whirling notes. But once you open your ears and set your wits at work, you will feel that there is nothing in the world more fascinating than trying to disentangle all those charming little tunes and follow the adventures of each

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY MUSIC

We have already seen that all the music of the Middle Ages was written in this style—before people knew anything about “time” or “rhythm” or “key.” And we have seen how men gradually groped about until they found out all those things that seem so necessary to our idea of music today. In doing so, they paved the way for the great Bach (1685–1750). He took all their discoveries and made out of them music so perfect that no one since has been able to equal him in writing counterpoint, or what we call polyphonic (pŏl’fŏn’ŭk)—“many-voiced”—music.

An more interesting still—that music he wrote some two hundred years ago has helped to teach the art to nearly all the great composers since his day. They might write songs or symphonies in quite a different style from his, but they always sat

at his feet to learn what music ought to be, and wrote the better for it. For about a century the general public could not understand him. Counterpoint went out of style—crowded out by the new love of melody and harmony—and Bach’s great works lay almost forgotten. But gradually the greater musicians began to teach the people how beautiful those old masterpieces were, until to-day Bach’s name appears on fine concert

programs as often as the names of Beethoven, Wagner, and Brahms.

Of course there still are a good many people who do not care for Bach. They say they cannot understand him. But that is usually because they have never learned

the secret of following all his little tunes, or “parts,” kept going so skillfully together. They look for an air and chords, and so they are bewildered. They never know the excitement of watching all those parts march on to a triumphant close. Then, too, it is true that if you are to keep track of all those interweaving strands, you must keep wide awake. There is no good way to enjoy Bach and play a hand of bridge at the same time!

The great man wrote music of every kind except opera; but he was a superb organist, and his church music is the finest of all

No one has ever been able to equal him in that form since. Every year during Lent choruses everywhere sing his “Passion According to St. Matthew,” a musical setting of the account of Christ’s crucifixion as told in Matthew’s gospel. It and an arrangement in B minor of the Mass of the Catholic church are perhaps his two finest works.

But he wrote beautiful short compositions, too. Many of them were fugues (fŭg),



Photo by Luxembourg Museum, Paris

During the eighteenth century and the early part of the nineteenth little lassies took lessons upon the harpsichord. It is such a lesson that the artist has so charmingly shown here.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY MUSIC

pieces in which every part, as it comes in, repeats in its turn the musical sentence with which the first part opened the piece. Then they all weave in and out, from time to time repeating that first sentence, or "subject," tossing it about, now high, now low, now this way, now that, until, with a fine air of satisfaction and decision, they all come out

It was a dainty little instrument, with a sweet, soft tone--too soft to be heard except in a small room. But it had one great advantage over its more powerful brother, the harpsichord. Both of them were stringed instruments with keyboards, but the little clavichord was so planned that it was possible to play both loud and soft upon it,

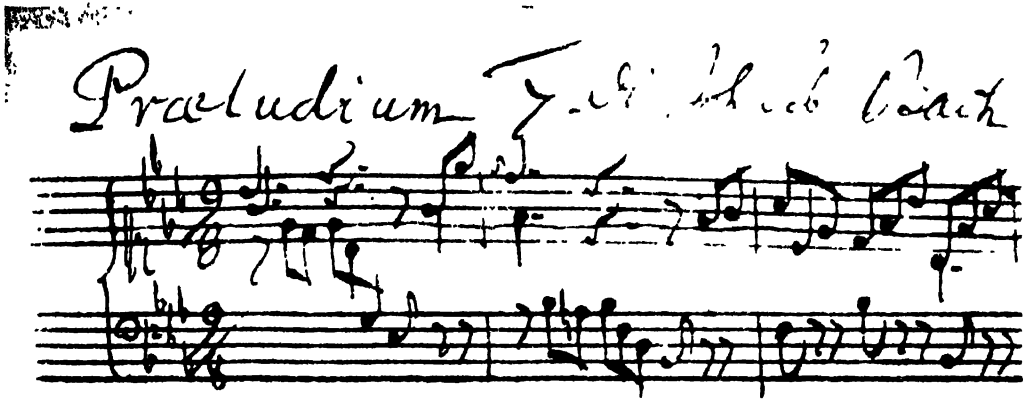


Photo by Busch Museum

This music is in the hand of the great Bach, and in the upper right-hand corner is his signature. It is the

first three bars of a prelude from Part II of his "Well-tempered Clavier," published in 1744.

together at the end. It is easy to see why the piece took its name from a Latin word meaning "flight" or "fleeing." Many fugues followed very complicated patterns.

The Inventor of Our Modern Scale

But besides giving us his masterly compositions, Bach did something else for the progress of music which was of the greatest importance. He gave us the modern "tempered" scale, which is the one we have used ever since his day. For among his shorter works is a little collection of preludes (prēl'ūd) and fugues called "The Well-tempered Clavier."

Now although so many of Bach's works are played on the piano to-day, none of them were written for it. He had never seen a piano when he wrote those little pieces for the "well-tempered clavier" (klä-vēr'). When he was at home, out of reach of the church organ he loved so well, he played either upon the harpsichord or the clavichord (kläv'y-körd), but he liked the clavichord best.

while all the notes on a harpsichord had just the same volume.

Now as the great master played more and more upon his clavichord, he grew more and more dissatisfied with the way it was commonly tuned. For music written in certain keys, the tuning was almost perfect, but just because it was good for those keys, it was so out of tune for other keys that music written in them could not be played on it at all. The sharps were all too high and the flats were all too low. And that did not please a musician like Bach, who wanted to compose in all the keys.

The Last Finishing Touch

So he hit upon a compromise. By tuning his clavichord so that no scale would be quite perfect upon it, he made it possible to play all the scales reasonably well, and so could use it to compose and play music written in all those different keys. That "tempered," or adjusted, scale is the one we use to-day. It is the last step taken by the human race in that long process of de-

veloping our present serviceable scale out of the queer little three-toned scales that were the only kind early men could sing. Upon that progress all our beautiful modern music rests.

So sure was Bach that this was the best possible way to tune an instrument that he made up his mind to prove it by writing the collection of little pieces for the "well-tempered clavier"—a term that included both harpsichord and clavi-chord. In his book he was careful to include compositions written in every one of the different keys, in order to show how useful his invention could be.

Now during all the years in which Bach was doing his great work, he stayed at home in Germany and wrote music for Germans to hear. And though he knew all about the operas the Italians were writing, and the arias they loved so much, he never tried to copy the Italian style. He said what he had to say in his own way, and to the best of his ability. He was too great and sincere a man to do anything else.

Now only a month before Bach was born, another famous musician had been born in Germany. This was George Frederick Handel (1685-1759) who, next to Bach, was the greatest musician of his day. But early in his life Handel began to copy the Italian music, for he loved opera. He traveled in Italy and met the musicians there, and when he finally went to England to live, he imported Italian opera and taught the English people to like it. And of course he wrote a great many successful operas himself.

What Is an Oratorio?

It happened, however, that the tide turned in his fortunes, and he found himself with

an empty opera house on his hands during Lent, when operas were forbidden. He was in need of money, so he patched together a kind of sacred music drama, which pleased people so much that he turned his attention to writing "oratorios" (ôr'â-tô'rĭ-ô). These are a good deal like operas except that there is no acting and no costumes or scenery. Everything that happens in the story is described and commented on in the songs. The subject and the words of an oratorio are supposed to be taken from the Bible. When the words are not sacred the piece is called a "cantata" (kân-tă'tâ).

At last Handel had found his great gift. He wrote twenty-six oratorios altogether, most of them sacred. Many of those great works are sung to-day. All over the world "The Messiah" is given at Christmas time, and there are few music-loving persons who

have not heard its great Hallelujah Chorus. When it was first sung in London, in 1743, the King and the whole audience rose to their feet as of one accord when those mighty hal-

lujahs led into the theme, "For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." And ever since then people have stood up for the Hallelujah Chorus all over the world. Indeed, it is as hard for an audience to keep its seat to-day as it was two hundred years ago.

Those oratorios are the work we remember Handel by. They are full of beautiful, tender melodies and of noble choruses. Handel knew how to write as the Italians were writing, but he knew how to write fine counterpoint, too—a thing the Italians had almost forgotten how to do. And he never failed to make the most of a dramatic situation, for he had a vivid imagination and the things he wrote about were very real to him. After he first heard his own Hallelujah

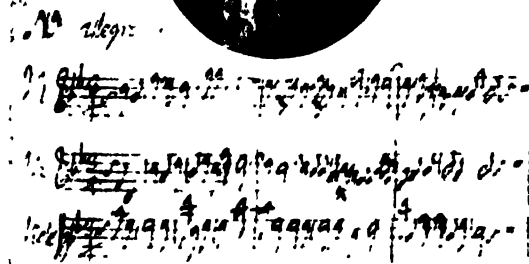


Photo by British Museum

Above is a portrait of George Frederick Handel, the great composer of oratorios, and below are the opening bars of a concerto in Handel's own hand. They are the same as the opening bars of the chorus "And the glory of the Lord," from "The Messiah."



When he was still under thirty, Mozart was the idol of the gay society in Vienna, where he gave concerts al-

most daily. Those were not held in auditoriums, however, but were for small gatherings in private homes.

Chorus, he said, 'I did think I did see Heaven opened and the great God himself.'

The Greatest Boy Musician

Not far from the time when Handel, a blind old man, was breathing his last in London, another great German musician was first seeing the light of day in far off Austria. His name was Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (vólf'gíng a ma'dé us mó'tsart), a marvelous boy who was going to crowd into his few years (1756-1791) a great deal more than most men put into a lifetime. This was partly because he began so early. He started composing music before he learned how to write. He composed a charming and workmanlike symphony at the age of eight, and when he was twelve published four sonatas for the violin. Anyone so gifted as that was sure to do a great deal for the art he loved so well.

When he began writing as a lad he was able to learn a good many things from the work of another gifted Austrian named

Franz Josef Haydn (fránts hi'd'n). Haydn (1732-1800) was a good deal older than Mozart, but they became great friends and later Mozart's 'Papa.' Haydn learned, in his turn, from what the younger man wrote. 'Together they did so much to perfect music in various ways that when the great genius Beethoven was born, he found everything ready at hand for him to write some of the greatest music the world has ever heard.'

The String Quartet

To begin with, they showed people how to write for instruments. Haydn worked out the 'string quartet,' made up of first and second violins, viola (vī'ō'la), and violoncello—or 'cello (chē'l'ō). The viola and the 'cello are larger and deeper-toned brothers to the violin, the 'cello the largest and richest in tone of all. Both instruments had been brought to perfection by those magicians who made such wonderful violins in Italy in the seventeenth century.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY MUSIC

Instrumental music of this kind—quartets and trios of stringed instruments, or any other combination of a few instruments is known as “chamber music.” We call it that because it is meant to be heard in an ordinary room and not in a great hall or theater, as an orchestra is. It has been said that you can nearly always tell how musical a country is by the amount of chamber music it has. For chamber music is meant to be played at home, and no country can produce great composers unless its people love music enough to want to hear it at home and to be willing to work in order to learn how to play or sing it there. To listen to music over the radio is not enough, though that is a fine way to learn what good music is like.

It was during the time of Haydn and Mozart that a new instrument began to crowd out the old harpsichord and clavichord. The piano had been gradually growing under the hands of patient, hardworking inventors until at last it had become fit for a musician to play upon. The first pianos had been made as early as 1700 by an Italian named Cristofori (krēs'tō-fō'rē). The spinet, the virginal, the harpsichord, and the clavichord had all contributed their bit, until at last men had this fine new affair from which they could draw a rich, resounding tone which should be as loud or as soft as they liked. That was such an achievement that the new device was called by the two Italian adjectives that described its powers—“piano-forte” (pē-ä'nō-fōr'tä), “softloud.” We have shortened it to “piano.”

The Father of the Sonata

Of course a good many composers had already written some fine things for the harpsichord. One of them was Domenico Scarlatti (1685-1757), son of the great Scarlatti (skär-lät'tē). Karl Philipp Emanuel Bach (1714-1788), the gifted son of the great Bach (häK), was another. He improved a neat little form of composition

called a “sonata” (sō-nä'tä) so much that he is sometimes called “the father of the sonata.” But Haydn's was the hand that gave the sonata the shape that made it perfect for all kinds of instrumental music. The sonatas he wrote for the piano we still love to play to-day. And Mozart's are still better.

For a long time people had been writing “sonatas”—for the word merely means “sound piece,” and was the term applied to a composition for instruments, just as “cantata,” or “song piece,” was the name of a composition for the voice. Later a cantata came to be a short oratorio. When Haydn came along, his bright, serene mind took all those groping efforts to find a good form for instrumental pieces and put the crowning touch on them. Under his hands the sonata took on its definite “classic” form.

Now it is very important to know what a sonata is, since it is the shape of a great many kinds of musical composition. To begin with, you must bear in mind the fact that “sonata” and “sonata-form” do not mean the same thing. Failure to grasp this fact clearly has caused a great deal of confusion in people's minds.

What Is a Sonata?

Suppose we discuss the sonata first. A sonata is a long musical composition, usually written for the piano or harp alone, or for a solo instrument—such as the violin, clarinet, 'cello, or oboe (ō'boi)—with a second part for the piano. When the second part is played by an orchestra, we call the composition, not a sonata, but a “concerto” (kōn-chēr'tō). Occasionally, though not very often, composers have written double concertos, in which there are *two* solo instruments besides the orchestra. There is no such thing as a double sonata; or rather, there is such a thing—two solo instruments and piano—but it is called a trio. When the sonata is played by the orchestra alone,



This is Joseph Haydn, one of the gentlest, merriest souls that ever put his thoughts into music.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY MUSIC



The minuet, which our artist has shown, was a graceful, stately dance that vanished long ago. But the lovely

strains to which it was danced still delight audiences in every part of the world

with no solo instruments we call it a symphony (sím'fóní) When it is written for four single instruments it is called a quartet

Ancestors of the Sonata

Thus you see that the plan of the sonata remember, that does not mean "sonata-form" is a very important one, and is the foundation of several different kinds of musical composition Let us see what it is

You will remember that the gifted Scarlatti wrote overtures or introductions to his operas and called them "symphonies" Those little early pieces were the ancestors of our sonatas and symphonies to-day The form they were written in was the form everybody was trying, for all kinds of instrumental music You will remember, too, that a piece written in that form was divided into three parts, or "movements" it was really an instrumental "aria da capo" These movements were a lively one, a slow one, and then either a new lively one or the first one over again

That was the pattern that grew into the sonata of Haydn Instead of writing the

three parts without a break, he made each one much longer and had them played with a short pause between But the general plan was what it had been in Scarlatti's day an opening lively movement, a middle slow movement and a closing lively movement The last one was always a new movement not just a repetition of the opening Later, when he came to write for the orchestra alone, he added a minuet, or some other dance form, between the second and third movements This four-movement sonata for orchestra is called a symphony and to this day composers have written symphonies on that plan

A Fascinating Musical Pattern

The first movement came to have an interesting design of its own It was and still is, always written in "sonata form" (at last we shall hear about that) The design might vary in detail, but the general plan was always as follows

The movement opened with one musical sentence, or "theme"—in other words, with a very short tune Suppose we call this

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY MUSIC



Photo by the German National Itys

In the days of Mozart there were no great public orchestras, as there are to-day. Noblemen hired bands

of trained musicians to live in their castles and give entertainments there, after the fashion shown above

Theme 1. Theme 1 was played, and repeated, and perhaps twisted a little. Then a second theme, Theme 2, came in, in another key, and was duly put through *its* paces. Then, after this opening, which is called the "exposition," the two themes were woven in and out, played together and separately, turned backward and forward and upside down, through a long passage known as the "development section." At last the composer worked back to the two themes in their original form, and played them both again—but in opposite keys. In other words, he played Theme 1 in the key of Theme 2, and Theme 2 in the key of Theme 1. This section is called the "recapitulation" (rē'kă-pīt'û-lă'shūn), or "restatement." Usually he ended the movement with a farewell passage known as a "coda" (kō'dă)

which is Italian for "tail"—based on one or both of the themes.

The whole scheme is a fascinating one, for it offers endless opportunities to the composer to show his skill and feeling, and keeps the listener's wits busy following the two themes through their various adventures, and recognizing them in their various disguises.

The Curious Form of the Rondo

Now you know the difference between a "sonata" and the "sonata-form." The first is a name descriptive of the way a whole

composition is put together, the second is the pattern of a single movement. Not all the movements of a sonata or symphony, by the way, are written in sonata form. The first movement always is, and the last one sometimes; there is no fourth movement in most sonatas. But the second, or slow movement, is often written in the so-called "binary form." If you want to know what that is, look up the description of Scarlatti's "aria da capo." It is the same thing. The minuet, or, as it came to be later, the third or fast movement, is often written in what is known as "rondo" form. In this form there is a first theme, then a second, then the first over again, then a third, then the first again, then a fourth, then the first, and so on—thus 1, 2, 1, 3, 1, 4, 1, etc.

How the Sonata May Vary in Form

In modern symphonies the form is less strict than it used to be. César Franck's famous Symphony in D major has only three movements instead of four. In Tchaikovsky's Sixth, or "Pathétique," Symphony, the first movement is in sonata-form, the second is a curious sort of waltz in 5/4 time, the third is a march, and the slow movement comes last of all. But we are getting a little ahead of our story. Suppose we go back to the eighteenth century, where we belong.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY MUSIC

Both Haydn and Mozart wrote fine symphonies, and taught the world what beautiful tones an orchestra could make. Mozart in particular, the more gifted and the more artistic of the two, knew even better than Haydn how to combine instruments so as to get a brand-new kind of tone. This is what we call the "color" of an orchestral tone. No composer knows how to get a great many colors from an orchestra unless he realizes that in his great group of instruments he has something that can be combined by his own ideas into one single instrument, on which the conductor plays just as a pianist plays on a piano. You see, the orchestra by Mozart's time had already grown into something very different from that little mob of instruments it had been.

Mozart wrote charming operas, too, full of lively wit and humor and of exquisite music. We have seen that opera in Italy, the land of its birth, had long ago gone very stale except for some short comic skits that were set to music and played between the long, tiresome acts of the regular operas. These little operatic pieces were known first as "intermezzos" (in'tēr-mēt'zō), and later as "opera buffa" (bōōf'fa) we get our "buffoon" from the same word. They were the one sign of life that Italian opera showed, although the Italian form was considered the correct thing all over Europe, and did, it is true, give the world some beautiful melodies.

But outside of Italy things were very lively indeed. An Austrian named Christoph Gluck (1714-1787) had seen how artificial were all the trills and turns and runs and warbles that the Italian singers had to utter, and had decided that music drama ought to be dramatic as well as musical. So he launched his ideas in Vienna when he produced his opera "Orfeo" (1762). The piece seems old-fashioned enough to us to-day, but it was so new and different when it first came out that the people who heard it were completely mystified. It was the starting point for our modern operas.

Gluck (glōōk) did not have much success with his new idea in Austria, so he finally accepted an invitation to go to Paris (1774), where people care greatly about such matters.

There he had the support of the unhappy Queen Marie Antoinette, whom he had known when she was a little Austrian princess. Immediately he had a perfect hornet's nest about his ears! For the good people of Paris were already divided into two camps, one for the Italian style of opera and one for the French style, which was sung in the French language, made use of choruses and dancing, and was a good deal more entertaining.

Of course Gluck at once became a hero to the French party, and his operas were so beautiful that the champions of Italian opera felt that something must be done to uphold their cause. So they got an Italian composer named Piccini (pīī-chē'nē), who lived in Paris, to write another opera on the same story of Orpheus. He did his best, but the French operas were so much better that Gluck and his party came off easy victors. Gluck set opera on the path that it should take; and he was perhaps the first of all composers to see that every instrument in his orchestra had its own particular personality.

It was while this war was on that Mozart went to Paris as a young man (1778). He had already written a grand opera, at the age of fourteen, and now the brilliant youth was not slow to make up his mind about a number of things. When he came to write his next opera, he left the outworn Italian style far behind, and wrote things more or less like the "opera buffa" a little stiff to us, perhaps, but full of exquisite charm and sprightliness. "The Marriage of Figaro" (fē'gā-rō), "Don Giovanni" (gō-vān'nē), and "The Magic Flute" are the ones that are best known; and much as styles have changed we still love their lilting airs.

Both Haydn and Mozart wrote church music. It seemed to flow quite naturally from Haydn's noble, joyous spirit. In fact, he once said that he "did not think God could be angry with him for praising Him with a merry heart." One of Haydn's best-known sacred works is an oratorio called "The Creation." Mozart's finest piece of religious music was the Requiem Mass he wrote on his deathbed.

The HISTORY of MUSIC

Reading Unit

No. 5

SEVEN GIANTS OF MUSIC

Note For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the *Richards Year Book Index*

Interesting Facts Explained

- | | |
|--|--|
| How world events affected creative artists, 12 239-43 | of freedom in music, 12 245 |
| The great Beethoven advances the cause of musical freedom, 12 240-42 | Chopin, the poet of the piano, 12 245 |
| Classicist vs. romanticist, 12 243 | Mendelssohn's contribution to romantic music 12 245-46 |
| Schubert and his songs, 12 243-44 | Liszt invents the symphonic poem, 12 246 |
| Schumann champions the cause | Brahms clings to classicism, 12 246 |

Things to Think About

- | | |
|---|---|
| How did the French Revolution affect Beethoven's music? | tion to music? |
| What is "program" music? | What is a symphonic poem? |
| Which composers were "romantic"? | Which composer, living in a "romantic" age, fostered the classic forms? |
| What was Schubert's contribu- | |

Picture Hunt

- | | |
|---|---|
| What was Beethoven's method of composing? 12 240 | 12 242 |
| How many of these composers are new to you? 12 241 | What famous pianist played her husband's compositions? 12 244 |
| What were the circumstances of the writing of the <i>Marseillaise</i> ? | What types of singer were found in the local choirs? 12 245 |

Related Material

- | | |
|---------------------------------|---|
| The French Revolution, 6 190-94 | How did "romanticism" affect French painters? 11 322-35 |
|---------------------------------|---|

Leisure-time Activities

- | | |
|---|--|
| PROJECT NO. 1: Ask a pianist to play some of Schumann's pieces, such as "Soaring" and the | "Prophet Bird," while you write your story of what is happening. |
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Summary Statement

- | | |
|--|--|
| Beethoven, one of the greatest of all composers, brought a new spirit into music. He was followed by the romantic com- | posers, such as Schubert, Schumann, and Chopin. The noble and serious genius of Brahms gave new life to the classic forms. |
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SEVEN GIANTS OF MUSIC



The music for this Greek dance is being furnished by the musicians shown at the right-hand side of the picture. One holds a tambourine, and the other is

playing a pair of pipes called the dialos (di-d'los , or "double aulos " There was a single pipe called the aulos, but the dialos was played by the great musicians

SEVEN GIANTS *of* MUSIC

The French Revolution Set a Great Many Things Free, Music among the Rest. From the Majestic Beethoven to the Graceful Chopin, It Started Composers Trying to Say in Music Things That Only Words Could Say Before

ABOUT the time when a party of determined men were steeping a load of British tea in the waters of Boston Harbor, a little three-year-old boy was being taken to walk along the banks of the distant Rhine. His clothes were poor, and he lived in the shadow of a constant fear, for his father was a violent, ill-natured man and a besotted drunkard besides. The family never saw anything but direst poverty, in spite of all their large-souled mother could do. She was the daughter of the chief cook in one of the neighboring castles, and had first been married to a valet, before she became the wife of the penniless singer who was father to our unhappy little boy.

The squalid home was hardly the place in which one would be likely to look for

genius. Yet there it was that Ludwig van Beethoven (van bi'to-vén) grew up to be as great a musician as the world has ever seen—a man of such lofty gifts and towering grandeur of mind that he forced homage from lords and ladies, kings and emperors, and treated them as equals.

It was an exciting world that he had been born into in 1770. The revolt on this side of the water was not the only one that was going on. In fact, it was nothing more than the edge of a much greater storm that was raging over Europe. For there the French Revolution was soon going to sweep away the tyranny that had ground down the French people for so long, and start a tremendous wave of liberty and progress that was to surge through every land on the face

SEVEN GIANTS OF MUSIC

of the globe. Timid people were beside themselves with fear. Better keep things as they are, they thought, and not run the risk of change!

A Great Soul and a Great Genius

But Beethoven was not a timid man. He was a great soul as well as a great genius, and wise enough to know that there is no way on earth to keep the clock of God from striking the hours in human affairs. "The nobility are good enough in their place," said this man who once refused to take off his hat to the Emperor's family when they passed him on the street.

So while the world was being shaken by the clash of arms and of ideas, Beethoven was writing music to voice men's deepest hopes and longings. Disappointment, poverty, and illness never stopped the growth of his genius, or changed his sturdy independence; and great fame and flattery never turned his head. At last he grew so deaf that he could not hear a thing he wrote, while at the same time his music had gone so far ahead of his age that people shook their heads at it because they could not understand it. Yet he went on just the same, in poverty and mental anguish, and gave us many of his greatest works. People could applaud or not—he would do the thing in the way he felt it should be done. Greatness is like that. And of course it was because of his greatness that Beethoven had such noble things to say in music.

As we have seen, the knowledge and understanding of music had made such progress that everything was ready for him to set to work. He took the sonata from the hands of Haydn, with whom he studied for a time, and made it express mightier things than it had ever expressed before. He studied all the strange company of instruments that make an orchestra and wrote

for them nine symphonies "the Immortal Nine"—that stirred men's hearts and minds as no earlier music had ever done; and there has been little since to equal them. For smaller groups of strings he wrote the greatest trios and quartets that had ever been written and noble concertos (*kōn-chūr'tō*) for solo instruments and orchestra.

Whenever he used the form of the sonata he filled it with meaning. Into its slow second movement, in particular he put all the sorrow and the passion and the longing of his thwarted life. In place of the minuet, which Haydn and Mozart had used as a third movement,

Beethoven always used a very lively one called a scherzo (*skēr'tsō*). Its name at first meant "joke" or "plaything" in Italian.

Music That Makes Us Want to Dance

The scherzo had once been a dance, but when it was honored by being made a part of the sonata, it lost the rigid form that music has to have if you are going actually to dance to it. But it never lost its lively, stirring rhythm. It kept that just as all



This picture shows the great Beethoven composing. A person not versed in the ways of composers might think that they sat at an instrument and tried various combinations until they found one that suited them. But it is just the other way round. Often they will write out a whole composition before they have heard a note of it anywhere except in their minds.

SEVEN GIANTS OF MUSIC



This interesting group is made up entirely of eighteenth and nineteenth century musicians. From left to right they are Chopin, Handel, Gluck, Schumann, Weber,

Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Meyerbeer, Gounod, Verdi, Liszt, Bruckner, Brahms, and Grieg.

dances must, even when they are written to be listened to in a concert hall instead of danced to in a ballroom. For real dance music is not necessarily the kind of music people dance to, but it is always the kind that makes them *want* to dance.

A Wizard Works on the Sonata

Of course a man of such a gifted and independent mind as Beethoven's was not going to be able to cram his thoughts into any given mould. The sonata as he used it took on all sorts of shapes. He arranged its movements in every kind of order. Sometimes he increased them to five and sometimes cut them down to only two. He made one movement grow out of another, and so welded the sonata into a firmer whole. You see, he really believed in freedom. "It is a good thing to know the rules so that one can break them," he once said.

But in breaking them he always made something finer than had been made before. He never broke them just for the sake of showing what he could do.

One of Beethoven's best-loved symphonies is called the Pastoral Symphony. In it he

describes a visit to the country, which he always loved dearly; for though he spent most of his life in the city of Vienna, he always managed to get away for a while every year. Then he would spend all his waking hours outdoors, wandering, sometimes hatless, through the fields and woods, with a sketchbook in his hand. And when his ideas carried him quite away, he shouted and waved his arms in his excitement.

Painting Pictures with Music

So in this sixth symphony that he wrote he tried to set down all the delightful sensations of a summer's day. The first movement he called "Awakening of cheerful feelings upon arrival in the country"—and it is full of all the soft hum and rustle of a summer's day. The next one, "By the Brook," has the gentle ripple of the stream as an accompaniment to the songs of the cuckoo and nightingale and the call of the quail. Next, the scherzo gives us a picture of a "Peasant's Festival," with a funny take-off on the ridiculous village band and a rough country dance to top it all. Then the dance is interrupted by a sudden storm, with

SEVEN GIANTS OF MUSIC



Photo by The Louvre

The Romantic period of music was the age of great song writers, and also produced many great songs by men who were not so great. The picture above shows the dramatic moment when the "Marseillaise" (mar-sé'yéz'), the national hymn of the French, was composed by Claude Rouget de Lisle (rōō'zhē' dē' lei), an officer in the army of the new French republic at the time of the Revolution. One night in 1792, when he was stationed at Strasbourg, he attended a public dinner at which he was moved to a high pitch of patriotic emotion. After the dinner was over he composed, at white heat, the words and music of his

lightning, thunder, and rain. But the storm passes, and the symphony closes peacefully with the "Shepherd's Hymn" of thanks giving.

The Beginning of Program Music

Now all this sound story was a new thing in music. Others had tried it in a small way—Haydn did, for one, in his oratorio, "The Creation"—but Beethoven was the first man to manage it with great success. Of course there were plenty of people to follow him. And you can see that by and by the events in the story would no longer fit into the old sonata pattern, with its set

famous song, and sang it to a group of friends. At that time he called it "The War Song of the Army of the Rhine," for it was along that river that he and his comrades were stationed. Later, when the Revolutionists stormed the king's palace in Paris and burned it to the ground, Rouget de Lisle's song was adopted by the volunteers who had come up from Marseilles and the country round, to help win the Revolution, and thus the song got its present name, and its present association with the cause of freedom everywhere in the world, for its strains have struck terror to the hearts of tyrants in more than one nation.

slow and fast movements. Then composers had a brand new form to work in. There is a great deal of such musical story telling to day. We call it 'program music,' for the music has to follow a definite series of events, or 'program.'

Who Are the Romantic Composers?

When Beethoven's great light went out with his death in 1827, there were plenty of lesser lights still burning and some of them were very bright and clear. All those composers who followed in the path that the great man had begun to open are called "romantic" composers. And by that we

SEVEN GIANTS OF MUSIC

mean that they belong to the amazing age that followed the French Revolution—the “age of romanticism” (rô-măn'ŭ-sĭz'm).

Music for an Age of Freedom

If you had time you could almost guess what that age was like. For it is easy to see that when men have begun to thirst for freedom they will want to find it in all sorts of ways. And when they have grown used to the idea that the ordinary man is worthy to be free, they will respect him a good deal more and take a good deal more interest in him. So people everywhere will be bursting through old bonds, breaking old rules, and questioning everything they ever believed before. And everywhere deep feelings will be let loose, and come surging up in literature and art and music.

Briefly, you might say that the difference between a romanticist and a classicist is this: the first believes that the material

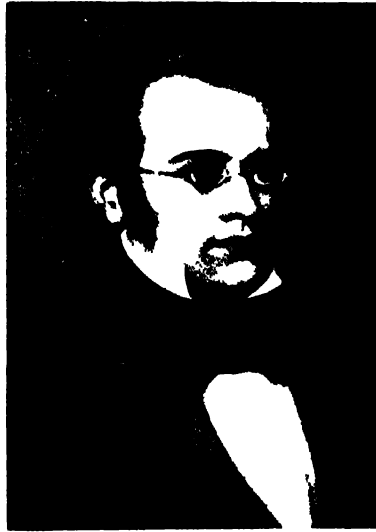
the musical or literary “idea” is all-important, while the second believes that the manner, the form in which the idea is presented, is just as important as the idea itself—if not more so. An extreme romanticist would be like a man making a speech who had so much to say that he stammered and stuttered and expressed himself so badly that no one could make head or tail of his wonderful thoughts; while an extreme classicist would be a man who made what sounded like a marvelous speech, with graceful gestures, eloquent facial expression, and impressive tones of voice—until you realized that he had nothing at all to say, and that all he was doing was to repeat the alphabet or tell you over and over again that two and two make four. Of course no classicists or romanticists ever behave in such a silly way, but if they went to an extreme, that

is an illustration of the kind of thing they would be doing.

Of course during a romantic period people will do lots of silly things. For there always are plenty of silly people, and if they have a chance they will show just how silly they can be. But there are plenty of fine and earnest people too; and if you give them a chance they will do fine and earnest things. They will be forever experimenting, and

most of all they will want to express their feelings. You can plainly see that the age of romanticism, no matter what else it may be, will never be dull!

Now if people are trying to express very powerful feelings, one of the first things they will do is to burst into song. You will find that you do so yourself. It is quite natural then, that this age when men were thinking so much about their feelings should have been the age to produce the greatest of all song writers. His name was Franz Schubert (frants shoo'bèrt), and he too was an Austrian, one of fourteen children. The



This is the face of Franz Schubert, the greatest song writer the world has ever seen.

father was a peasant who had fitted himself to be the village schoolmaster, and the mother had been cook for a family in Vienna. Franz was educated to be a schoolmaster too, but he could no more help writing songs than a bird can help singing. All he needed was a beautiful poem to set his imagination off. As soon as he had that, beautiful music seemed to flow about it in his mind, and all he had to do, it seemed, was to “hurl the notes on the paper.”

The Great Schubert

Like Mozart's, his life was short (1797-1828), but during its thirty-one years of struggle against poverty he wrote some six hundred songs, seven symphonies, besides a famous Unfinished Symphony, some beautiful “chamber music”—a name given to

SEVEN GIANTS OF MUSIC

compositions for just a few instruments — any number of sonatas and sparkling shorter pieces for the piano, a large quantity of sacred choral music, and seven operas!

But it is for his songs that we know and love him best. Is there anyone who does not know "Hark, hark, the lark" and "Who is Sylvia?"—both of them written on the same day, the first one in a little tavern while he was out for a walk. Like his much greater

songs for German words, they are full of the freshest and and most sincere feeling. Often he quite gave up the common custom of repeating the same air for each stanza, no matter what feeling the words expressed. Instead, he let the music follow the song—and all great song writers since have done the same.

Schubert seemed, too, to care very little for vocal fireworks, such as the writers of Italian opera had liked; and he never wrote songs that went painfully high.

Many are for "mezzo-sopranos" (mēd'zō) "between" high and low. It was the music that mattered to Schubert, not the singer.

The result is that people who are going to sing his songs well must use their minds and hearts as well as their voices. Of course that means that they must be intelligent and highly trained. It is a long step from the time when anyone was a singer who just had a naturally good voice.

For though the human voice has been called the most perfect of all instruments, we can be quite certain that for long centuries it was anything but perfect—at least as people then used it. The first singers lived in Asia, and their manner of singing

has been handed right down to our own day in Asiatic countries—to the people of China and India and Arabia. They still sing their love songs and prayers in voices that we Westerners are glad we do not have to hear often. The tones are nasal and, to us, thin and unpleasant.

And that was probably the way the Greeks and Romans sang—and the early Christians. We cannot even be sure that the choristers

who sang the mighty music of Palestrina in the sixteenth century had voices that we should like to listen to to-day.

It was not till about two centuries ago that it became possible for a singer to gain a world-wide reputation. The first one who did so was a male soprano, an Italian named Farinelli (fa'rē-nē'lē). His teacher, Porpora (pōr'pō-rā), trained a great many fine singers at Naples, and for a long time the Italian singers were the best in the world.

Of course styles in singing have changed a great deal since Farinelli's day, largely because the singer must now put so much more feeling into his songs. And that change has been in part brought about by the exquisite, moving songs of Schubert and the German song writers who followed him. So great was their skill that even in English we often call their pieces "Lieder" (lē'dēr) — the German word for "songs." It is "Lied" (lēt) in the singular.

Another great German song writer was Robert Schumann (shōō'män), one of the greatest composers of his century. His songs are as a rule deeper in feeling than Schubert's, though perhaps less dramatic in telling a story.



Robert Schumann, the great German composer, and his wife Clara Schumann, herself a distinguished pianist.

SEVEN GIANTS OF MUSIC

By Schumann's day (1810-1856) people had grown so excited over music that they had got into a kind of war about it. So he established (1834) a musical periodical, 'The New Musical Journal,' to champion the cause of freedom in music. For Schu-

pianist and went to live in Paris (1830). During all the unhappy years of his short life he lived for his piano, on it he expressed all those emotions by which he was constantly being torn. The great Russian pianist Rubinstein called him "the soul of the piano."



THE VILLAGE CHOIR
Thomas Webster, a nineteenth century English artist, has left us this charming picture of "The Village Choir." We may laugh at those solemn faces, but it is in just

such groups as this that a nation develops its musical talent. To listen to the radio is not enough. People must make music for themselves.

mann too, was one of the romantic composers, who did not want his great art to grow stale and dull because people were afraid of doing something new.

He himself was writing beautiful and original music of many different kinds but especially for the piano, for he was constantly inspired by his gifted and lovable wife, Clara Schumann, who was one of the most distinguished pianists in Europe. When near the end of his life, he went insane, she supported their children by her playing.

Schumann himself had started out to be a pianist. His piano was always his close friend, on which he could say all that he had to say, and for it he wrote his best music, in many forms, both new and old.

Another great composer for the piano was Frédéric Chopin (shō'pā'n') who was born in Warsaw (1810) only three months before Schumann. Because he was a Pole and spent his early years in that country of great artists, the songs of his people always kept ringing in his ears, even after he became a famous

It was not strange then that he found things to say and ways to say them that no one had ever found before. By using the curious rhythms and harmonies that he had heard the simple Polish peasants sing, he delighted people's ears with all sorts of new effects. When he died (1849) he left an enormous quantity of every sort of music for the piano, much of it in the shorter newer forms, and he had changed the whole character of piano music.

Still another great name at this time was that of Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847). He wrote brilliantly and easily and soon charmed the world with his graceful, clever, and polished music for orchestra, such as the exquisite overture to Shakespeare's 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' He also composed two fine oratorios (ora'-tō'rī-ō), 'Elijah' and 'St. Paul.' After Handel's 'Messiah,' 'Elijah' is the most popular oratorio we have.

But Mendelssohn (mĕn'del-sŏn), too, was a pianist, and among the works we love him

SEVEN GIANTS OF MUSIC

most for are his lovely little "Songs without Words" for the piano. They were a long way from the formal sonatas, which everyone had written fifty years before. Most of them were as like as possible to Schubert's little songs. Mendelssohn just poured out his feeling, grave and gay, and we do not need words to tell us what those feelings were.

Both Mendelssohn and Chopin were brilliant pianists, who charmed audiences everywhere in Europe. But the greatest pianist the world has ever seen was Franz Liszt (fränts lîst), a Hungarian, who during his long life (1811-1886) was probably petted and flattered more than any musician who ever lived. In many ways he deserved it, for he was exceedingly generous as well as very gifted, and always lent a helping hand to other less lucky musicians. But so much admiration was not good for him—he was already idolized at the age of twelve—and as a result he grew to need it more and more. Of course, his music suffered from that, for he wrote what he knew his audiences would applaud, instead of what he himself felt to be beautiful. He was not like Beethoven, working on in the best way he knew how, whether people applauded him or not.

So Liszt's compositions are not so great as those of the other romantic composers, though many of his themes are very fine and full of feeling. He used the wild Hungarian folk songs and gypsy dances as a basis for a certain kind of fiery instrumental composition which he called a "rhapsody" (răp'sô-dî)—the word had been used in the Greek for a recitation or song. And he wrote songs and some stirring things for orchestra.

His orchestral music is most important of all, for, taking the hint from such works as Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, he invented a brand-new form, the symphonic (sîm-fôn'îk) poem. This was nothing more nor less than a re-telling in music of some literary narrative, like "Hamlet" or "Prometheus." Of course to do that he had to be a kind of wizard in writing for instruments.

And he was! He had learned a great deal

about it from a friend of his in Paris, a fiery Frenchman named Berlioz (1803-1869), a man of bold imagination who had learned to get more amazing effects than anyone had ever got before from the brass and wood and catgut that an orchestra is made of. His music nearly always told a story, and sometimes a pretty wild one. But though Berlioz (bër'lê-ôz') might sometimes be absurd, he was always original, and everyone who wrote for orchestra afterwards had something to learn from his startling experiments.

Now all these men who followed Beethoven were "romantic" composers; they wanted to put as much feeling as possible into their music and to find new ways of doing it. But there were plenty of people who felt that all this was a mistake. They wanted music to keep on in the old way, and to be as much as possible like the music of Beethoven and his age. They were the "classicalists" (kläs'î-sîst), and they were glad enough to welcome a great German composer who more or less agreed with them. His name was Johannes Brahms (yô-hân'ê's bräms), and his music was as fine as any since Beethoven.

Now of course Brahms could not help belonging to his own age. He lived at a time (1833-1897) when the world was a very different place from what it had been in Beethoven's day, so of course the music people wrote had to be different. But he followed the old path when he could; he wrote symphonies and sonatas for piano, all in the old sonata pattern—with certain changes—and he did not attempt to write "program music," or music that told a story. He scorned, too, all the fireworks that Berlioz had let off in the orchestra. Everything must be quiet, noble, and dignified.

But it must be beautiful and powerful too. His symphonies, his chamber music, and his composition for the piano are among the finest that we have, and his songs rank with Schubert's and Schumann's. Is there any more beautiful cradle song than his exquisite "Lullaby" that we hear so often sung or played?

The HISTORY of MUSIC

Reading Unit

No. 6

MIGHTY MUSIC FOR OUR MODERN AGE

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

Interesting Facts Explained

Wagner's development of the music drama, 12 249, 252

The "Leitmotif," 12 251

Richard Strauss contributes to the development of the symphonic poem, 12 252

The Italian and French opera makers, 12 253

The modern French school: Debussy, Ravel, Franck, D'Indy, 12 253-54

The development of a Russian school of music, 12 253, 255

Music in the United States, 12-257

Things to Think About

What were Wagner's ideas concerning opera?

In what respects did Wagner's genius show itself?

How did counterpoint play an important part in Wagner's operas?

Why have Wagner's operas a strong interest for all peoples?

Which popular operas were written by Verdi? by Puccini?

How did folk songs affect the work of composers?

Picture Hunt

Where was Siegfried's vulnerable spot? 12 251

What is the story of the Lorelei? 12 254

What was the ordinary man's contribution to music? 12-255

Name present-day interpreters of music, 12 256

What is the position of the clarinets in a symphonic orchestra?

In a symphonic band? In a concert band? In a marching band? 12 248

Related Material

How does Russian literature depict the life of the common people? 13 92-97

Who brought the "Swedish Nightingale" to the United States? 12-579

Leisure-time Activities

PROJECT NO. 1: Examine your music reader and make a list of excerpts from operas.

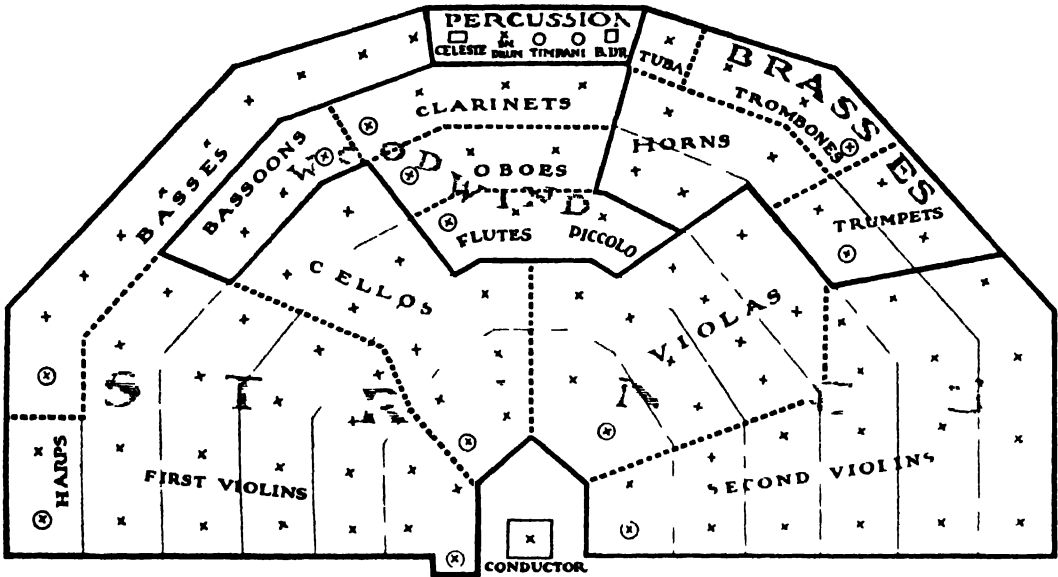
PROJECT NO. 2: Among your friends, see who can name the most folk songs.

Summary Statement

The operas of Wagner, which combined music and drama, had a strong influence on other composers. Richard Strauss turned to the writing of symphonic poems with striking orchestral

effects. Many composers have tried to develop new forms and styles of music, while other composers have continued to create great works in the old forms.

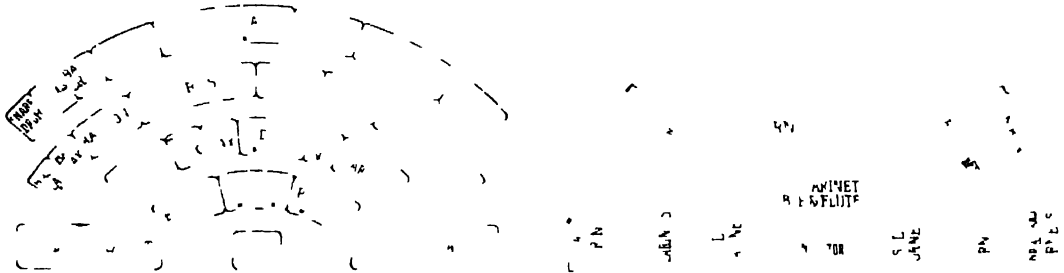
MODERN MUSIC



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Above is the diagram of a common plan for seating the players in a large orchestra. You will notice that the

strings, "the soul of the orchestra," are at the front of the stage, nearest the conductor.



Above is the seating arrangement for a symphonic band. You will notice that this large band has quite a different arrangement from that of the smaller band of thirty six pieces or less, shown at the right.

[Percussion: Snare, Bass Drum, Cymbals]
[Front Row: Cornets, Clarinets, Saxophones, Flutes]
[Back Row: Trumpets, Trombones, Euphoniums, Tuba]

A concert band, usually consisting of not more than thirty six pieces, is seated about as we have shown above. Here you see the cornets and clarinets at the front, and the reed section, clarinets, saxophones, and bassoons at the left.



[Euphonium, Trombone, Tuba]
[Clarinet, Saxophone, Flute]
[Trumpet, Cornet]
[Percussion: Snare, Bass Drum, Cymbals]

DRUM MAJOR

A marching band usually lines up in about the order shown above, with an imposing drum major in the lead, to set the time with his baton. You will notice that a band has no strings, but has certain other instruments instead, such as saxophones, cornets, and additional clarinets.



MODERN MUSIC

John Callcott Horsley, an English artist, has caught in this picture the humor of a situation common in many a family that owns a budding musician. He has named his work "The Rival Performers." Every musician will remember an occasion when, as a beginner, he poured all his heart into his effort and then realized that not a soul was listening. And usually he did not even have the competition of the cuckoo clock!



THE RIVAL PERFORMERS BY JOHN CALLCOTT HORSLEY

MIGHTY MUSIC *for* OUR MODERN AGE

*From Wagner, That Great Forger of Musical Thunderbolts,
through All the Gifted Men of All the Nations of To-day,
Modern Composers Have Been Trying to Make Music
Tell a Story, Sing a Song, and Paint a Picture*

THERE are some men who always seem to live in the midst of a storm. This usually is because they have loftier, larger ideas than the men they dwell among, and so, like a tall mountain, they always have the lightning playing round them. For if there is anything that ordinary people hate, it is to be told that there is a better way to do a thing than the way in which it has always been done. To change a thing means thinking about it—and many people find thinking very hard work indeed!

All this is true in music, as in other things. Nearly every great musician who ever lived

has had to fight his way against all the people who did not like his music because it was different from the kind they were used to. So some of the noblest music the world has ever known was hooted and hissed the first time it was heard.

During the nineteenth century there was an especially bitter war on between the new and the old, and the man who was always in the thick of things was Richard Wagner (vay'ner). Fortunately, he lived longer (1813-1883) than most of his fellow musicians, and so was able to see the day when he was honored and famous. But even then

there were large numbers of people who thought of him as a kind of musical savage.

The Maker of Modern Opera

He belonged to a family of German actors, so it was natural that when he began to write music, he should want to write music dramas. But he did not want his operas to be like the ones the Italians wrote a long string of songs with nothing going on. He wanted them to be real dramas, with the music a necessary part of the action, and the words a necessary part of both.

It was a hard task that Wagner set himself, but he succeeded in it the first man who ever did. For always before, either the music had swamped the drama, as with the Italians, or the drama had swamped the music, as with the French. Of course Wagner had to be a great genius in a good many ways in order to do a thing that was so hard. He had to know how to build up a thrilling drama, he had to be poet enough to know how to write fine words—or what we call the “libretto” (lī-brĕt’ō), the “little book”—and he had to write music that would be beautiful and yet, at every moment, reflect as vividly as possible all the thoughts and feelings and actions of his characters.

Like many later writers of opera, he was able to learn a good deal from Carl Maria von Weber (fōn vā’ber), a man who had come a little before him (1786–1826) and had written the first real German opera. Always before, operas, even though they might have been written by Germans, had copied the Italians or the French. But Weber was great enough to strike out a new line, and when he put on “The Marksman” (1811), people were delighted with it. It was a beautiful and simple and melodious music drama built up around an old German legend, and it was all in German. Later he went to England and wrote another charm-

ing opera around an English story of the king of the fairies. It was called “Oberon” (ō’bēr-ŏn).

So Wagner, too, built up his operas around German characters and German myths—the doings of the old German gods, of the mastersingers, of the knights of the Holy Grail. And instead of having nothing but

solo melodies, or arias (a’rī-ā), with long chanted prose explanations between them called recitative (rĕs’ĭ tā-tev’)

he went back to the music of the great Bach (bak), and wove together a number of separate short tunes, which he kept going all at the same time. That is what we call counterpoint, and the use of it made the music of Wagner’s operas

very much fuller and richer than the older operatic music had been.

But more interesting still he gave every one of those separate tunes, or “motives,” a special meaning. He made it stand for a particular person or idea in the opera, and

so whenever its own especial person appears or is mentioned, you begin to hear the theme that belongs to him weaving in and out of the music. In Wagner’s last opera, “Parsifal” (par’sī-fal), which tells the story of a knight of the Holy Grail, there are some especially beautiful themes belonging, for instance, to Parsifal, to his sword, and to the Grail. Whenever a theme is given this special meaning it is called a “Leitmotif” (līt’mō-tef), or “leading motive,” and it always is in keeping with the person or idea that it represents—grave or gay, evil or holy.

The Meaning of Wagner’s Operas

And more than that, the very story of the opera usually has an inner, hidden meaning. Its characters and their deeds tell, in one way or another, of the trials and the adventures of the human soul—the clash of good and evil, the effects of sin and the way of redemption from it. You can see why



Richard Wagner, the greatest writer of opera that the world has ever seen.



In this scene from Wagner's opera, "The Twilight of the Gods," we are shown the death of Siegfried, when,

in the course of the hunt, he is stabbed between the shoulders, the single spot where he may be killed

Wagner's operas, even though they are so German in subject matter, have a strong interest for people of every nation and every age.

As Wagner worked, his powers grew. His first great opera was "The Flying Dutchman" (1843). The next was the beautiful "Lannhauser" (lan'hoi zer), which contains the Pilgrim's Chorus that everybody loves. Yet when "Lannhauser" was first sung in Paris (1861), the audience received it with loud hisses and jeers and made a scandalous scene that was not forgotten for many years. Other great works followed, all of them masterpieces. "Lohengrin" (lo'chen-grin), with its famous Wedding March; "Tristan and Isolde" (e-sol'de), based on an old love tale, "The Mastersingers," Wagner's only comic opera and the one that contains the well-known Prize Song; and perhaps greatest of all, the four operas that make up what is known as "The Ring of the Nibelungs" (nē'bē-lōngz) or simply "The Ring."

The operas in the Ring cycle are, in order, "The Rhinegold," "The Valkyrie" (val-kī'rī), "Siegfried" (sīg'frēd), and "The

"Twilight of the Gods" - and one must hear all four in order to get the whole story of the famous ring made out of gold stolen from the Rhine maidens, who had been set to guard it deep in the waters of the river. This ring brought magic power to its owner, but it brought a curse as well, and the working out of the curse is the story of the four great music dramas.

Critics Who Jeered a Genius

Wagner became so famous that before his death he was able to see one of his great dreams fulfilled when the Festival Playhouse was opened (1876) at Bayreuth with the production of "The Ring." The new opera house was intended to work out Wagner's ideas of what opera should be.

But how Wagner was hated, just the same! A great French writer said he could make just as good music as Wagner by letting his cat walk up and down the piano keys. Rossini, the greatest composer of Italian opera at the time, held "Lohengrin" upside down and said he couldn't make head or tail of it. One distinguished critic said it

MODERN MUSIC

was nothing but "blubbering baby talk," another called it "opera without music," and even the generous Clara Schumann, wife of Robert Schumann, said that "Tristan and Isolde" was "the most repulsive thing" she had ever seen or heard in her life. One German writer has actually collected and published a whole "Schimpfexikon"—or "abuse dictionary"—made up of nothing but the uncomplimentary and abusive things that people said about Wagner and his music.

And yet, now, there is a whole army of critics who would agree that Wagner was one of the greatest geniuses the world has ever produced.

Richard Strauss (shtrous) was the leading composer in Germany after Wagner's day. He was born in Munich in 1864. Until he was 81 he wrote brilliant and amazing symphonic poems and songs and operas. One of his best-known works is the opera "Salome" (să-lō'mē), which stirred up almost as much fury as some of Wagner's operas had. For Strauss, too, blazed new trails. He used an enormous orchestra with more than a hundred performers and all sorts of instruments, and he worked for startling effects. And he didn't seem to care how much his work sounded like discords! Another masterpiece is his opera "The Rose Cavalier."

His greatest contributions to modern

music, however, lie in his extraordinary symphonic poems—"Til Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," "Don Juan," "Death and Transfiguration," "Don Quixote," and "A Hero's Life" are among the best-known. In these he has developed the form of the symphonic poem way beyond the point at which

Liszt left it, and has written music that has no equal for the vividness with which it paints a picture for the mind to see or imitates natural sounds.

Lately a whole new group of composers has sprung up in Germany. Like Strauss and Wagner before them, they are trying to make music say more than it has ever said before. Among them are Arnold Schoenberg (shen'bërg), Paul Hindemith (hîn'dē-mitt), and Alban Berg (bërg). Like so many other young composers they are startling the world with music that is not written in any key. Of course it all sounds very ter-

rrible and bewildering to most of the people used to the ordinary harmonies, but many skilled critics think very highly of it.

In other countries besides Germany opera grew more and more beautiful and interesting. For a long time Italy clung to her old habit of making the song the whole thing and the action nothing at all, until finally her writers of opera began to go to France. That brightened up their work at once, and



The lovely Jenny Lind, known as "the Swedish nightingale," was the idol of musical audiences in the middle of the nineteenth century. She sang many famous operatic rôles, both in America and in Europe, and was unexcelled in oratorio.

MODERN MUSIC

Rossini (rô-sē'nē), whom we remember for his comic opera, "The Barber of Seville" (1815), and for "William Tell" (1829), Donizetti (dō'nē-dzēt'te), whose "Lucia (loo-chē'à) di Lammermoor" (1835) contains the famous Sextette that all hand organs play, and Bellini (bē'l-lē'nē), all wrote music that people have hummed and whistled for a century.

Who Wrote the Anvil Chorus?

But much greater than these was Giuseppe Verdi (jōō-sēp'pā vār'de), who always stayed at home in Italy, where, as a tiny boy, he loved to dance along behind the village organ grinder. His operas are still among the most popular ones we have. Everyone knows the famous Anvil Chorus from "Il Trovatore" (ēl trō'vā-to'rā), the Triumphal March from "Aida" (a-ī'dā), and a host of other airs from his tuneful works. His best operas, "Otello" and "Falstaff," came toward the close of his long life (1813-1901), when he had learned much from the great work of Wagner.

Since Verdi's day Italy has given us Puccini (poot-che'ne), who died as lately as 1924. He was worthy of the great men who had gone before him, and his chief successes, such as "La Bohème" (lā bo-ēm'), "Tosca," "Madame Butterfly," and "The Girl of the Golden West" have given rôles to our most famous singers.

Frenchmen, too, were hard at work in opera during the nineteenth century. They were led off by a German named Meyerbeer (mē'er-bār), who went to live in Paris and produced his pompous historical operas there such as "The Huguenots" (1836), "The Prophet" (1843), and "The African" (1838-1865). And after him came Gounod (gōō'nō'), whom we have to thank for "Faust" (foust), one of the most popular operas ever written. He

gave us some beautiful sacred music too.

Another French opera that people never seem to tire of hearing is "Carmen," by Bizet (be'zē'). Baritones love to sing its stirring Toreador Song just as contraltos love to sing the famous aria from "Samson and Delilah," by the Frenchman Saint-Saëns (sāN-sōNs). During a long, long life (1835-1921) Saint-Saëns wrote charming, graceful music that one often hears to-day.

But the greatest of all the modern French musicians was Claude Debussy (klōd dē-bu'sē'), who besides his opera "Pelléas and Mélisande" (pēl'lā'a' mā'lē'sōNd'), started modern music on a brand-new path with his amazing orchestral works, such as "The Afternoon of a Faun," and his revolutionary compositions for the piano, "Gardens in the Rain," for instance, or "Reflections in the Water." Debussy (1862-1918) has been called an "impressionist," for the effects that he gets are all vague, subtle, dreamy. They start all sorts of powerful feelings in us, but nothing is ever very clear-cut or

definite, though his work is always fine and restrained. He tries to arouse in the listener the same feeling one would have if one were actually looking at a rain-washed garden or the shadows in a pool.

Debussy had studied the new music that was being written in Russia. He used an unusual scale—one made up of six whole tones—and of course that produced the

most amazing harmonies. Many people could see nothing but senseless noise in his music, but to-day he is considered one of the great modern masters. His influence on other younger composers is enormous.

Music That Makes Us Want to Dance

Among them is Maurice Ravel (rà'vèl'), a talented Frenchman who follows the lead

Two famous operatic composers of the nineteenth century: above, the Italian Puccini, whose best-known work is "Madame Butterfly"; below, the German Meyerbeer, author of many historical operas.



MODERN MUSIC

of Debussy in many ways. Everyone who listens to music over the radio has heard his "Boléro," that exciting dance which makes it so hard for a listener to keep his seat.

Another great French composer of the nineteenth century was César Franck (sā'zār' frōNk), who was a Belgian by birth but spent the greater part of his life (1822-1890) in Paris, as church organist and teacher in the Paris Conservatory. He too, struck out for himself, and shocked many musicians of his day, but his fine, thoughtful, serene spirit produced magnificent sacred music, several striking works for the piano, and some excellent things for orchestra, especially his masterpiece, the Symphony in D minor, which one often has a chance to hear.

His pupil, the French composer d'Indy (dāN'dē'), said of him: "The foundation of his character was gentleness, calm and serene goodness. He had high ideals and lived up to them. He never sought honors or distinctions, but worked hard and long to give of the best that was in him."

Now it may have occurred to you that during all the centuries since the time of the Greeks, music has seemed to be in the hands of just three countries, Italy, Germany, and France—with a reference to England now and then. Does this mean

that the other nations of the world had no ear for music at all?

No, indeed! There never was a people yet who did not love a tune. But it does mean that other countries were imitating the great composers of their neighbors and had not learned to appreciate the beautiful folk songs that the humble people were singing at home. For no nation has ever produced great music till it learned to voice its own musical thoughts, and not just echo the thoughts of some foreign country.

About 1850 Russia woke up to the fact that her own unhappy peasants were singing songs as lovely and moving as any in the world. At that time a group of five talented men, none of them professional musicians, started to write music that should be thoroughly Russian. A composer named Michael Glinka had already shown them the way with an opera called "A Life for the Czar" (1836), which had aroused the greatest excitement everywhere in

Russia. So when The Five began to preach Russian music for the Russians, people were ready to be convinced—and Russian music suddenly came to be a thing of great beauty and power.

The greatest of them was probably Modest Moussorgsky (mō'dēst mōō'sōrg-ski), whose masterpiece was "Boris Godounov" (bō-rēs' gō'dōō-nōf'). When it was produced (1874),



The charms of music have given rise to many legends. Such is the Greek story of the sirens, whose exquisite singing lured unfortunate sailors to destruction. And such is the German tale of the Lorelei (lō'rē-lī), a maiden believed to inhabit a cliff overlooking the Rhine. There she sat and sang, and by her beauty and the unearthly loveliness of her music she led sailors to their death on the rocks below. The maiden in our picture has lured the water nymphs from their home, for we may be sure that the strains she draws from that primitive harp are such as were never heard on land or sea.



THE LY SWET SUITE

It is by simple folk such as these that music is kept alive in every nation, for no people can produce a great

music until the common man has learned to put his deepest emotions into song.

many critics were enraged, just as they had been by "Lohengrin." But we now know that it is one of the grandest operas ever written and count ourselves lucky if we heard Chaliapin (shal-ya'pĕn), the greatest singer of the twentieth century, sing the rôle of the mad king who is its hero.

Two Famous Russian Composers

Another famous member of The Five was Nicholas Rimsky-Korsakov (rĭm'ski kôr'sâ kôf), who is much better known than any of the rest. His two best operas are "The Golden Cockerel" and "The Snow Maiden." But over the radio we often hear the fascinating music from his "Scheherazade" (shĕ-hâ'râ-za'dĕ). It is an orchestral suite (swĕt) that is to say, a series of "movements," or detached pieces in different moods.

The Russian who is best known of all is the famous Peter Ilich Tchaikovsky (chĭ-kôf'skĕ), who did not belong to The Five at all. Because he wrote music more or less as the other Europeans were writing it, he was much easier for the world to understand. His life (1840-1893) was not a happy

one, and his music reflects its tumult and sadness, but his symphonies are among the most popular music that we have. You will often hear his delicate Nutcracker Suite over the radio.

It is only recently that the world has found out about all this beautiful Russian music, which has come to have such a tremendous influence on all our present-day composers. Just now Igor Stravinsky (ĭ'gôr stra-vĭn'skĭ) is astonishing the world and entrancing a part of it - by his compositions for orchestra. They are often written without any key, and are full of courageous discords. He has probably had more influence on the course of music than anyone living to day. His best-known works are two ballets, "The Fire Bird" and "The Rite of Spring." Sergei Rachmaninoff (ser'gĕ raK ma'nĕ nôf) (1873-1943), a distinguished pianist, composed some fine things and among the younger men Sergei Prokofĭff (prô'ko-fyĕf) and Dimitri Shostakovich (de-mĕ'trĕ shôs'tâ kô'vich) are outstanding.

The Russians were not the only people who were beginning to find their inspiration in the airs they heard at home. Other com-

posers in other lands were weaving into their works echoes of the simple folk songs they had learned to sing as tiny children. For every race has its own particular genius when it comes to the music that humble people make to cheer them while they work or when they gather for a wedding or a festival.

How Folk Songs Are Composed

No one knows where this folk music comes from, any more than we can tell what sowed the wild flowers that spring up along a country road. Some simple ploughman, some country fiddler, some busy mother humming at her work devised a little tune and others heard and liked it. Finally it was tossed about from mouth to mouth, people improved upon it as they sang it, and no one under heaven could remember where it came from.

But it is those simple tunes that sing themselves through the works of nearly every great composer, for they have been born in the very heart of the race—and every race has its own particular airs, as different from the songs of other races as an Irishman is different from a Swede. Just hum over to yourself the tune of "Loch Lomond," from Scotland; of "Yankee Doodle," from England; and of "Holy Night," from Germany. They are all folk melodies—and how different they are!

So the Norwegian composer Edward Grieg (1843-1907) built up his exquisite music for orchestra or voice or piano by using echoes of the wild or gay songs that he had heard along the fiords or in the pine-clad mountains of his native land. We love his

strange, moving melodies because they say a thing in a way we've never heard it said in before.

Antonin Dvořák (1841-1904), a Czech, also made good use of the songs of his native land. We in America should be especially grateful to Dvořák (dvôr'zhák), for he lived three years in this country as head of a conservatory of music in New York, and at that time wrote his beautiful symphony, "From the New World." Into this noble work the Bohemian butcher's son wove the Negro melody, "Swing low, sweet chariot" and echoes of various other Negro melodies. But we know him even better for the popular "Humoresque," which he wrote during a summer's stay in Spillville, Iowa. He had "Way down upon the Swanee River" in mind when he wrote it, and the two can be sung at the same time very nicely.

At the close of the last century Jean Sibelius (sē-b'li ūs) began to put into mighty, sonder music the picture of his native Finland, "the land of a thousand lakes and islets." His symphonic poem "Finlandia" (1894) so stirred the patriotic spirit of the Finns, who

were then under the heel of the Czar of Russia, that the Russian authorities forbade its being played.

In England during the last century there were no serious musicians of real genius, though all of us who speak English love to sing the sparkling music from the light operas of Arthur Sullivan—"The Mikado," "Pinafore," and "Iolanthe" are a few of them. W. S. Gilbert, the poet who wrote the rollicking words, did almost as much as the composer to put those merry tunes on everybody's lips. It is safe to say that they will be loved for a long time to come. Of late there has been a decided revival of



Here are two of our century's greatest interpreters of music. At the left is Ignace Jan Paderewski (pá'dē-rēf'ské), the great Polish pianist, who also served his country as its premier. At the right is Fritz Kreisler, the famous Austrian violinist.



MODERN MUSIC

musical interest in England, and she has produced several composers of real talent. Edward Elgar, Frederick Delius, Gustav Holst, and Vaughan Williams are among the best known.

The United States, too, has had to borrow most of her music from richer lands. In the early days the love of song was ground under the heels of those grim old Puritans who felt that everything beautiful must be wicked and who would not even allow a fine hymn in church. Instead, the minister read out the hymn a line at a time; they called it "lining a hymn out" and the congregation sang that line each in turn, more or less

to his own tune. The result must have been useful in frightening the devil away, if for nothing else!

Since then we seem to have been too busy building railroads and bridges and skyscrapers to give much time to making beautiful music.

and our life is the poorer on account of it. The only name of first importance here in all the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries was that of Edward MacDowell (1861-1908), a really gifted man who, though his music contains a good many echoes of other modern composers, realized that in the songs of the American Indians there was something fresh and beautiful. He wove them into an orchestral suite (1896) that was a real landmark in American music and is played oftener than any other American composition for orchestra. MacDowell is best known, however, for his piano compositions. Everyone has heard the haunting melody of "To a Wild Rose."

At the present moment Ernest Bloch (blôk) and Edgar Varèse (va'riéz') are writing very new and original music here,

but both of them have come to us from other countries. Bloch has written some magnificent orchestral works on Biblical subjects, and Varèse likes to take all the harsh noises of a great city and weave them into music. Aaron Copland has been seeing what there is to be made out of jazz. So did George Gershwin (1898-1937), whose early death

robbed us of one of our most gifted talents. Other Americans doing outstanding work are Howard Hanson, William Schuman, Walter Piston, and Hurl McDonald.

But our best-known American composer is Deems Taylor, who has written two excellent operas, "The

Kings Henchman" and "Peter Ibbet-

son." His most popular orchestral work is an exquisite suite called

"Through the Looking-glass." His written criticism of music is highly valued



Edward MacDowell, whose portrait is shown here, was probably our greatest American composer. He was the first to see the beauty in the strange, wild music of the American Indians, and to weave their themes into compositions of his own.

able also and is widely read. Will America ever produce great composers like Wagner, Beethoven, and Bach? Who can say? We spend a billion dollars a year on music—more than the whole sum that goes for higher education. Almost every house in the land has its radio or phonograph and many have other instruments as well. Because we are rich we can bring across the Atlantic the greatest performers and conductors in the world, and we can have the finest orchestras. Yet, we continue to be one of the less musical nations.

And we always shall be unless we learn to like music enough to want to make it ourselves and not be satisfied with letting someone else do it for us over the radio. For the only way to be musical is to make music! We have a fine folk music in our Indian and Negro melodies, but we need to have thousands and thousands of people who will love music enough to learn to play or sing and do it every day at home.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

INSTRUMENTS OF THE ORCHESTRA

A modern full orchestra is divided into four sections, or "choirs": the stringed instruments, or "strings," which give forth a musical tone when a string is made to vibrate; the wood winds, or those wooden instruments which give forth a tone when the player blows into them; the brasses, or those brass instruments which give forth a tone when the player blows into them; and the percussion instruments, or those which give forth a sound when they are struck. Of these various choirs the strings are the most important and the most numerous, for they usually make up over half the instruments in the orchestra. An orchestra made up of strings and wood winds is sometimes called a "small orchestra." The brasses are the instruments that furnish the larger part of the power in an orchestra, and the percussion instruments most primitive of all, since they descend from the savage tomtom are of especial use in marking the beat.

STRING CHOIR

In this group are the following instruments:

VIOLIN

The violin, one of the most important solo instruments of our day and one regarded by many people as the finest, belongs to the family of stringed instruments played with the bow. It is the treble or highest instrument of the group, and the smallest. The others are the viola or alto the violoncello or 'cello and the bass viol or double bass. The violin family are usually the only stringed instruments in the orchestra, and, taken together, they are called the "strings." They are really the most important instruments in the orchestra, and to one of the violinists, called the concert master "concertmeister" in German is given the responsibility of transmitting the conductor's wishes to the other musicians.

Of all instruments, the violin is the nearest to the human voice. It is capable of expressing every human emotion, whether sorrowful or gay, differing in this from the 'cello, which is rather melancholy. In the hands of a great player a fine instrument can produce unbelievably beautiful, singing tones, and it is a rare privilege to be able to hear one of the great violinists of our day, such as Kreisler (kris'lér), Zimbalist, or Heifitz (hi'fíts). One of the greatest violinists who ever lived was Paganini (pá'ga-né'né), who was perhaps the first of the great performers. He was born in Italy in 1782 and died in 1840.

The violin is about three centuries old, and will probably always remain as it is now. It is made of a resonating box of wood with two F-shaped sounding holes in the top of the body. It has four strings tuned in fifths, three of them usually strung with sheep gut called catgut and one with wire. The pitch of a tone is regulated by pinching the string against the instrument's long "neck." The strings pass over a bridge of ebony, the last part of the violin to be perfected, and when a "mute" a little device of ebony or brass is placed on the bridge, the tone is veiled. The violin bow is long and slender, and slightly bent. It is strung with white horsehair, which is rubbed with resin.

The finest violins of the world were manufactured in the Italian city of Cremona by the Amati brothers, the Stradivari, and the Guarneri, who flourished from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century. Some of our concert artists still play on the violins and 'cellos those early craftsmen made.

Much beautiful music has been written for the violin, as for instance the great violin concertos of Beethoven and Mendelssohn. There is also chamber music for stringed instruments written by some of the greatest

composers - Haydn, Beethoven, and Mozart. On other pages of this set you may learn more about the violin and its history.

VIOLA

The viola (vê-d'la), or alto, which descends five notes lower than the violin, is the alto of the violin family. It is made like the violin but it is a seventh larger, has heavier strings, and is played with a heavier bow. Like the violin it has four strings tuned in fifths, and the three uppermost strings are identical in pitch with the three lower strings of the violin. The viola has a peculiar, melancholy sound and its tones are veiled and somber. It is not used as a solo instrument, but has an important part in chamber music and in the orchestra. Mozart wrote a trio for piano, clarinet, and viola, and Berlioz used the viola in "Harold in Italy" to carry pensive melodies. A general description of the violin family will be found in the article on the violin.

VIOLONCELLO, OR 'CELLO

The violoncello (vê-ô-lôn-chêl'ô), or 'cello (chêl'ô), a bass member of the violin family, is an important solo instrument of our day and widely used both in chamber music and in the orchestra. Its form was fixed by the Stradivari, and since their time it has usually been made forty-eight and one-half inches long. The violoncello has four strings tuned in fifths, and it rests on the floor. Its pitch is between that of the viola and the bass viol. It has a rich singing tone, at times very melancholy, and is the most romantic instrument in the orchestra. In chamber music it is second only to the violin, and since Beethoven's time it has been a very necessary part of the symphony orchestra. The violoncello carries the "Andante con moto" of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and also the Scherzo of the C Minor Symphony. Wagner uses the violoncello often. A number of violoncellos made by the Guarneri and the Stradivari are still in existence. A general description of the violin family will be found in the article on the violin.

BASS VIOL, OR DOUBLE BASS

The bass viol, or double bass, is the largest of the instruments of the violin family and the lowest in pitch. It has a flat back like the viols, which were the stringed instruments used from the fifteenth to the eighteenth century. The player rests it on the floor, and plays from music that is written on octave higher than it is played. The bass viol is not a solo instrument, and it has only secondary importance in chamber music, but it is very necessary in the orchestra, where it furnishes the foundation on which the harmony is based and marks out the rhythm. Often it strengthens the bass of the 'cello by doubling the lower octave, as in the Scherzo of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. Beethoven uses the bass viol to create the impression of a storm in his Pastoral Symphony. The instrument has an important part in Wagner's "Götterdämmerung," in Richard Strauss' "Salomé," and in Verdi's "Othello." Serge Koussevitzky (sér'gê kôô'sê-vit'ski), conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is a skilled performer on the bass viol. The instrument's construction is described in the article on the violin.

HARP

The harp is a very ancient instrument which was known to the Assyrians, the Egyptians, the Greeks and Romans, and to all Celtic peoples. Our modern harp is called the "double-action harp" because each of the seven pedals has the effect of playing both the natural and the sharp of each string. In other words, each string, without the pedal, gives forth when plucked the flat of one of the notes in the scale. This instrument

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS—Continued

was invented in Paris by Sebastien Erard in the early nineteenth century. It is a large contrivance with forty-six strings, which are vibrated by the fingers; the range is six and a half octaves. The upper notes, where the strings are of gut, are suited to rapid passages; and the middle notes, where the strings are also of gut, have a singing effect. The bass notes, where the strings are of wire, are very rich. Meyerbeer makes frequent use of the harp in his orchestral works. You may hear it in the "Meistersinger" overture. And Saint-Saëns, Mozart, Liszt, Debussy, Bizet, and many others have written for it. It is an instrument frequently played by women. In the late nineteenth century a chromatic harp was invented, but it has not displaced the older instrument, which still labors under one great disadvantage: it is practically impossible for the performer to play a chromatic (krô-mât'ik) scale upon it that is, a scale in which all the half steps, or semitones, are included. Though it is a stringed instrument often used in an orchestra, the harp does not belong to the string choir.

WOOD WINDS

In this group are the following instruments:

FLUTE (ALSO PICCOLO, FIFE, AND FLAGEOLET)

The flute used in our modern orchestras was perfected by a flutist or flautist (flô'tist) named Theobald Böhm (bûm), who was born in Munich in 1794. It is called the "transverse flute" because it is held across the face of the player, who directs a stream of air across an opening cut into the side near one end, which is closed. Over the openings in the tube of the flute usually fourteen or fifteen are keys on which the performer plays with the fingers of both hands. Flutes take their place with the wood winds in the orchestra, even when they are made of silver. Usually there are two flutes and a piccolo (pik'ô-lô), a small flute which plays an octave higher than the flute proper and has the highest voice in the orchestra. Another small flute is the fife, a small, shrill pipe resembling a piccolo and used with the drum for military music. The flageolet (flâj'ô-lê') also belongs to the flute family, though it is held straight down from the mouth; it is used in dance music in certain countries, but it has no importance in the orchestra. The flute has a range of three octaves, blends well with other instruments, and, like the violin, can be either gay or sad. Its tone is very sweet. Mozart's "The Magic Flute" was written around that instrument, and the flute is heard all through Bizet's opera "Carmen." Beethoven liked the flute and wrote many flute parts into his symphonies. He also composed a serenade for flute, violin, and alto or viola. Haydn wrote two trios for two flutes and violoncello. One of the great modern flutists is Georges Barrere (zhôrh bâ rêr').

OBOE

The oboe (ô'boi or ô'bô) belongs to the wood winds of the orchestra and is the treble instrument of the oboe family—that is, the instrument with the highest pitch. In rapid passages it can be light-hearted, but it is also capable of producing a plaintive, melancholy sound that is very penetrating and, once heard, unforgettable. The oboe is a little wooden tube with a very narrow mouthpiece to which is fitted a double reed; the tube grows gradually wider toward the bell—that is, toward the spreading, open end. The openings cut in the tube are fitted with keys, and the instrument has a range of two octaves and one-fifth. Orchestras usually have two oboes. Other members of the oboe family are the English horn, which is a fifth lower, and the bassoon, which is the bass member of the family. There is

also a baritone oboe, which is not much used but is employed by Richard Strauss in "Salomé." Haydn, Mozart, J. S. Bach, Handel and many other great composers have written for the oboe. Beethoven particularly likes the instrument, and it can be heard in his opera "Fidelio," in his church music, and in his symphonies. He also wrote a trio for two oboes and an English horn. It has been said, "When you hear coming from the depths of the orchestra a very nasal and penetrating voice of incomparable sweetness, which seems like a small, impassioned French peasant serenading his adored one, make no mistake, it is the oboe." The oboe family are all reed instruments—that is, the player blows against a single or double reed instead of into a cup-shaped mouthpiece, as in the brass winds. The reeds are made from a grass that grows in Southern Europe especially in France.

ENGLISH HORN

The English horn or cor anglais (kôr äN'glê') is descended from an old English instrument called the hornpipe, and is not a horn at all, but the alto member of the oboe family. It is a fifth lower than the oboe, and has a slightly curved beak in order that it may be played more conveniently. Its tone, fuller and richer than that of the oboe, is very beautiful and penetrating, and highly romantic in quality. Wagner uses the English horn in the opening of the third act of "Tristan and Isolde," and Dvořák uses it for the exquisite largo at the opening of the slow movement in his "New World Symphony."

BASSOON

The bassoon is the bass in the family of wood winds and is the lowest of the oboe family. It is a very long tube, but it is doubled back on itself so that its length is reduced to a little over four feet. It is so heavy that its weight must be supported by a strap around the player's neck. The mouthpiece is a thin tube fitted with a reed, which projects from one side of the instrument, and in playing, the performer's left hand is at the level of his breast and the right much lower. The Italians call the bassoon "fagotto," from the word for a bundle of sticks, which the instrument a good deal resembles in appearance. The double bassoon, or contra-bassoon, is the lowest instrument in the orchestra. It consists of a conical tube which is about sixteen feet long and is doubled on itself. This instrument is seldom heard. Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, Bizet, and many others wrote parts for the bassoon in their orchestral works, and Beethoven has bassoon solos in his symphonies. The orchestra to-day usually has two bassoons and one double bassoon, a longer instrument which plays an octave lower. Richard Strauss has a double-bassoon solo in "Salomé," and Beethoven uses the instrument in the Fifth Symphony and the Choral Symphony. The bassoon can be a very humorous instrument. Mendelssohn uses it in this mood in "Midsummer Night's Dream" to accompany the braying of Bottom. Mozart composed a sonata for bassoon and 'cello. A witty writer has said, "Bassoon's leading rôle is clown of the orchestra. His hard, dry, rather strained and somewhat rank serio-comic voice is irresistible when he begins to cut up his nimble antics. Sometimes he produces a squalling sound, like the tone you once got from the tooter you made, as a barefoot boy, out of a pumpkin-vine stem. One of his best rôles is the fat old man acting the young lover." But the bassoon blends well with other instruments, and its upper notes are much like the human voice.

CLARINET

The clarinet belongs to the wood winds of the orchestra. It is a German instrument invented in 1690 by Johann Christopher Denner of Nuremberg, and Mozart was the first of the great composers to give it an important part

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS—Continued

in the orchestra. Although sometimes made of other materials it is ordinarily a wooden tube with twenty openings. The instrument is played through a reed attached to the mouthpiece; at the other end is a "bell"—the name given to the flaring end of wind instruments. The "bore"—or hollow inside the tube is cylindrical, whereas in the oboe the bore widens and becomes cone-shaped, in this way producing a different tone. The clarinet has a compass of three octaves and a fifth, and its charm lies in the fact that its different registers—that is, the groups of lower, middle, and upper notes—give different musical effects. No other wind instrument has so wide a compass and such a great variety of tone. In general its quality is rich, tender, and feminine. There are several members of the clarinet family the "little clarinet," which Berlioz, Wagner, and Saint-Saëns used in symphonic music; the bass clarinet, which sounds an octave lower than the clarinet proper and is heard in "Tristan and Isolde" and in Meyerbeer's "The Huguenots"; and the basset horn, with additional low keys, used by Mozart but now usually replaced by the alto clarinet. Both the bass and alto clarinet turn up at the end. Much lovely music has been written for the clarinet. Mozart's symphony in E flat is sometimes called the clarinet symphony; Weber loved the instrument and has written fine clarinet passages in the "Freischütz" overture and the overture to "Oberon." Mendelssohn favored the lower register and Beethoven the upper notes, which can be heard throughout his symphonies.

BRASSES

In this group are the following instruments:

FRENCH HORN and BUGLE

The modern horn used in the orchestra and called the French horn, is a long brass tube wound three times on itself, with a flaring bell and a deep, funnel-shaped, cupped mouthpiece. It is descended from the hunting horn, and must not be confused with the English horn, which is not a horn at all but a member of the oboe family. The performer on the French horn plays semitones by inserting his hand in the bell of the instrument, and he can also change pitch by putting "crooks" into the instrument's mouthpiece. These are pieces of tube curved in a particular way and used in many wind instruments for changing the pitch. The horn, of all the brasses, most resembles the human voice, and can be majestic, or soft, mournful, and mysterious. As a rule it is used in passages with the wood winds. Usually there are at least two in the orchestra, where a horn with valves is replacing the older form. The valve horn is easier to play but its tone is far less sweet and penetrating. Most composers since Handel have written for the horn; in "Der Freischütz" Weber uses it to express the romance and poetry of the German forests, and Beethoven employs it to give the effect of power and sentiment in the Eroica, or Third, Symphony. In the "Rheingold" prelude there are eight horns, and muted horns give a magical effect in the scene of the Tarnhelm. Brass instruments are "muted,"—that is, made to produce a more mellow, veiled tone—by inserting various devices—called "mutes" in the bell. The French horn is one of the most difficult of all instruments to play well. "Without warning it will begin to sound like a man with a bad stutter whose coffee has gone down his windpipe."

The bugle is a military instrument of the horn class, usually without, though sometimes provided with, valves. It is a treble instrument with a cupped mouthpiece.

TRUMPET

The trumpet, according to the Bible, is the instrument which is going to summon us all to the Last Judgment.

It is very old. At first trumpets were made of animal horns or were simple straight instruments. The modern trumpet, on the other hand, is a very complicated affair. It is a long brass tube with a cup-shaped mouthpiece bent twice upon itself to make three parallel bars. It differs from the horn in that its tube is cylindrical instead of conical. The simpler form is the slide trumpet, but the one ordinarily used has three valves which control the volume of air and enable the performer to play the scale. The bell— or open end— is flaring, and the tone very brilliant and clear. The trumpet is used by the army and also has an important place in the symphony orchestra, where there are usually two and sometimes three. In "Das Rheingold" Wagner has four, the fourth being a bass trumpet. Schubert uses the trumpet beautifully in the slow movement of his great symphony in C. Beethoven writes for it too, but it was not a favorite instrument with him. The martial quality of its tone made it a great favorite with royalty. Henry VIII of England had an orchestra made up of ten trumpets and nine stringed instruments. In the Middle Ages the instrument was so important that there was a trumpeters' guild.

TROMBONE

The trombone, a very ancient instrument, belongs to the brasses, and is the bass of the trumpets. It is made of two brass tubes so curved that the ends of one tube fit into the ends of the other. The part which is stationary is fitted with a mouthpiece that is usually cup-shaped. The movable part slides in and out, shortening or lengthening the instrument and in this way changing the tone. It can be seen that the notes are not fixed, but depend wholly on the judgment of the player. A trombone with valves like a cornet has been made; it has fixed notes and is easier to play than the common form, but it has not displaced the slide trombone in the symphony orchestra. The trombone has a majestic, imposing voice which appealed to most of the great composers. Mozart has used it in "Don Giovanni" and also to represent the trump of doom in his Requiem. Mendelssohn makes beautiful use of it in the "Ruy Blas" overture and Schumann in his First Symphony. Beethoven employs the trombone to perfection in his masses and symphonies, and Wagner has three tenor trombones and one bass trombone in "Das Rheingold."

TUBA and SAXHORNS

The tuba is the bass of the saxhorn family brass instruments of the bugle type with valves. They were constructed for use in the French army bands. Most of the family has not found a place in the symphonic orchestra because they do not blend with the stringed instruments so well as do the French horn, the trombone, and the trumpet. Wagner, however, made use of the tuba, and since his time it has remained in the orchestra. He has five of them at times in the Ring Cycle including a double bass tuba. Siegfried's combat, Hunding's rage, Fafner's roaring, all are accompanied by the tuba. It is a very large instrument made of a tube bent upon itself, with a very wide, flaring bell, or open end. It is fitted with valves. In the orchestra it furnishes a fine bass to all the brasses, and in fact to the whole orchestra.

CORNET

The cornet was developed in Germany in the early nineteenth century, but its advance does not seem to be welcomed by musicians, who consider it, at least for orchestral playing, greatly inferior to the trumpet and the horn, which it resembles. Its pitch is that of the trumpet, and its lower notes are very good, though its tone has neither the clarity nor the dignity of the trumpet. It is easier to play than the trumpet, and in

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS—Continued

the hands of a skillful performer can produce beautiful effects. For this reason it is sometimes found in small orchestras, playing the parts of the more difficult trumpet. In the military band it is an important instrument. It consists of a brass tube bent on itself and fitted with three valves. The mouthpiece is larger than that of the trumpet, but the bell is of the same size.

PERCUSSION INSTRUMENTS

In this group are the following instruments:

KETTLEDRUMS, or TYMPANI

Kettledrums- or tympani (tím'pá-ně) have an important part in the symphony orchestra and are always used in pairs, one larger than the other. They are different from all the other drums because they can be tuned to produce musical notes in harmony with the music of the score. They are large basins of brass or copper, the open end covered with calfskin which is slackened or tightened in tuning. When musicians speak of the drums they mean the kettledrums. Beethoven was the first of the great composers who appreciated the kettledrums fully; he uses them in his symphonies, even giving them solos at times. The man who plays the kettledrums has to deal with one of the most difficult instruments in the orchestra. He must have an excellent sense of time and rhythm and a very exact ear for pitch, for he often must tune his drums, in only a few seconds, to a key that is entirely different from the one in which the rest of the orchestra is playing meanwhile.

DRUM

The bass drum is one of the important percussion instruments of the orchestra. It is a short cylinder of wide diameter covered at both ends with pieces of calfskin and played with a single stick, which ends in a soft knob.

The snare drum, or side drum, is a cylinder of wood or brass covered with calfskin at both ends. Across the bottom are catgut strings which rattle every time the drum is struck. The snare drum is used as a percussion instrument in the orchestra and also appears in the military band, where a player on horseback usually has two snare drums, one on each side of the saddle. The roll of the drum is made by striking two blows with the left hand and two with the right in rapid succession. A good example of the use of the snare drum in the orchestra is found in "Fra Diavolo." The kettledrum is described in a separate article.

CELESTA

The celesta (sê-lês'tà), often used in the orchestra, looks much like a small organ and is an improvement on the old-fashioned chimes, formerly much used in the orchestra. It is a keyboard percussion instrument consisting of plates of steel suspended over resonating boxes of wood. The plates are struck by hammers, as the strings in a piano are struck. The instrument was invented by Mustel of Paris, and gives forth a tone of great purity.

The following percussion instruments are known as the "battery" in an orchestra:

CARILLON

The carillon (kâr'l-lôn) sometimes called a glockenspiel (glôk'ën-spêl) is often used in the orchestra. It is made up of a series of bells tuned to form a scale. They are struck by hammers or played from a keyboard.

CYMBALS

Cymbals (sím'bál) are very important among the percussion instruments in the orchestra. They are two metal disks with a leather strap through the center of each, and should be struck against each other with a sliding motion. Sometimes the drummer in the orchestra has to play the cymbals too, and in that case one of the disks is fastened to the drum, but the tone is not so good when the cymbals are played in this way.

TAMBOURINE

The tambourine is a wooden hoop covered at one side with a piece of calfskin. It is beaten with the hand. Little metal plates called "jingles" are attached to the hoop. The tambourine is used in some kinds of solo dances and occasionally in the orchestra. The French "tambourin" in no way resembles the tambourine, but is a long narrow drum.

TRIANGLE

The triangle is a percussion instrument often used in the orchestra. It is made of a steel rod bent into triangular form with one angle open, and it is beaten with a short rod of the same material. It is very effective for accenting notes, and many of the great composers, among them Rossini, Brahms, and Beethoven, make use of it. It is either suspended from the player's desk or held in his left hand, suspended from a cord.

XYLOPHONE

The xylophone (zi'lô-fôn) is composed of a resonance box to which are attached parallel strips of wood of varying size, arranged to give a scale. It is played with wooden mallets, one held in each hand. In larger instruments bronze bars are used instead of wood.

OTHER MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

ACCORDION

The accordion consists of a small pair of hand bellows with a keyboard on one side. The number of keys varies with the size of the accordion. The right hand plays the keyboard while the left works the bellows. Each key gives forth two sounds, one when the instrument is expanded or pulled out and one when it is compressed. The accordion has an important part in the folk music of many of the peoples of Europe.

BAGPIPE

The bagpipe consists of a leather bag fitted with tubes that have reeds in them. Air is supplied either by the player's lungs or from a bag which he carries under one arm. The instrument is played everywhere in Europe, though we usually associate it with Scotland. It has a compass of nine notes which do not form a scale. The fact that it is impossible to play our scale on the bagpipe accounts for the wild character of the music we associate with it.

BANJO

The banjo is a stringed instrument that may have come from Africa. The body is of parchment stretched over a loop, and has no back. The neck is long and is not divided into frets. Frets are slightly raised crossbars of wood or gut or ivory across the keyboard of instruments; they guide the player in pinching the strings against the neck of the instrument to change the pitch. The banjo is played by plucking the strings with the fingers. The number of strings and the tuning vary.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS—Continued

CLAVICHORD

The clavichord is an instrument now no longer in use, but its name remains familiar to us through John Sebastian Bach's compositions. It was the earliest of all the instruments made with a piano keyboard and strings, and the first in which the strings were struck, not plucked, as in the harpsichord. The mechanism consisted of little uprights of brass that struck the strings from below, producing a sweet, weak tone that could be increased or diminished by the player. The clavichord, which looked like a square piano, was in general use in Germany until the beginning of the nineteenth century. Mozart wrote "The Magic Flute" on a clavichord which is now in the Salzburg Museum; the oldest known specimen, dated 1537, is in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City.

GUITAR

The guitar is a stringed instrument of eastern origin, and is played by twanging the strings with the fingers. It differs from the mandolin in having a flat back and curving sides somewhat after the pattern of the violin. The Spanish guitar has six strings, three of gut and three of silk spun over with wire; the keyboard is fretted. Guitar music is written an octave higher than it is played. Sometimes guitars, like mandolins, are inlaid with tortoiseshell, hard woods, or mother-of-pearl, and the circular opening in the sounding board is often gayly decorated. Both Berlioz and Paganini played the guitar, and there is living to-day a great Spanish guitarist, Andrea Segovia, who has given concerts in the United States. Boccherini wrote a quintet in which there is a part for the guitar, Verdi wrote for it in "Falstaff," and Donizetti in "Don Pasquale."

HARPSICHORD

The harpsichord was the piano of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, used just as the piano is to-day in orchestras, to accompany the voice and other instruments, and for solo playing. It looked like a grand piano, and had a keyboard of five or five and a half octaves, but its tone, though sweet, was weak and harplike. The strings of the harpsichord were not struck by hammers, as in the piano, but were plucked, when the keys were struck, by picks or "plectra" of hard leather or quill. There was no way by which the volume of sound could be increased, and the bass was especially weak. But different kinds of tones could be produced by having two or three sets of plectra of different materials, each set connected with a different keyboard. There are fine specimens of harpsichords in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, and a certain number of new instruments are being constructed to-day. Occasionally our great concert pianists perform upon the harpsichord.

LUTE

The lute, an instrument of the Middle Ages and the centuries that followed, was introduced into Europe by the Arabs, and in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was as important as the piano is to-day. It was a stringed instrument with a pear-shaped back and a neck of moderate length, divided by frets or slightly raised crossbars of catgut or wire into a measured scale. Often it was a beautiful instrument, artistically painted and inlaid with hard woods or mother-of-pearl. Both Handel and Bach wrote for the lute, and Bach introduced it into the "Passion According to St. John." The lute declined in use when the violin family became popular. The mandolin is derived almost entirely from the lute.

MANDOLIN

The mandolin is a stringed instrument of the lute family but with a deeper, rounder back than the lute. The one

most commonly used is the Neapolitan mandolin, which has four strings tuned in fifths. It is played with a plectrum—or pick—of whalebone or tortoiseshell held in the right hand while the strings are touched with the left. The serenade in Mozart's "Don Giovanni" was written for the mandolin, and there are mandolin parts in Wolff-Ferrari's "Jewels of the Madonna." Beethoven's friend Krumpholtz was a highly skilled performer—or "virtuoso" (vir'tōō-ō'sō)—on the mandolin, and that is probably why Beethoven wrote a piece for the instrument. To-day in Rome mandolins are being manufactured that have a powerful tone and approach the violin in sweetness.

ORGAN

The organ has a long history that goes back to ancient times when people discovered that a pipe could make a musical sound when air was blown into it. To-day it is a keyboard instrument, sometimes with as many as five "manuals," or keyboards. A very great number of pipes of all sizes are furnished with compressed air by an electrical motor or some other mechanical device. The organs in moving-picture theaters and, above all, in churches are the largest, most expensive, and most complicated musical instruments of our day, and can reproduce, after their fashion, all the sounds made by the instruments in a full orchestra. In churches organs have furnished sacred music for centuries. It is said to have been Pepin, the father of Charlemagne, who first thought that the organ might have an uplifting effect on people's minds and move them to religious thoughts. Each manual, or keyboard, in the large modern organ is connected with groups of pipes arranged in a scale and having the same quality of sound. These groups of pipes are called stops, and couplers make it possible to play any desired combination of stops. In the Madeleine church in Paris the manual called the Grand Organ is connected with twelve stops, among them the "English horn" and the "trumpet" which means the stops which imitate these instruments. Large modern organs are really five organs, each with its keyboard. The names of these organs are Great Organ, Swell Organ, Choir Organ, Echo or Celestial, and the Pedal Organ, which is played with the feet; but since one player plays all the manuals which taken together are called the "console" we consider the organ to be one instrument.

PIANO

The piano is an Italian invention, and takes its original name of "pianoforte" from two Italian words meaning "soft" and "loud." It is easy to understand this name when we remember that sounds on a harpsichord could not be increased in volume, and that the clavichord, although more expressive, was still a weak instrument. Pianos are said to be developed from the principle of the dulcimer, which was a stringed instrument played by hammers held in the hands. It must have occurred to many people at about the same time that keyboard instruments could be improved by hammer action, but the first man actually to make a pianoforte was an Italian named Cristofori, who lived in Florence. One of his instruments, dated 1720, is now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City. Pianos have been made in three shapes—square, now no longer in use; grand; and upright. Uprights were first made in the early years of the nineteenth century. They take less space than grands, but the tone is usually inferior. Ever since they were first invented, pianos have been constantly improved, until we arrive at the perfection of a modern concert grand.

The strings in a piano are of wire tightly stretched. To stand this tension the frame must be of iron. The musical sound is produced by padded hammers which strike the strings from above when the keys are touched. The naturals are of ivory and the sharps of

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS—Continued

ebony, though in some of the early instruments the naturals were black. The keyboard usually has eight octaves or a little less, though only six and a fourth octaves are necessary for playing most piano pieces. From the very first, musicians were struck by the superiority of the piano. There is still in existence a letter which Mozart wrote to his father telling of its evenness of tone and of the fact that the piano never sounded too long when a note was played. Mozart's favorite piano is still in existence and can be seen in the Mozart Museum in Salzburg. It is a grand, with black naturals and a five-octave keyboard. Much beautiful music has been written for the piano, which, like the violin, is capable of expressing both joy and sorrow. It gives us both melody and harmony, it is useful in the orchestra and for accompaniment, and it is the musical instrument most often found in the home.

SAXOPHONE

The saxophones are a family of seven brass instruments invented by Adolphe Sax, a Belgian who set up a workshop in Paris and made instruments for the French army bands. They consist of brass tubes with many openings fitted with keys. All of them turn up at the end except certain soprano members of the family which are now hardly ever used. Saxophones are classed with the wood winds because the mouthpiece is fitted with a reed, like the reed in the clarinet, which the saxophone resembles somewhat in tone. Berlioz wrote enthusiastically of the instrument when it came out, and Meyerbeer, Debussy, Bizet, and Richard Strauss have parts for it in their scores, though it has never become really popular in the orchestra. It has

found a place for itself in military bands, and, unfortunately for its dignity, in jazz bands.

SPINET, or VIRGINAL

The spinet is a keyboard instrument now no longer in use, but from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century it was very popular as a household instrument and the young ladies of a family were often taught to play it. It was constructed on the same principles as the harpsichord, which it resembled in shape, although the spinet was smaller. In England the name "virginal" or "virginals" was given to instruments of the spinet type.

UKULELE

The ukulele (ū'kū-lā'lā) is a guitar widely played in Hawaii and recently introduced into the United States. It is really the Portuguese guitar, a small instrument with four strings. In a short time a player can master the ukulele well enough to accompany popular songs, but as a solo instrument it demands a great deal of skill.

ZITHER

The zither consists of a flat box strung with a number of strings. Usually there are five for the melody and from twenty-seven to forty for the accompaniment. The instrument is usually placed on a table, and the player, in plucking the strings, wears a kind of open thumb ring for a plectrum, or pick. The zither, which is a very pleasant accompaniment to the voice, is popular in Austria and Bavaria. It has been introduced into the orchestra for imitations of national music.

COMPOSERS

Reading Unit

No. 1

MAKERS OF GREAT MUSIC

Note For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index

Index to Biographies of Composers

BACH	201	MACDOWELL	321
BEETHOVEN	277	MENDELSSEHN	286
BERLIOZ	304	MOZART	266
BRAHMS	301	PALESTRINA	289
CHOPIN	201	RIMSKY-KORSAKOV	312
DEBUSSY	317	RUBINSTEIN	311
DVORÁK	308	SCHUBERT	283
GLUCK	270	SCHUMANN	289
GOUDOD	307	STRAUSS, RICHARD	315
GRIEG	303	SULLIVAN	310
HANDL	265	TCHAIKOVSKY	314
HAYDN	273	VERDI	299
HISZT	297	WAGNER	293

WEBER

281

Things to Think About

Why was the music of Bach almost forgotten for more than a hundred years after his death?

Why has America produced few

outstanding composers?

Is it true that great musicians are not appreciated by the men of their own time?

Related Material

Martin Luther and the Protestant Reformation, 13 541, 544

The history of Germany to 1870, 6-217, 229

The Italian Renaissance 6-300

The French Revolution, 6-191-94

The history of music 12 201-57

Impressionism in modern art, 11 344-48

Leisure-time Activities

PROJECT NO. 1. Listen to some music by Palestrina or one of the other early composers. Why does it sound strange to your ears?

PROJECT NO. 2. Listen to scenes from operas by Mozart and Wagner. What is the difference between the two?

Summary Statement

Great music has been produced by many different kinds of men. Some, like Bach, have lived a full and quiet life, others, like Beethoven, have lived a stormy and lonely existence.

While some composers died in poverty and neglect, others have been recognized and rewarded by the world for the gifts of their genius.

PALESTRINA



Voices and organ combine in as exalted music as the church has ever known. The inspired organist is Palestrina, the greatest musician the world had seen

until his lifetime and the greatest to live for many a year. The history of music is the history of great musicians, and Palestrina was one of the first of these.

The CHURCH'S GREATEST MUSICIAN

Living in a Day When Much of the Best Music Was Sacred, Palestrina Wrote Hymns and Chants So Beautiful That in Over Three Hundred Years They Have Not Been Excelled

ONE day about four hundred years ago a gay young lad was passing under the windows of Santa Maria Maggiore, a famous church in Rome. He was singing lustily, for the world seemed very good and he was glad to be alive. Now it happened that the choir master heard the merry tune and acted on the instant. For Giovanni Pierluigi (jō v m'ne pyer lwe jo) was then and there enrolled as choir boy in the church—and at that moment there began the long career of one of the greatest musicians of all time.

Yet famous as he is, his real name is strange to us to-day, for he came to be known as Pierluigi of Palestrina, the village of his birth. So we call him Palestrina (pa'lās trē'na) and let it go at that. But to his friends who lived so many scores of years

ago he was affectionately known as Gianetto Johnny.

Given his chance, our young Gianetto did not take long to make the most of it. By the time he was eighteen (1544) he was appointed organist and choirmaster in the cathedral at home, for the good people there were not grudging of their praise just because the boy had grown up among them. Some thirty years later they were to hail him with tender pride when a band of fifteen hundred singers, led by the great musician himself, marched from the little village through the streets of Rome. Banners fluttered, trumpets blared, and people on crowded balconies cheered lustily as the parade passed by, singing only the music of their beloved leader.

There were to be years of hard work before the day of that triumphal procession—years

PALESTRINA

of bitter disappointment. But the great man was not to be daunted. With the young wife whom he married when he was twenty-one, he set out on the road to achievement. She brought him the modest dowry of a house and an olive grove or so, to add to the small salary he earned at the cathedral. The two were altogether happy.

When Palestrina Went to Rome

Now that was the time indeed when all roads led to Rome. The eternal city was a center of enlightenment, and a fountain head of inspiration. So it was a great moment in Palestrina's life when he was called (1551) to be choirmaster at the Julian Chapel in the church of St. Peter. He brought his wife and children to Rome at once, and set to work under the sympathetic and stimulating influence of Pope Julius III, a broad-minded man who brought out the best that was in the youthful genius.

A few years later he was appointed to the Pope's choir, by the favor of Julius. And the next pope, Marcellus II, smiled upon him too. But when Pope Paul IV came to power, he began to enforce the rules very strictly; and one of them forbade that any member of the pope's choir should be married. Palestrina had to go, with a pension of some six dollars a month by way of consolation.

The disappointment was so bitter that the young man fell ill, but in a few months he received another appointment as choir director, and six years later (1561) he found himself back in the church where he had begun as a lad, this time as choir director—in Santa Maria Maggiore (mä-rē'ä mäd-jō'rā).

Now at this time there was heated discussion in the church as to the kind of music that ought to be sung. All sorts of popular tunes, many of them associated with vulgar words, had been run into the chants, and many people felt that the sacred nature of the service was being lost. The Council of Trent was looking into these matters, and in 1562 it severely condemned the music then permitted in the church. It appointed

a committee to look into the matter, and at the invitation of certain of its members, Palestrina submitted three musical settings of the Mass, for consideration by the committee. They met with the highest approval, and in 1565 one of them was publicly sung in the presence of Pope Pius IV, who was so moved by its beauty that he compared it to the music of the New Jerusalem as it is described by St. John the Divine in the Book of Revelation.

Thus was a style of music established to be sung in the church. And a noble style it was. The composition that so touched the Pope is known as "The Mass of Pope Marcellus," and is one of the world's great masterpieces, perhaps the finest thing that Palestrina ever did, though his lofty spirit poured forth a flood of great church music, full of the deepest religious feeling. Pope Pius created for him the post of composer to the papal choir, and in 1571 he was reappointed to his old position as choir director in the Julian Chapel.

The Last Days of a Great Composer

But he was still poor, for none of these positions paid much. Moreover, in 1580 he was overwhelmed by the death of his wife and he had already lost three of his four children. The next year, however, he married again, this time a wealthy woman, who relieved the financial worries of his later years. But he did not stop working. Only death, which came in 1594, put a stop to his labors.

We do not hear Palestrina's music so often sung to-day, as it once was, for it is difficult to sing well. But many of his things still move men deeply and are among our treasured musical possessions. Wagner said that the great Italian's "Stabat Mater" was "an absolute spiritual revelation which filled us with unspeakable emotion." Like every great genius Palestrina brought to perfection the stubborn materials that lay at hand, at the same time pointing new paths to generations yet to come.



Johann Sebastian Bach used to boast that he had an orchestra right in his own home. Of course that was after some of his children had grown old enough to

learn how to play an instrument or two. Above is a scene in the great musician's house. The whole family has met for morning prayers.

The GREAT GENIUS of BACH

The Little Lad Who Had Sat Up at Night to Copy His Music Secretly by Moonlight Became the Greatest Composer of the Eighteenth Century, and One of the Greatest the World Has Ever Seen

IN A dark attic silvered by a few rays of moonlight a twelve-year-old boy sat poring over the pages of a great volume of music. He had opened the locked cabinet in the corner by putting his arm in through its latticed door, and now at midnight in the silent house he was painstakingly copying the works of various famous organists for his own use. His elder brother, to whom they belonged, had forbidden him to study them, but genius is too strong to be bound by such commands. The lad's eyes smarted and watered in the dim light; he could hardly see the notes he was copying—but he kept steadily on. After six months of patient labor, he had copied out several volumes. Then, alas, his brother caught him in the act, and not only boxed his ears

soundly, but tore up all the copies and locked away the books in a stronger place. He was jealous of the child's talent.

That little boy was Johann Sebastian Bach (bāK), one of the three or four greatest composers who ever lived. Though his brother might rob him of the books he had been so long in copying, there was no way to take from him the many secrets that the hard labor had taught him about his trade of music building. He was started for good and all upon his musical career.

The whole Bach family, for two hundred years back, had been so musical that in the little German town of Erfurt, where a good many of them lived, any musician was known as a "Bach." So it is no wonder that Johann (yō'hän) Sebastian had to listen to the beau-

tiful harmonies that kept running through his head.

He was born at Eisenach (i'zĕn-ăK), in Germany, in 1685. When at the age of ten he lost both father and mother, he went to live with his elder brother. But five years later his brother died, and the lad had to shift for himself. His beautiful voice got him a place as chorister in the town of Lüneburg, and when he was only nineteen he went from there to Arnstadt to apply for a position as organist in the church. He played just one piece, but he so impressed the elders that they gave him the place without more ado.

There he stayed for several years, playing and composing all the time. He used to walk to Lubeck, a good distance, to hear the great organist Buxtehude (bōōks'tē-hōō'dē) during his vacations, and once he played truant and stayed there four months, instead of the one month he was allowed. He was severely scolded for that, and also for showing too much originality in the compositions he wrote for the organ. But the church elders did not discharge him; he was too good to lose.

The Busy Life of a Genius

Of his own accord he left Arnstadt to get married and settle down as organist in Muhlhausen. Here he spent some ten years, rearing a family of seven children, leading the

choir, playing the organ, and writing music all the time. He was a busy man—the bee is a sluggard in comparison. When his first wife died, he married a second, a beautiful singer for whom he wrote some of his loveliest songs. By her he had thirteen more children, making twenty in all. He used to boast that

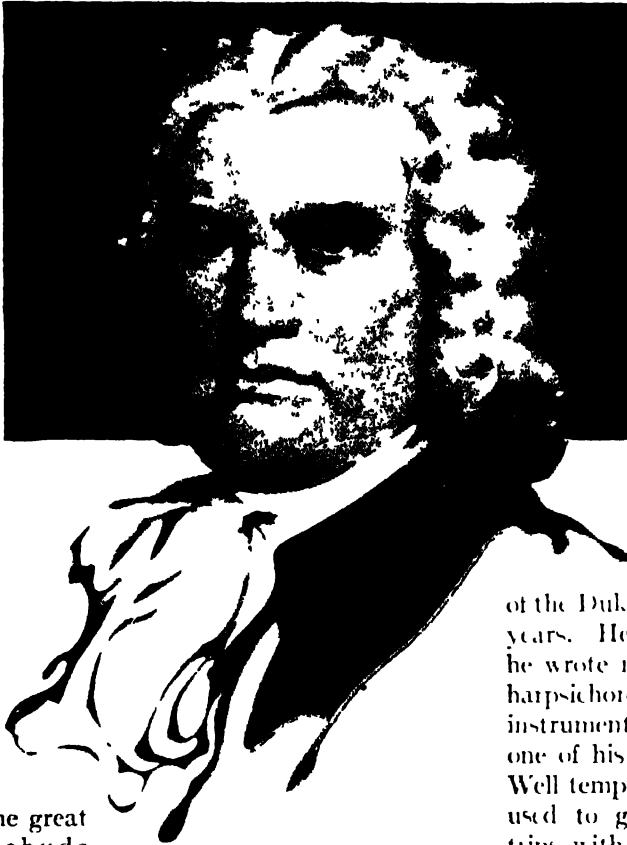
he had an orchestra right in his own home, and there certainly must have been jolly parties when the family came together, for everyone could play at least one or two instruments.

He moved twice more. The first time he went to Cothen (1717), where he spent five years as musical director in the household

of the Duke. They were happy years. He had no organ, but he wrote many pieces for the harpsichord, violin, and other instruments, including part of one of his finest works, "The Well tempered Clavier." He used to go on jolly concert trips with his friend and patron, the Duke of Weimar. On one of these in Dresden, he challenged the French organist Marchand (mār'shōN') to a contest, but that gentleman, having secretly listened to

Bach's playing before, had the good sense to run away before the contest took place, and to leave Bach master of the field.

But with all his music Bach grew homesick for his beloved organ. It was his closest friend. So when he was invited to come to Leipzig as teacher and musical director in a school there, he accepted a lower salary in order to go. He thought that better schooling for his children and an organ for himself



This is a portrait of one of the greatest of all musicians, and one of the most industrious, Johann Sebastian Bach. A tireless composer, he counted his genius for nothing, saying, "I was made to work. If you are equally industrious, you will be equally successful."

made up for the difference in his income although it meant that he had to work harder than ever to keep the pot boiling. He lived in Leipzig until he died.

Bach never thought of himself as a genius. He said simply, "I was made to work. If you are equally industrious, you will be equally successful." And again, when praised for his organ playing, "There is nothing wonderful about it. You merely strike the right note at the right moment, and the organ does the rest." But if there were no more in it than that, we should many of us be great musicians!

He did not leave things as he found them; he was always trying to improve old methods. He was the first to compose music in the "equal temperament" that has made modern chromatic harmony possible. Before his time people had used only three fingers in playing the clavichord, just as some of us to-day use only one when we write on the typewriter. Bach added the thumb and little finger, and started a whole new system of fingering as a result.

These two discoveries, and his sense of the best way to make use of them, gave his music vitality, power, and sturdy strength. But most of all, he took the old contrapuntal, or "many-voiced," style of music that had gone before and made it into a thing of such beauty and power that no one has ever excelled him in that kind of music since. All great musicians since his day have sat at his feet to learn.

For some time he wrote his weekly "piece," just as the parson wrote his weekly sermon,

to play on Sunday at the church, but this was only a drop in his musical bucket. He could sit down at clavichord or organ, take a melody, and make up a marvelous piece around it on the spot. In the sixty volumes he has left us there are pieces of church music of all kinds, some to be played with an orchestra, some without one. There are songs, compositions for solo instruments with orchestral accompaniment, suites, sonatas, chorales, fugues—all different forms of music that are well worth study. They were so soundly conceived and so solidly built that they are models which other composers are glad to follow. The structure never has a weak spot; it stands like a rock, a monument to a giant in music.

He was a religious man, very simple and dignified, and his fine character showed in his music. And yet nobody recognized its true greatness until a hundred years after his death!

On his deathbed, in 1750, with his family about him, he dictated the close of a chorale he had begun some months before. The original words were, "When we are in deepest need," but he changed them to the more hopeful words, "I supplicate before thy throne." He needed to supplicate, for he was old, he had been blind for three years, and he knew he was leaving his family in poverty. And yet he was serene to the end, and confident of an answer to his prayer from the God he had served so faithfully. His spirit was set free on the wings of one of the loveliest chorales in the whole literature of music.

The MAN WHO WROTE "THE MESSIAH"

If the Great Handel Had Never Written More than the Hallelujah Chorus, We Should Still Revere His Memory Whenever Christmas Time Comes Around

ALMOST before he could talk George Frederick Handel (1685-1759) began to show signs of what he was going to be when he grew up. Everything that made a noise interested him—particularly things like bells and toys that tooted or squeaked. His father, a good German doc-

tor, decided very early that George should be a lawyer. He was so eager that nothing should interfere with the plan that when he saw little George so greatly charmed with his musical toys he took the things away from him. He tried to keep the boy from hearing music of any kind. But it was more

HANDEL

than a busy doctor could do to keep an active little boy from learning anything about music, especially when the child had an indulgent aunt who was ready to help him. The more he heard and the more he learned, the more passionately fond of music he became.

Without saying anything about it to his father, his Aunt Anna got George a small clavichord (klāv'i-kôrd), which he kept up in the attic where he could practice without being heard. The clavichord was the father, or perhaps the grandfather, of our piano. It had keys like a piano and made a soft tinkling sound that could not be heard very far away. It came in many sizes, sometimes nearly as big as a piano and sometimes about the size of a suitcase. Of course the small ones could be carried around and laid on a table to be played. George probably had a few lessons from his Aunt Anna or from someone else, and he worked away at his clavichord without his father's ever hearing of it.

One day Dr. Handel had to make a trip from Halle (hal'ē), where George Frederick was born, to the town of Weissenfels (vi'sēn-fēls), about forty miles away. A trip of forty miles in those days was something of an event, especially for a little boy. George was very eager to go, but his father said it was impossible. Dr. Handel thought that he would be too busy in Weissenfels, where he had to see Duke Johann Adolf, the ruler of that region. But if Dr. Handel had a strong will, his son inherited a large share of it. George watched his father get into the carriage and drive off; then he clenched his fists and set off also, running after the carriage. He trotted along until they were well out of town before Dr. Handel noticed his dusty son in the road behind. Then it was too

late to send him back. So he was lifted into the carriage and brushed off. His father scolded him at first, but finally forgave him, and George rode happily to Weissenfels to see the Duke.

At the court George had a very good time. While his father was talking to the Duke and other important persons, the boy listened to the court orchestra. The musicians were interested in the staring lad and began to joke with him. They soon found that he was eager to learn from them; and what was more surprising, that he already knew a great deal about music. They asked him to play and then he won their hearts completely. They were so delighted that they arranged to have the Duke himself hear the boy.

Now the Duke was something of a musician, too, and he knew good playing when he heard it. He was so well pleased with the way George played that he congratulated Dr. Handel on having such a son, and said he hoped the boy was getting the best musical training. Dr. Handel was annoyed. "No," he said, "he does nothing with music; he is

going to study law." Luckily the Duke argued with the obstinate old doctor and at last persuaded him to let George study music.

So George began to take regular lessons. He worked hard and happily at his music while he was growing into a tall, serious lad, and did so well that he was honored with a position as organist at seventeen. The boy became a large, almost clumsy man with big hands and a severe face. But his face was never too severe to break into a smile for anyone who could crack a good joke, and his big hands were more skillful than ever on the keys of the clavichord.

After several years of travel, visiting many cities of Germany and Italy, he settled down



George Frederick Handel might never have become famous if it had not been for a button! Once, when Handel was a young man, and before he had written "The Messiah," he had to fight a duel. A large button on his coat saved him from being run through by his assailant's sword, and he lived to write "The Messiah" and to become famous.



High up beneath the rafters of the attic, little George Handel practiced secretly upon his clavichord. What

if his father should discover him sometime, and take the beloved instrument away!

in London (1710) and began to write operas. Handel had studied the opera in Italy, where this new kind of music was very popular; and now he gave London some operas in the Italian style. For a time it was fashionable to patronize Handel's performances, and he prospered. He never learned to speak English very well, and people sometimes made fun of the way he mixed several languages together. He did not care if only they listened to his music.

Handel's Great Gift to the World

He had his share of ups and downs. The London audiences were fickle; after he had written and produced several operas a year for several years people lost interest in him. But he was never discouraged. If the London people were tired of him, he would just go somewhere else. So he went to Dublin and there presented in 1742 an oratorio called "The Messiah." An oratorio is very much

like an opera except that there is no scenery and no acting—it is all music. "The Messiah," as one can tell from its name, is the story of Christ set to music. It was the great achievement of Handel's life. From that time on, he devoted his efforts to oratorio. In our day very few people can even give the names of Handel's operas, and the music that he wrote for various instruments is rarely played, but nearly everyone knows his great "Messiah." Of course he wrote other fine oratorios; "Saul," "Samson," "Athaliah," and "Israel in Egypt" are a few of them.

Handel died in 1759, a blind old man. But he seems to have known that "The Messiah" would continue to please people, for his will provided that the profits from performances of it should go to an orphan asylum in London. Yet, even then, he probably did not realize how great a gift he had left to the world.

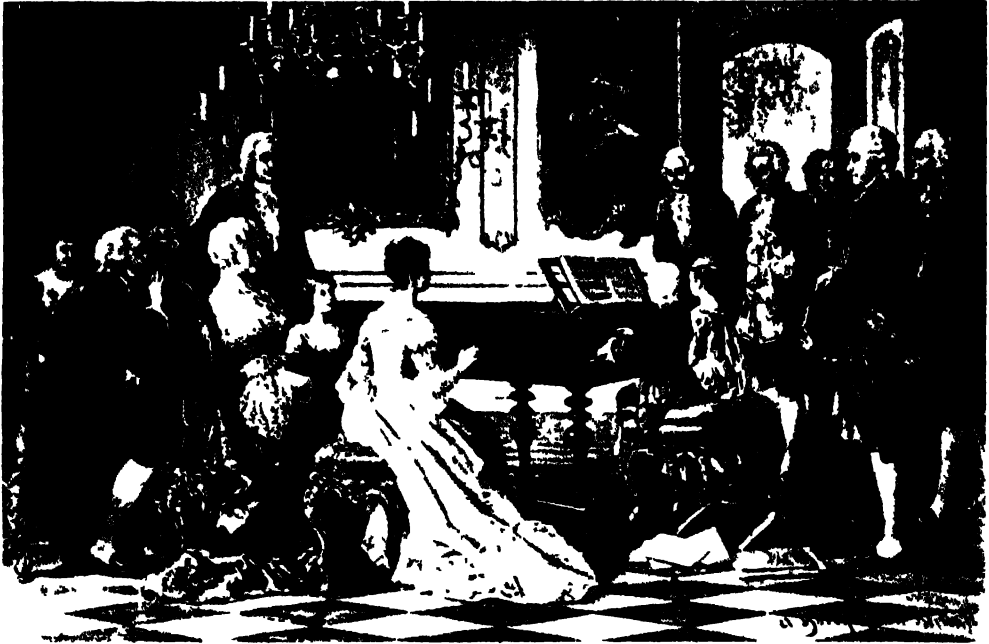


Photo by Grainger Br 24

How charmed the crowned heads of Europe must have been at the sight of these two infants sitting so primly before the harpsichord, with their legs dangling far

from the ground! And how well the surprising children played! This picture shows Mozart and his sister playing before the empress Maria Theresa.

A GENIUS THAT FLOWERED EARLY

Mozart Wrote a Concerto When He Was Four, and Went on a Concert Tour When He Was Six; and When He Died He Had Come to Be the Greatest Composer of His Day

IF YOU should ever visit the museum at Salzburg, in Austria, you may see a little yellow notebook full of music written in a neat, clear hand. It was copied there by a little boy who lived nearly two centuries ago, for in that small book, which we prize so highly to-day, Wolfgang Mozart (vôlf'gang mô'tsart) set down his first concerto for the harpsichord, composed when he was only four, and a sonata written at the age of six, besides minuets and other pieces that he wrote as a tiny child.

His father was a distinguished violinist, and the boy may be said to have breathed in music from the day of his birth (1756). When he was three he began to take lessons on the harpsichord—one of the little ances-

tors of the piano—and when he was five gave his first public performance on it. Meanwhile he had taught himself the violin. When he was six, he and his eleven-year-old sister Maria were taken by their father on a concert tour, and played before many of the crowned heads of Europe. Everywhere the two children were petted and applauded, but people were especially charmed by the amazing talents of the handsome little boy in white wig, short satin knickerbockers, and ruffled shirt. They loved him for his unspoiled natural ways and his winsome manners. In Vienna he sprang upon the Empress's lap and gave her a hearty hug. And when the little princess Marie Antoinette helped him up from a fall, he thanked her gravely and

MOZART

said, "You are very good; when I grow up I will marry you."

When he was seven they went to Paris and the little boy appeared before the French court at Versailles. By this time he could sing, and could play upon the organ, the harpsichord, and the violin; and this year in Paris he published two sonatas. The next year saw him playing before the English court and composing his first symphony. And everywhere he went, in Holland, France, England,

Switzerland, and Germany, people showed him with gifts and applause. For they could not resist the spell of his magical music. One time when a surly customs officer held up the party at the border, Mozart seized his violin and played, like Orpheus on his lute, until the official heart was melted and they were allowed to pass through.

In those days Italy was the musical center of the world, and no musician's reputation was completely established until he had won a name there. So when Mozart was fourteen, his father decided that it was time for the boy to go to Italy. They left his native Salzburg for Milan, and there the lad was commissioned to write an opera. Imagine, if you can, a fourteen-year-old boy receiving such a commission from the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York!

Then they went on to Rome, where people

were astonished when they heard that the youngster had attended service in the Pope's chapel during Holy Week and had then gone

home and written down from memory the difficult nine-part mass he had heard sung. Perhaps he did not know that to do so was strictly forbidden, on pain of excommunication. Anyway, the Pope overlooked the offense, and a few months later made him a knight of the order of The Golden Spur.

Finally, in 1769, his opera was produced in Milan. There were many envious people to try to prevent its succeeding. How could anyone not an Italian write an opera worth listening to? And how could a fourteen-year-old boy conduct a large orchestra? But when the opera was sung it aroused a fever of enthusiasm. It ran for twenty nights and its young composer was hailed as a master.

Yet strangely enough none of these triumphs did much to fill Mozart's pockets. So back he went to drag out nearly seven years of dull life at Salzburg, where he filled the post of musical director in the household of the archbishop. Now it happened that the archbishop was entirely unworthy of his office, a mean, proud man, who did not care a fig for music or for anything else intellectual. It tickled his vanity to keep

the sensitive young genius at his beck and call, wretchedly underpaid, to make him eat at the servants' table, and to address him rudely as "lump" or in other

*by Mr. Wolfgang Mozart
1765.*

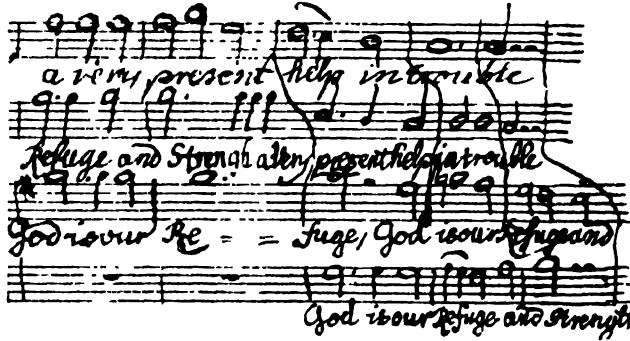
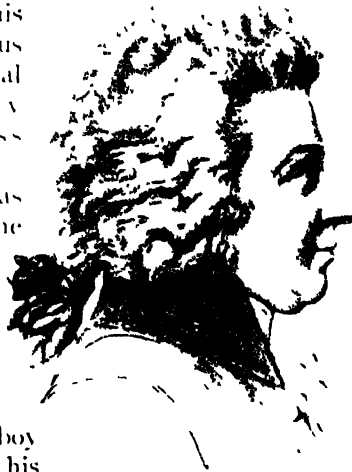


Photo L. B. C. H. Museum

This bit of music is from the pen of Mozart himself. It is part of "God Is Our Refuge," composed in 1765 and presented by the author to the British Museum.



This is a picture of Wolfgang Mozart, whom Europe fêted as a precocious child and neglected when he became the dazzling genius of later years. But no amount of hardship or disappointment could mar the serenity of his music.



This is the scene of Mozart's death as an artist has imagined it. The story of his burial is tragic. A few friends had planned to see his body to its last resting place, but the weather was bad and they did not go. His wife was too ill to go herself, so the body of the

greatest musical genius of his day was taken unceremoniously and dumped in the potters' field where paupers were buried. When his wife went a few days later to visit his grave, she could find no trace of the spot where he had been buried.

insulting terms. No one appreciated the noble masses, symphonies, and other compositions that Mozart poured forth. And finally, as a last straw, when the young man called to protest against an extraordinary piece of rudeness, the archbishop had him put out of the room without a hearing. In thorough disgust Mozart left Salzburg and went out into the world to seek his fortune, in 1777.

Mozart's Early Struggle

First he went to Paris, where he heard some of the operas of the famous Gluck (glöök) and learned a great deal from them, as we may see from the successful opera "Idomeneo" (1781), which he was commissioned to write in Munich. It was the finest opera that had ever been heard up to that date. Meanwhile, he had had a great blow in the death of his mother in Paris. And on his return he found that a young singer with

whom he had been deeply in love had grown cold to him. He was obliged to go back to his hated archbishop, and life must have seemed very dreary indeed.

But 1781 found him in Vienna, and there he resigned his post with the archbishop for good and all. The Emperor commanded him to write an opera, "The Abduction from the Harem" (1782), which was a great success. And in the same year he married Constance Weber, a sister of his first faithful sweetheart and a girl as impulsive and thriftless as he was himself. They had no money, and few ways of getting it, but they were as happy as they were poor, and when they had no coal or wood to burn, they used to waltz briskly by way of keeping warm.

It was lucky that they took their troubles so easily, for in spite of the fact that Mozart was made court musician to the emperor Joseph II, his salary was so small that they were always in debt. And though the

MOZART



When Mozart was twenty-one, he fell in love with the fascinating Aloysia Weber. She had a beautiful voice, and Mozart must have taken great pleasure in playing her accompaniments, as he is doing in the picture above. Alas for the young lover! He decided to seek

his fortune in Paris, and he returned to find Aloysia's heart captured by somebody else. Mozart seems to have recovered from this disappointment, however, for five years later he married Aloysia's charming and light-hearted sister, Constance Weber.

operas he now wrote—"The Marriage of Figaro" (fē'gä-rō), "Cosi Fan Tutti," "Don Giovanni" (jō-vän'nē), and "The Magic Flute"—were irresistibly fresh and charming, other people made all the money from them.

It was at this time that the young man became a friend of the distinguished composer Haydn (hī'd'n)—"Papa" Haydn, he called him, for his fellow musician was twenty-four years older than he. He had studied Haydn's work carefully, and now he dedicated his first six string quartets to the elder man. "It was due from me," he said "for it was from Haydn that I learned now quartets should be written." And Papa Haydn, in his turn, now learned a great deal from the work of his more gifted young friend.

And then, all at once, the brilliant, struggling, meteoric career came to an end. One day a stranger—we know now that it was a Count Walsegg—came to commission him

to write a requiem (re'kwī-ēm) mass that is, a mass to be sung at a funeral. For some time Mozart's health had been failing, and now he was seized with the notion that the mass was to be sung for himself. Nothing could cheer him or dislodge the idea. Six months later, before the work was entirely finished, he came down with typhus fever and died (1791).

There was not even money to give the great musician a decent funeral. He was hustled into the ground like a pauper, no one knows where. And yet he was the greatest musical genius of his age, a man from whom melody came like a swift, clear stream bubbling from an inexhaustible fountain. Outwardly he was frivolous, pleasure-loving, careless, and extravagant, though always winsome and charming. But his inner life was one of unceasing and stern devotion to his art. Nothing ever stopped his ardent music making and nothing ever made him give us anything but his best.

The HERO of a MUSICAL WAR

Of How Gluck Engaged in a Musical Combat and by His Victory Made Opera into a Thing Quite New and Different

IT IS the hour of rehearsal at the Paris opera. The conductor stands over his orchestra, violently waving his baton. He is a big man, who somehow manages to look dignified in spite of the fact that he is dressed in flopping slippers and calico dressing gown, with a little black velvet cap on his bald head. Although this is only a rehearsal, the place is colorful with the lace-ruffled shirts and brocaded coats of French nobles; they whisper among themselves, disputing for the honor of holding the master's large white wig. Perhaps Marie Antoinette, the beautiful and gracious queen, is there herself, rustling into her box, listening, clapping her little hands in approval.

As for the singers, they are watching the conductor's every move. Some of them have demanded extra pay for this opera, because they know how hard he is to please. They know, and so does the orchestra, that he may make them go over a scene thirty or

forty times until they get it exactly right. For he throws every bit of himself into these operas that he has first written and then produced. "He rages with Achilles," someone has said, "weeps with Iphigenia, and in the dying scene of Alceste throws himself back in his chair and becomes a corpse." No wonder he is hard to please!

This was Christoph Willibald Gluck (glōōk) at the height of his glory. And the operas which he was producing in Paris in the 1770's and 1780's not only were beautiful in themselves but were a turning point in the history of opera.

Gluck was not born in France, but at Wiedenwang (vē'dēn-väng), in Austria. That was in 1714. He was the son of a poor gamekeeper, but he must have been born under a lucky star, for no prince could have been educated better for the career he chose. First he attended a school kept by monks near the estate of Prince Lobowitz, by whom



And so the son of a gamekeeper became the writer of fashionable operas! Those were the glamorous days when the aristocracy of France played and danced or talked and wrote of intellectual things—comfortably

unaware of the seething volcano beneath their brilliant but artificial little world. And then it was that Gluck came into his own. Here you see him at the court of Marie Antoinette, a former pupil of his.

his father was employed. Then he went to Prague to continue his study of music, earning his way by juggling at fairs and village dances. But Prince Lobowitz took a great interest in the clever lad, and introduced him to many rich and musical people. By the time he was twenty-two he was in Vienna, about to start for Italy with Prince Melzi, a great lover of music.

Gluck's Popular Early Operas

In Italy Gluck studied counterpoint under the great Sammartini (sam'mar-ti'ni). Then he began to write operas at a great rate. They were not very good operas, but they were just in the popular taste of the day, and Gluck was soon well known. In 1745 came a flattering invitation to go to England and compose operas there.

But these early operas of Gluck's, with all their trills and runs and Italian airs, did not win so much favor in England. Handel, the great German composer who was living in England at that time, thought that Gluck did not know how to give his melodies the

right help from the orchestra, so that their true meaning and beauty might be made clear. "Mein Gott, he is an idiot," Handel exclaimed indignantly; "he knows no more of counterpoint than mein cook." Gluck took to heart whatever Handel could teach him, and learned a great deal, too, in a short visit he made to Paris on his way home from London. In 1756 he settled down in Vienna, and there began to work out new ideas that were going to make his later work very different and far better than any he had done before.

A New Way of Writing Opera

It was not until 1762, seventeen years after the visit to London, that the first of the operas in his new manner came out, but "Orpheus and Eurydice" (ô-rîd'i-sē) was beautiful enough and important enough to make all the working and waiting worth while. It was very different from the Italian operas of the day, and thus different from Gluck's own early work. In them the composer had tried mainly to give the singers

as many chances as he could to show off their voices; he would not mind stopping the story in the middle of the most exciting fight or the tenderest love scene while the soprano or the tenor came forward and sang a solo full of the most elaborate and difficult trills that had nothing at all to do with what was supposed to be going on. Gluck decided that if you were going to write a story in music you ought to keep the music close to the story. So he left out almost all of these "show-off" pieces. Then he tried twice as hard to make every bit of the music that was left fit the character who sang it and the part of the story to which it belonged. In other words, he started opera along the road that led to what Wagner called "music dramas"—dramatic stories told in music.

The Idol of Fashionable Paris

Gluck followed "Orpheus and Eurydice" by two other fine operas in his new style, both with stories out of Greek myths. These were "Alcestis" (āl-sēs'tis) and "Paris and Helena." But the audiences in Vienna were not very enthusiastic—they missed the familiar frills of the old style. So Gluck was glad to accept the invitation of Queen Marie Antoinette, who had once been a pupil of his, to come to Paris. There he presented his new opera, "Iphigenia in Aulis" (if'i-jē-ni'ā), in 1774. And very soon he was "all the rage" in fashionable Paris.

But his new ideas were certain to make him musical enemies, and Gluck had a testy temper which made him glory in the battle.

There came to be a fierce rivalry between him and the Italian composer Piccini (pēt-chē'nē), with all musical and fashionable Paris cheering the one or the other of them. "Armide" (ār'mēd') was produced in the midst of the excitement, and was promptly quarreled over even more lustily than "Iphigenia in Aulis" had been. Finally, at a party where they had both had enough wine to make them reckless, the rivals agreed to write each an opera to the same words. It was to be another story about Iphigenia—"Iphigenia in Tauris." When Gluck's opera was finished, two years later, even Piccini generously admitted that Gluck had won the contest.

Gluck could be generous, too, in the midst of the battle. One day he was watching a rehearsal of one of Piccini's operas, and the Italian got into difficulties with the French language and a strange orchestra. Suddenly Gluck threw off his wig and his coat, stepped up on the stage, and brought order out of confusion. And Piccini, generous to the end, tried, after Gluck's death, to raise a fund for yearly concerts of his works.

Gluck soon wrote another opera, "Echo and Narcissus," but it was not so well liked. In the midst of work on another piece, he had a stroke of apoplexy and left his gay life in Paris to go once more to Vienna. There, in 1787, after a few quiet years, he died, leaving behind him the seven operas of which we have spoken, for the delight of music lovers and the inspiration of musicians who carried on his work.



GENTLE "PAPA" HAYDN

How the Son of a Humble Wheelwright Came to Be the Darling of a Nation and One of the World's Best-loved Composers

IT IS not every musician who is lucky enough to have the fiddlers he wants at his beck and call to play the sweet music he writes for them. But Josef Haydn (hi'd'n) had a generous patron, Prince Esterhazy, in whose employ he spent the thirty best years of his life. Prince Esterhazy provided a fine orchestra, a beautiful home, an appreciative audience. In return, Haydn turned out symphonies, string quartets, sonatas, and oratorios without end, which were performed at all the Esterhazy functions, with their great composer wielding the baton. Those were wonderful years.

His sturdy, thickset body, dressed always in a neat suit of black, his swarthy pock-marked face, with its regular features and expressive eyes, were as much a part of the household as was the Prince himself. All day long the genial musician was busy rehearsing his orchestra, giving lessons to the nobility, training the singers engaged by the prince, composing and improvising. In the summers he could go hunting and fishing, and in the winter he went to Vienna to hear music and enjoy the gay life of the city. It was an ideal existence, and "Papa" Haydn appreciated it all the more because his youth had been a hard and hungry one, like that of most musicians.

He had been one of twelve children born into the home of a humble wheelwright in the little village of Rohrau, Austria, in 1732. From his infancy he grew up with music.

Every evening, after the day's work was done, his father played the harp, while the mother and children sang. Little Franz (frants) Josef used to take two sticks and make believe that he was playing the violin, as he had seen it done in church. On one of these evenings a distant cousin named Frankh, who was visiting the

Haydns, noticed how sweet and true the little fellow's voice was. It was decided at once that he should take the boy to Hainburg to be trained for the choir, and Josef went gladly.

For the next two years he studied with Frankh. He was ill-fed, ill-clothed, overworked, and indeed quite miserable, but long afterward he said, "I shall be grateful to that man as long as I live for keeping me so hard at work, though I used to get more flogging than food." In addition to regular lessons at the school he had violin, harpsichord, drum, and voice training—and to such good purpose that he was next sent, at the age of eight, to the famous choir school of St. Stephen's,

in Vienna, where he became a choir boy.

There he put in seven more hard years. The teacher was a harsh taskmaster, who had no sympathy with a boy's healthy desire for fun and play. When Haydn's younger brother Michael entered the school, the teacher made a great pet of him, especially as Josef's voice had begun to break. And when the mischievous Josef was rash enough to try the edges of a pair of new scissors on the pigtail of one of the choirmen, the teacher



This gentle, kindly man is Franz Josef Haydn, who, born the son of a wheelwright in a tiny hamlet in Austria, remained simple and unaffected to the end of his days—even after his fame as a composer had spread to every important city of Europe.

seized upon the excuse to put him out of the school.

It was at night, in midwinter. Josef had no money and nowhere to go. He wandered about the streets, wondering sadly what to do next. Fortunately the choir tenor came upon him about midnight and took him home to share the garret room already occupied by his wife and baby and himself. At fifteen, then, Josef was obliged to make his living. He did everything played for weddings, dances, funerals, taught whomever he could find to teach, gave street serenades.

Haydn's First Commission

One evening, with a few others, he went to serenade the bride of the manager of one of the biggest theaters in Vienna. The manager called down, "Whose music is that?"

"Josef Haydn's," came the reply.

"Who and where is he?"

"Down here. I am Haydn."

The manager invited him in and gave him an order to write the music for a comic opera to which he himself had already written the words.

To this, Haydn needed peace and quiet, so he took an attic of his own. He had no stove, and the rain and snow leaked through the roof and froze upon his manuscript as he sat in bed trying to write. But he kept on doggedly for sixteen hours a day—composing and plodding through two heavy books on harmony which he managed somehow to buy. And when the opera was produced it was a great success.

The Beginning of Success

The Italian poet Metastasio (mă'tiis-tă'-zyō), who lived in the same house, heard him playing one day on his worm-eaten old spinet, and took pains to meet him and to introduce him to Porpora (pôr'pô-râ), an Italian who was the finest singing teacher then living. Porpora engaged him as accompanist, with the added duty of curling the great man's wigs and shining his shoes. But Porpora also corrected Haydn's manuscript and taught him to sing, took him along to the country for the summer months, and introduced him to many influential people. So Haydn's success really began at this point.

He had several patrons before he settled down with the Esterhazys, and for all of them he wrote masterly music. But in 1700 he was made sub-director of Prince Esterhazy's orchestra, then the best in Austria, and lived in the family for the next thirty years. It was not long before he became director in chief.

The most important event of his life at this time was his warm friendship with Mozart. The young genius was twenty-four years younger than his dear "Papa" Haydn, but the marvelous boy had begun to write at about the same time as the older man. In the beginning he had learned from Haydn how a string quartet should be written, and later Haydn in turn learned a great deal from the works of his gifted young friend.

The "Darling of the Nation"

When Count Esterhazy died, Haydn accepted an invitation to visit England. He gave an immense concert in London in 1791. "The Emperor Quartet" and his oratorio "The Creation" were written in the happy mood that resulted from his warm reception. When he was honored with the degree of Doctor of Music at Oxford, he went around for three days proudly wearing the cream-colored hood which he received with the degree. He visited England two or three times more before his death, and each time his fame and popularity were greater than before. His name was known all over Europe. When he died, on May 30th, 1809, at seventy-seven, a happy, kindly, gentle spirit passed away, and Austria lost "the darling of the nation." But his fame lives still in his music.

Haydn said, "The invention of a fine melody is a work of genius," and proved in his own fresh, lovely airs that he fulfilled the requirement. He never hesitated to use folk songs, always the clearest and simplest form of melody, and the Croat tunes which he learned from the village folk in his youth go lilting through his charming works. Part of his great service to music was the perfecting of what we call "sonata" form in symphonic music.

He loved a musical joke, and played plenty of them. His "Surprise Symphony," com-

HAYDN



After the death of his noble patron, Prince Nikolaus, Haydn found himself free to do more or less as he liked. In the following year (1791) he set out for England to conduct his own works in London. The young Mozart wept as he said good-bye to his friend, for Haydn was getting to be an old man and Mozart

was afraid that he might never see him again. As a matter of fact, it was the gentle Mozart who died - in that same year. Haydn met with the greatest success in London, and made a second trip to England in 1794. In the picture above you see the famous composer crossing the stormy Channel.

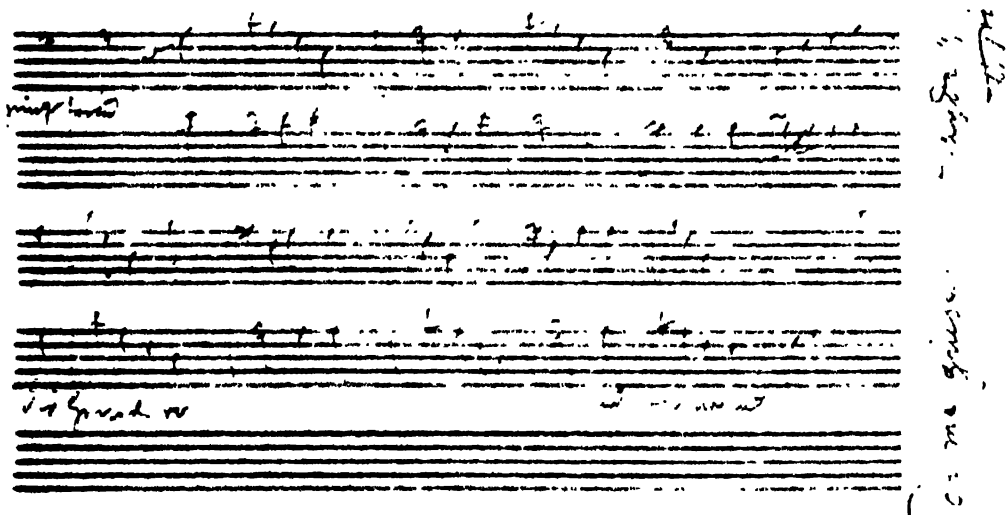


Photo by British Museum

This is a sketch for part of the chorus "The Heavens Are Telling," from Haydn's popular oratorio, "The Creation." In this fine piece of music we can hear the crashing of the great storm, the roar of mighty

waves, and the babbling of brooks. We can even recognize the various animals as they make their first appearance upon earth we hear the prancing hoofs of horses and the murmur of insects.

posed in England, has a soft, soothing melody, calculated to lull an audience already drowsy from too much English roast beef. But all of a sudden a crashing chord comes unexpectedly in the midst of the softest passage, and awakens the listeners from their nap with a start. The "Toy Symphony," in which drums, bells, whistles, and other children's toys accompany the melody, was another of his jokes.

How Haydn Said Farewell

But the most famous of all his fanciful pieces is his "Farewell Symphony." The story goes that Prince Esterhazy, having suffered financial reverses, decided to dismiss Haydn and disband the orchestra. For its last concert Haydn composed a new symphony, in the closing movement of which the musicians rose, one by one, blew out the candles on their music stands, and stole away, until only a solitary violinist remained. He, too, after playing the closing bars, blew out his candle and departed, leaving the stage empty and in darkness. The Prince was so moved by his composer's touching "good-by" that he reconsidered his decision

and restored Haydn and the players to their posts.

Haydn wrote clearly, neatly, with careful regard to the fine details of his music. Every instrument in the orchestra was given a part suited to it—he was the first man to adapt his tunes to the various voices that were to play them; and he was the first man to develop the string quartet. He discovered new effects for the orchestra, such as the beauty of muted strings and the charm of a clarinet used among the other instruments. All the sounds of nature, which he loved so dearly, can be heard in his symphonies, enriched by these new effects.

The list of his writings is much too long to give here. Yet his one regret in dying was that he had to leave unsung so many of the musical thoughts he wanted to express. His lofty, serene belief is summed up in his own words: "I know that God appointed me a task. I acknowledge it with thanks, and hope and believe I have done my duty and been useful to the world."

No wonder he was a happy man—and no wonder the world remembers him with gratitude!

BEETHOVEN



The first light of morning peers through the casements of Beethoven's room—a disordered room with scattered sheets of music and garments lying about the floor. Beethoven, sitting, disheveled before his harpsi-

chord, is quite unaware of the general state of chaos about him—quite unaware that the night is gone—for he is dreaming a great dream that is soon to become a musical masterpiece.

BEETHOVEN: MASTER MUSICIAN

This Is the Noble Story of the Man Who Was Born the Son of the Village Drunkard and Yet Became as Great a Composer as the World Has Ever Seen

WHEN Marie Magdelena, daughter of the chief cook at the castle of Ehrenbreitstein, married the penniless drunkard who sang in the village of Bonn, no great folk came to their wedding. Instead, the bridegroom's father turned his son out of the house for making such a match. And the old man had his reasons. For often and often, in the years that followed, he had to step in and feed the starving brood of his worthless, ill-natured son. And yet from that wretched marriage was born a musical genius that was perhaps the greatest the world has seen. And the grand German folk who smiled or frowned as the degraded father went reeling down the street were only too

proud in later years to see the gifted son a guest under their roofs and to help load him with honors.

But for the boy the road was to be a hard one. Three years after the birth (1770) of little Ludwig van Beethoven (van bay-to-ven), the good old grandfather died, and nothing but cold and hunger and rags were left for the unhappy lad and his three younger brothers. The father went down and down, and grew more and more drunken and brutal. He saw that his son had talent, and made up his mind to turn it into money as soon as ever he could. With constant curses and beatings he drove the little fellow to never-ending practice. Every instant outside of

BEETHOVEN

school hours had to be spent at the violin or harpsichord. Often after a drinking bout the father would come home, drag the lad out of bed, and make him practice till dawn. Any ordinary child would have died under such treatment. And it may very well have been the cause of the illness which brought the great man so much suffering during the later years of his life.

But in spite of tears and weariness, and of constant terror and hunger, the little boy learned so well that when he was only seven he gave a concert at which he played a number of difficult compositions; and at ten he set out with his kindly mother for a concert tour of Holland. He learned the organ, too, and at the age of eleven was able to substitute for his teacher, who was organist at the court of the elector archbishop of Cologne, where Beethoven's father was hired as a singer. By twelve he was pianist in the opera house—which really meant that he conducted the orchestra. And meanwhile he had a number of original compositions to his credit.

It was not until the hard-working lad was seventeen that life opened out for him a little. Then he had a chance to go to Vienna, a great and beautiful city where everyone seemed to love music. There he even met the famous Mozart (mō'tsart), who gave him a few lessons and said, "Pay heed to this youth; one of these days he will make a noise in the world." The boy was presented to the Emperor and passed a delightful three months hearing music and meeting distinguished musicians. But then

he got news that his mother was dying. He hurried back to Bonn, to more heartache and drudgery. For his mother died, and his little year-old sister followed only a few months later. From now on the care of the family rested on the unhappy youth. To the very day of his death he never escaped it. For five years he spent his time in teaching, which he hated, as he says, "like an ill-tempered donkey." But the family had to be fed!

In 1792 the Elector decided that his gifted young musician needed a better chance. So he gave Beethoven a pension large enough to enable him to go to Vienna again. This had long been the young man's dearest dream, and he set out at once, carrying with him a precious album inscribed with the names of the warm friends his generous nature had made for him at Bonn. Among them were the Breunings (broin'ing), in whose cultivated home he had been almost a son, and Count Waldstein (vald'stin), to whom Beethoven later dedicated one of his greatest sonatas. It was hard to leave them all, those friends of his

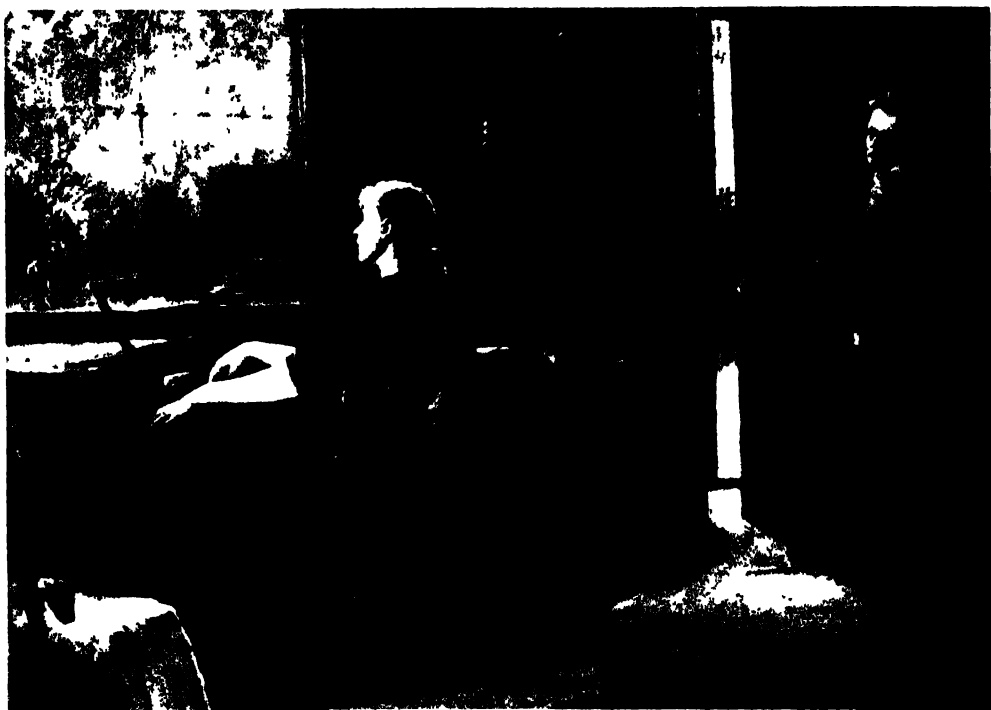
painful youth who had faith in his genius.

But he went, to take up his life in a garret of the gay city; "this small, thin, dark-complexioned, pock-marked, dark-eyed, bewigged young musician of twenty-two had journeyed to the capital to pursue the study of his art with a small, thin, dark-complexioned, pock-marked, black-eyed, and bewigged veteran composer." That veteran composer was no other than the famous Haydn (hī'd'n), who had already met Bee-



In this portrait of Ludwig van Beethoven one may see the "rugged lion" who stormed and ranted when he could bear his pupils' stupidities no longer; the "Grand Mogul" who was too revolutionary to cling to the old rules of music, and, behind it all, the sensitive genius whom everyone loved.

BEETHOVEN



One day so the story goes when Beethoven was out for a stroll, he chanced to hear the notes of the "Moonlight Sonata," touchingly but imperfectly played. He went to the house from which the music came and there he found a blind girl seated at the piano.

Beethoven played for her the "Moonlight Sonata" and many other things besides. When he had finished she said, enraptured, "Surely the master himself could not have played more beautifully!" "I am he," was Beethoven's simple reply.

thoven and praised some of his compositions two years before, when the great man was passing through Bonn on his way to London. Now he was to have a hand in shaping the young genius all for the princely sum of twenty cents an hour!

When Beethoven Came into Fame

And now fame did not keep our hero waiting long. Count Waldstein had given him a sheaf of letters introducing him to members of the Austrian nobility. Soon his striking presence, his noble mind, and his masterly genius made him a darling everywhere. Titled ladies idolized him, though he was very independent and often even rude. For some ten years he lived off and on as a guest in the home of Prince Lichnowsky, and no outburst of temper, no rude display of his democratic spirit could shake the love and admiration that people felt for him. "My nobility is here and here!" Beethoven had

once said proudly, as he pointed to his head and his heart. And those noble Austrian lords seemed to find it true.

In Haydn, Beethoven was disappointed. He recognized the great composer's gifts and even dedicated some of his sonatas to him, but the younger man's genius could not be made to fit into the older man's moulds, and Haydn found his pupil difficult and stubbornly independent. He called Beethoven "the Grand Mogul," and must have had his patience sorely tried by his refractory and gifted pupil.

How Beethoven Developed His Style

After two years of it Beethoven went to another teacher, for he felt the need of a sterner discipline. But the new man found him just as headstrong, and finally said, "He has learned nothing; he never will learn anything." For this, you see, was the Beethoven who once said, "The rules forbid this suc-

BEETHOVEN

cession of chords—very well, *I* allow it!" Already he had the vision to know that he must break down old usages and blaze new trails.

All the while he was composing. These earlier works, in spite of all his independence, are pretty much in the style of that day—the style of Mozart and Haydn. But all the while he was trying new experiments, and after a time he broke away and wrote in a manner that was all his own.

Beethoven's Greatest Tragedy

But meanwhile a terrible tragedy had come upon him. As early as 1798 the cloud had begun to loom up over his horizon. Gradually it climbed the sky, darkening his life more and more, bringing him more and more hours of fear and torment. For the worst of all misfortunes that can overwhelm a musician was coming relentlessly upon him. He was growing deaf.

For a long time he kept it from all but his nearest friends. Even after it had made conversation hard, he could still conduct. In 1814 he played in his B flat trio with great success. In 1815 he reached the very pinnacle of glory, for when the Congress of Vienna met to settle the affairs of Europe after the downfall of Napoleon, the government of Austria gave him a magnificent hall for two nights in which to celebrate the occasion with his own music. And it was Ludwig van Beethoven himself who invited all the crowned heads of Europe to be present. His great Seventh Symphony was performed then, before thousands of the most distinguished persons in Europe, and its author was the lion of the hour.

Facing the Terrible Truth

But in 1822, when he was trying to conduct a dress rehearsal of his opera "*Fidelio*" (fĕ-dā'li-ō), the terrible truth could be hid no longer. "It was evident he heard nothing that passed on the stage. General confusion followed . . . Beethoven disquieted, agitated, turning to left and to right, endeavored to read the expressions on the various faces, to understand wherein lay the obstacle. . . .

"Suddenly he called me to him in an impetuous manner. When I drew near he handed me his copybook and signed for me to write; I traced the following words: 'I beg of you not to go on, I will explain why at home.' With one bound he leaped into the pit crying, 'Let us get out quickly!' He ran without stopping until he reached the house, entered, and fell motionless upon a couch, covering his face with his hands. He had been stricken to the heart, and to the day of his death he never forgot the impression left by this terrible scene."

And yet, out of all those years of suffering was born such music as happier souls can never make. The slow movements of the great master's symphonies and sonatas, of his string trios and quartets, have in them a depth of feeling that no writer can surpass. That lonely, disappointed man had mighty things to say, born of his bitterness and of his suffering. His later work went so far ahead of the understanding of his day that people could not listen to it. He himself never heard those harmonies that opened up the way for musicians then unborn. He could not know that he was speaking in them to the centuries to come.

Music That Will Live Forever

One wild day in March, 1827, a few of the great man's friends set out to find a grave for him. He died that night at dusk, and two days later twenty thousand people sorrowfully followed his body to the tomb.

Elsewhere in these books we have told of Beethoven's noble service to his art. His nine great symphonies, his many compositions for piano and for strings are still unsurpassed in all the field of music. All that has followed has flowed from his great inspiration as from the fountain head. And yet it is not to Beethoven the great musician that we give our deepest love and admiration. It is rather to the brave, kindly spirit that through a life of constant toil and bitter suffering, ceaselessly dogged by poverty and illness, poured out his noblest thoughts for other ears to hear. What better monument to the invincible grandeur of a human soul!



Seated before the piano is Carl Maria Friedrich Ernst von Weber, and hovering about him are vague forms,

seen as though through a cloud of mist. They are the children of his musical imaginings.

A GENIUS of the OPERA

*Weber Was the First Man to Write Romantic Operas, and in
Doing So He Not Only Set His Great Art Free from Many
Hampering Customs but Left Us Charming Music
That We Still Delight to Hear*

WHATEVER may be made of you, Carl, it will never be a musician. And little Carl Maria Friedrich Ernst von Weber's half brother rapped him sharply over the knuckles with his violin bow. 'Never make a musician indeed!' This Carl was destined to grow up into one of the greatest men in the history of modern opera!

His family, or rather his father, seemed bent on preventing it. To be sure the father, Baron Franz Anton von Weber (tôn va ber), was himself a violinist, and was far from meaning to keep Carl from being a musician.

The trouble was that he tried to force the child—who was delicate and sickly—to grow up much too fast. The big family had been made into a troupe of traveling players, and they all had to act, enough both Carl and his mother hated the hard, vulgar life. Then Carl was unlucky enough to have for a cousin the musician Mozart (mō'tsart) who had given his first public concert at the age of six. Carl's father thought *his* son should do as well, and made him hiss scales and practice at the piano before he could even walk! Later on the Baron made at least one un-

fortunate choice of teachers for his son, and so all his life Weber had to try to unlearn the wrong things he had been taught.

He was twelve in 1798, when he first actually played the piano in public. What was more important for his future, he had also begun to compose. He published a set of six short pieces that year, and his father was always pressing him to write more—a mass and piano pieces and even an opera, which was later destroyed. But when he was only fourteen Carl wrote another opera, called "The Forest Maiden," which was actually put on the stage. At eighteen he was conducting an orchestra in Breslau (brēs'lou).

At Breslau, and later at Stuttgart, where he was private secretary to Duke Ludwig, the very young musician led too gay a life for the good of his always uncertain health. His associates at Stuttgart won the nickname of "Faust's Descent into Hell" by their wild pranks and practical jokes. Weber got into debt, and the fact that by this time he had to support his father did not help matters. In the end he had to leave Stuttgart in disgrace.

But all the time he was working at his music, and he kept on working at it through the years he spent in Mannheim, in Darmstadt, and in Prague. In Prague he remodeled the whole management of his opera house. The best work of these years was in piano music, and in some very fine patriotic music that grew out of the wars against Napoleon. During this time, which was like a preparation for his great work, his father died, and he himself fell in love with his good angel, the opera singer Carolina Brandt, who later became his wife.

He was the conductor of the opera at Dresden in 1816, when he started work on his masterpiece, "The Marksman." He worked at it, along with much else, for more than three years. Then, in 1821, as part of the celebration of the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo, the new theater at Berlin was opened with Weber's opera. It was greeted with a chorus of praise, and was soon produced in other cities, too. Weber had won his fame.

This opera is one of those masterpieces which not only are fine things in themselves, but also mark the beginning of something new in art. It is the first important opera of the kind we call "romantic." Instead of taking his story, as even Gluck had done, from the legends of ancient Greece and Rome, Weber took it from the country life of his own fatherland; he worked into it the music of old folk songs, and made the whole as thoroughly German as anything could well be. He used, too, romantic fiends and ghostly riders out of the superstitious tales of the simple people; no one can put magic into music more convincingly than he. All the score, indeed, is full of color and drama.

It was really not Weber's fault that his next opera, "Euryanthe" (ū'ri-ān'thē), which has a story a little like that of Shakespeare's "Cymbeline," was not so successful as "The Marksman" had been. He had a silly libretto, or book of words, to work from. So far as the music is concerned, this is a "grand" opera in every sense of the word. For not only does it have a serious plot, with every word set to music—two things that mark what we call "grand opera"—but its music also has great nobility.

All this time Weber had been fighting the ill health he had suffered ever since his birth. By 1825, when he started work on his next masterpiece, the fairy story called "Oberon" (ō'bēr-ōn), he was already very ill with consumption. His doctor had told him that if he would stop work he might live for years, but that if he went on with this new task, he might not live six weeks. Now the English producer, Charles Kemble, had offered Weber a thousand pounds for "Oberon"; and Weber, feeling that he must die soon anyhow, was determined to leave his wife and child something to support them. So when his doctor told him how matters stood, he merely murmured, "As God wills" and went ahead.

So in 1826 "Oberon" was played in London before a wildly enthusiastic audience. But for Weber it was the end. He did not even live to see his wife and child again, but died quietly in London less than two months after the opening of his last great piece.



Wherever he was, living on a grassy slope by the river, trudging along a dusty road, or in a tavern where he had paused to rest, Franz Schubert's mind

was always busy with some enchanting melody. As soon as he could, he would write it down without stopping even to blot the paper!

The GREATEST WRITER of SONGS

*It Seemed to be Nearly as Easy for Schubert to Express Himself
in Music as in Speech; and of All the Masterly Compositions
That Flowed from His Pen the Best Are His Songs*

ONE day an ugly, stumpy little boy of eleven stood in the entrance of a school for choir boys in Vienna. He had thick lips, an ill-shaped nose, jet-black fuzzy hair, and a dark complexion, and his coarse gray suit was very shabby. For Franz Schubert (frants shoō'bért) was poor. His father was a simple village schoolmaster who had married a cook, and their family of fourteen children had to get along on about as little as it was possible to live on. So the other boys in the school, splendid in their gold-laced uniforms, whispered and snickered and nudged one another when Franz, red to the roots of his hair, stood up to show what he could do. And even the headmaster could not keep back a smile at sight of the strange little ragamuffin before him.

But none of them smiled for long. When the first clear, true notes fell from those thick

lips, the snickers stopped and all the ridicule was turned to admiration. For Franz had a beautiful voice, and was admitted to the school immediately.

He already knew something of the violin and the piano—all that his father and elder brother could teach him—and for the next five years (1808-1813) the lad worked hard at the school, which trained singers for the court chapel. But he was not happy, for the teaching he got was poor and his head was full of the music that he already had in his gifted mind but could never find time to put down. He stole precious moments for it here and there; and at last, when he did not even have money to buy paper to write it on, a generous boy came to the rescue out of his own little pocket money, and Schubert wrote his first piano fantasia (fān'tā-zē'ā)

His friend kept supplying paper, and before

Franz left the "Convict" School, as it was called, he had written many songs, a symphony, and a number of pieces for three or four stringed instruments. He must have had great fun playing those last at home on Sundays, when he and his father and his brothers made up a stringed quartet in which Franz played the viola .
(vē-ō'lā), his father the 'cello (chēl'ō), and his brothers the violin.

He was not yet seventeen when he had to turn in and help support the family. So he went to teaching in his father's little school in a suburb of Vienna —and heavy work he found it! His pupils' exercises had a way of coming back to their owners covered with music instead of corrections, and his mind was so full of beautiful melodies that the sound of them quite drowned out the monotonous drone of recitations. He was studying musical composition too. And yet, in spite of all this

drudgery, he managed to turn out so much music during 1815 that we call it his "wonderful year." Two symphonies, two masses —or musical arrangements of the service of the church—five operas, a string quartet, four piano sonatas, and 146 songs, all came out of his teeming brain in this one year —and there were a number of small works besides. No composer was ever such an inexhaustible fountain of beautiful music.

A Genius Rich in Friends

At last his friends came to his rescue, at the moment when he felt he would go mad if he had to teach any longer. A young law student invited the musical schoolmaster to share his lodgings (1816), and under that friendly roof Schubert could escape the

drudgery of teaching, and work without interruption. "I write all day," he once said, "and when I finish one piece I begin another." It was one way to show his gratitude to his friend.

And there were others to help him too, for though he was poor in money he was rich in friends, who loved him for himself and admired his magical gifts. His friends kept him in writing materials, and fed him as many luncheons and dinners as they could get him to accept. For he was very proud. Imagine how glad he was when he finally sold a piece of music for twenty dollars! It was the first money his music had brought him though already he had over five hundred compositions to his credit.

At last, in 1818, he secured a post as music teacher in the family of Count Johann Esterhazy. The salary was small, but it was very different from having

no money at all; and it gave the hard-working young man of twenty-one a chance to spend a happy summer at the country place of the Esterhazys, in the midst of a charming family.

What Schubert loved most of all was to weave those beautiful melodies and rare harmonies that make him the greatest writer of songs the world has ever seen. He worked like a galley slave. It was almost as if he knew his time was short and felt that he must say all he had to say in the few years that were given him. And yet that wonderful flood of music poured from his mind as easily as a stream. He wrote over six hundred songs and an enormous quantity of other music, including eight symphonies. And there was never any puzzling over the way it ought to go, never any erasing or scratching things



This is Franz Schubert, the creator of charming and spontaneous poetry in music. Whatever the Muse whispered in his ear, Schubert wrote down once for all, rarely turning back to work over or expand his themes.

out. He heard the music in his mind and wrote it down "hurled" the notes on paper, as one of his friends said, when he caught Schubert writing his magnificent song "The Erl King" at the advanced age of eighteen!

All that seemed necessary was a beautiful poem to act as a spark for his imagination. So it was a piece of good luck that after his first summer at the Esterhazys', Schubert went to live with the poet Mayrhofer (mîr'hō-fēr).

They were a queer pair—Schubert, warm and light-hearted; the poet, a man of few words and those few gloomy. But they got along famously together, and Mayrhofer brought his friend a great deal of beautiful poetry to read. It must have been a funny sight to see the two men working all day long at the same table, Mayrhofer grunting under his breath as he tried to make his rhymes and Schubert softly humming his melodies to himself. Whenever he ran out of words to weave his music around, all he had to do was to reach over and help himself to some verses of his friend—with the ink still wet upon them.

Music That Was "Different"

It was Mayrhofer, too, who introduced Schubert to Vogl (fōg'l), a famous baritone, who began to sing the young man's songs everywhere in Vienna. But it was uphill work getting recognition for Schubert. Vogl went to the publishers' offices and roared Schubert's songs into the publishers' ears, but no one would undertake to publish them. They all were afraid, for Schubert's songs were "different" from the common run.

Those were unhappy years for Schubert (1822-1825). He tried his hand at opera,

but could not score a hit. He was poor and in debt, and without regular employment. When he wanted money, he sold his priceless songs for twenty cents apiece. But he went right on working, turning out a steady flow of masterly music—songs, masses for the service of the church, music for the piano and for string quartets, and the magnificent "Unfinished" symphony. He could no more help composing than he could help breathing.

During the last three years of his life the sky brightened a little. He managed to get a few things published, and so was not quite so poor. He gave a public concert of his works in 1828. But the most he ever got for anything he wrote was a hundred dollars, and as a rule he could not sell his things at all.

It was about this time that he dropped into a tavern one day and found a friend reading a volume of Shakespeare. He picked up the book and at once was lost to the world about him. Right on the spot he wrote the lovely "Hark, hark, the lark," and then he took the book home and wrote "Who is Sylvia?" before he went to bed. No words of Shakespeare's have ever had so beautiful a setting.

All this time he was writing more and more furiously. Music flowed from his pen. His ideas were steadily growing more mature and his statement of them more powerful. There were times when he felt ill; various signs showed that poverty, overwork, and anxiety were telling on his constitution. But he kept on working.

Finally one day near the close of 1828 he came down with typhus fever. In a few days he was dead, and his brother, Ferdinand, with whom he had been staying, laid him to rest near the grave of Beethoven.

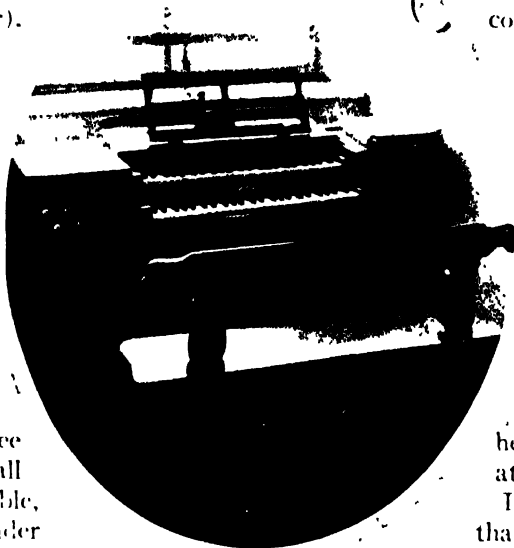


Photo by Presse Photo Service, Berlin
This is the old church organ on which Franz Schubert used to play.

MENDELSSOHN



This is Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, a composer who was an accomplished musician at the tender age of eleven!

Mendelssohn became so famous in his own day that it was said that he "could not stick his head out of the window but someone would shout 'Hurrah!'"

A GENTLE *and* GIFTED COMPOSER

*Besides Writing Music of Great Charm and Sweetness,
Mendelssohn Was the Greatest Orchestral
Conductor of His Day*

ONE Sunday morning in Berlin a good many years ago a family of brothers and sisters were bustling about, setting up chairs and music stands in the spacious drawing-room of the old house where they and their parents lived with their Grandmother Mendelssohn. They were getting ready for the musicale which they held there every second Sunday morning. But this February day in 1824 was to be an especially important occasion, for it was the fifteenth birthday of their brother Felix, the leader of their little orchestra. Ever since the time when he had had to stand upon a stool in order to be seen by all the players, he had written something new for them to play at nearly every concert. If it was a piece for the piano, he either played it himself or gave it to his sister Fanny, who was extremely talented. Meanwhile, his sister Rebecka sang, and his brother Paul played the 'cello.

But to-day they were going to celebrate by performing one of his operas, "The Three

Nephews, or The Uncle from Boston." It had been written two years before. For the gifted boy had been composing busily ever since the age of eleven. During his thirteenth year alone he had written five symphonies, a number of vocal quartets, two short operas and part of a third, and a great many other pieces of all kinds.

Everything seemed to come easily to the charming and talented lad. The family was a wealthy one and highly cultivated. Indeed, the grandfather, Moses Mendelssohn (mën'del-sön), had been a distinguished philosopher, one of the leading minds of his day. The little Mendelssohns did not have to go to school. The best of teachers tutored them privately, and in music they had the most careful instruction. Felix was a finished pianist at the age of five. When he was sixteen his father took him to Paris, where he met some of the most distinguished musicians of the day. And on their way home, they stopped to visit the great poet Goethe (gô'te), to whom Felix had already made

MENDELSSOHN



Mendelssohn found the road to fame an easy one to travel. When he was only twenty-six years old he became the director of the Gewandhaus concerts — the highest honor a musician in Germany could attain. In England too he met with great success. Altogether,

he made ten trips there to conduct various of his works. His music was much admired by Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, who, on at least one occasion, received him with honor. In the picture above you see him playing before the Queen.

a sixteen-day visit as a lad of twelve.

And after his return the Sunday musicales were more crowded than ever. For his parents had moved into a new home that had a kind of conservatory in the garden, where several hundred people could sit. Here, in 1827, Felix's little orchestra played his overture to Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream." Its author was only a lad of eighteen, yet that exquisite music was a work of mature genius, and when it was publicly played under his direction in the following year, showed the world that a new star had risen.

And yet, in spite of his extraordinary success and the applause he won everywhere by his charming social gifts and his great talents, the boy's head was not turned. He was taken for an equal by many of the most distinguished artists about him. But instead of growing conceited, he stayed the same generous, gracious person he had always been.

It was about this time that he brought back to fame the works of the great Johann Sebastian Bach (baK), who had remained almost unknown since his death some seventy-five years before. Mendelssohn organized a choir to study the great master, and finally directed them in a performance of Bach's magnificent "Passion According to St. Matthew." It was one of the most important things that Mendelssohn ever did, for since that day Bach's mighty music has been more and more loved.

How an Experience Made a Melody

Meanwhile Mendelssohn worked hard at his own compositions, and went about Europe giving concerts. A visit to England in 1829 brought him fame there and resulted in his writing his "Fingal's Cave Overture" and his "Scotch Symphony." An Italian visit inspired the "Italian Symphony." Every experience—a poem, a lovely scene, a meeting with a friend—seemed to start a melody in his head, which his easy gift turned into polished, skillful music. "I cannot describe how my music came; it has been utterly a part of myself," he once said. Beautiful pieces for orchestra, for violin, for piano, string quartets and songs, operas and ora-

torios, all flowed out of his own inner experience. His charming "Songs without Words," written for the piano, are as full of sentiment as if they had been written to clothe the words of some moving poem.

Mendelssohn's concerts brought him ever greater fame, till at the age of twenty-four he was appointed general music director to the town of Düsseldorf. It was there that he began to write his oratorio "St. Paul." Two years later he was appointed director of the Gewandhaus (gě-vánt'hous) concerts in Leipzig. That was the highest honor that could come to a musician in Germany.

Chief Musician to the King of Prussia

From that time on, his fame was secure. In 1837 he was very happily married to the charming daughter of a French Protestant minister, for though he was of Jewish birth, he was a member of the Lutheran church. Later he received the appointment of chief court musician to the King of Prussia, but he still kept his post in Leipzig, and even established the conservatory there. In 1846 his "Elijah" was first performed in England; it is one of the greatest oratorios ever written.

And then, while he was still a young man, death suddenly cut him off from his fame at the age of thirty-eight. The news of the death of his sister Fanny was a shock from which he never recovered. Perhaps the strain of composition had been too much for his health. Perhaps his brilliant and easy youth had never taught him how to meet sorrow. One cannot know the cause of his collapse. But it is safe to say that if he could have lived, his music would have been the richer for his bitter experience.

For depth was what it lacked. His success had always come too easily. His gifts were great and his labors were tremendous, but he had never felt the discipline of experience. And so he could not write the mighty music of a Beethoven or a Schumann or a Bach. Life had never made it possible for him to have those things to say. As one kindly critic said, "He began by being a genius, but ended by being a talent." But in both those rôles he was one of the most distinguished and lovable musicians who ever lived.



The painter of the picture above has shown you Robert Schumann and his wife in those blissful days that

followed their marriage. Presiding over their happiness are the spirits of music.

A GREAT "ROMANTIC" COMPOSER

How the Gifted Schumann Gave Himself to the Cause of Musical Progress, and Wrote His Own Immortal Works in the New Revolutionary Manner

WHEN Robert Schumann (shoo'man) as a little lad played about his father's bookshop at Zwickau, in Germany, his parents never suspected that they had a great composer on their hands. A writer, perhaps! For he loved to read, and when he was fourteen contributed to a volume of "Portraits of Famous Men," edited by his father. By the time he was sixteen he had finished a novel. But the wide-awake boy loved music, too. At the age of six he could play the piano well. At seven he was composing; and later he organized a school orchestra in order that he might hear his own compositions.

It had always been Robert's father who

took an interest in the lad's music. But the father died when Robert was sixteen (1826), and the mother was set upon having her gifted son turned into a practical, money-making lawyer. So off he went to study law at the University of Leipzig. But it was too late to make him over. In Leipzig he studied the piano under a celebrated teacher named Wieck (vĕk) —and often saw about the house his teacher's little six-year-old daughter Clara. We must remember the little girl. She was already a prodigy at the piano, and we shall hear of her later.

Meanwhile the law came along pretty slowly. After three years at Leipzig he went to the University of Heidelberg, where he

worked seven hours a day. Over his books? By no means! He worked seven hours a day at his piano, and in the evenings gave impromptu concerts. He was composing a little, too—and writing busily for the college publication.

The Accident That Made a Composer

Finally, when he was twenty, he heard Paganini (pä'gä-nē'nē), the great Italian violinist. That put an end to his career as a lawyer. With his mother's unwilling consent he went back to Leipzig (1830) to study again under Wieck. He lived in his master's house and worked like one possessed. He was so determined to strengthen the fourth finger—always the weakest one of the lot—that he invented an instrument to use on it when he practiced. The result was that he ruined his hands forever, and had to give up all hope of being a great pianist.

But he did not give up his career as a musician. Instead, he set himself to study musical composition. The unhappy accident set him definitely on the road to becoming a great composer. Two years later Clara, who, at the age of thirteen, was already launched on her famous career as a pianist, played one of his compositions at Schumann's old home in Zwickau. And from then on he devoted his life to giving the world his best.

Music for the New Age

Now the world of musicians was full of turmoil about this time. Some were for writing music in "the good old way." They did not like the new-fangled notions of people who wanted to make music say more than it had said before. But Schumann was young and ardent. He could not bear to see his beloved art done to death by timid people who had no imagination. He belonged to the new age—which we now know as the age of "romanticism" (rô-măn'ti-siz'm). So to champion the cause of the people who were writing the new style of music, music of strong emotion, he started (1834) a musical publication called "The New Musical Journal." For years he wrote articles for it, and always was quick to praise any work that was fine and sound, be it old in style or new.

Both Chopin and Brahms had him to thank for hearty recognition.

It was hardly strange that as time went on the man who was devoting himself to composing for the piano should have fallen in love with the gifted young pianist who had been his friend so long and appreciated him so thoroughly. But Clara was famous now, and when her father was asked for his consent to the marriage, the shrewd old fellow saw no reason why his eighteen-year-old daughter should tie herself up to an unknown young composer with poor health. Moreover, the money she earned was highly useful in swelling her father's income.

So old Wieck refused his consent—and the law was such that the unhappy young people could not marry without it. Things dragged on miserably until Schumann's patience wore out and he haled the stubborn old man into court. He won his case and was married to Clara in 1840.

Schumann's Happiest Years

Then began the period of his noblest work. It was an unusually happy marriage, and in his joy he poured forth during the following year 130 songs, among the finest ever written. Then came symphonies and other compositions for stringed instruments, and finally choral works and an opera. Meanwhile he was made a professor in the Conservatory of Leipzig.

But the strain was telling on his health. Four years after their marriage he suffered a nervous collapse, with many distressing mental symptoms. He grew better for a time, and went to work again. But in 1854 it all came back upon him. In a fit of terrible melancholy he hurled himself into the Rhine, and when he was rescued he was found to be quite insane. He was taken to an asylum and died there in Clara's arms in 1856. Sorrowfully she set herself to support their family by giving concerts all over Europe.

And yet, in spite of his later insanity, Schumann wrote music that was strong and sound and noble. He had a superb sense of humor, and in all his work he voiced the tenderness and aspiration of a lofty and generous nature.



This monument is a fitting memorial to Frédéric Chopin, one of the most gifted composers the world

has ever seen. While he plays upon his beloved instrument, Music sits enthralled at his feet.

The POET of the PIANO

*Haunted by the Wild Sweet Strains of His Native Poland, Chopin
Conjured from His Piano Music More Fanciful and Im-
passioned than Any Composer Before or Since*

ONE boy in a family of three sisters who adore him usually has quite a happy time. Frédéric Chopin (shô'pāN') had the good luck to be so fortunately placed, and his childhood was almost ideal. Louise, the eldest sister, was a bookworm, always ready to tell him whatever he wanted to know if it came out of a book. Isabella, the practical, sewed on his buttons and kept him neat and tidy. Emily, his favorite, had a fine imagination and entered with him into all his games of make-believe. Their mother was Polish, their father French, and both of them were kind and loving parents. They lived in a pleasant house in Warsaw with a charming garden full of flowers and sunshine.

Here came a constant stream of interesting visitors, and in the evenings there was always music. It was an atmosphere perfectly suited to a sensitive, fastidious child like Frédéric.

He was born at Zelazoa-Wola, near Warsaw, in 1810, but the family moved to Warsaw when he was still very young. Like Mozart, he showed musical talent almost immediately, and gave his first public concert at the age of nine. At the same time, he wrote a march for a brass band, which he dedicated to the Polish grand duke, Constantin. He was the town pet—everybody made a great fuss over his piano playing, and it is a wonder he was not spoiled. But he appears

to have enjoyed it all without growing conceited.

Though his father early arranged for him to study composition, the family took his music very much for granted, and did not seem to think seriously of making a musician of him. He went to the University of Warsaw, and received a good general education there. He really drifted into his career, as a result of the success of the compositions he modestly kept producing. His friend, Prince Radziwill, did much to encourage the young man; and the death of his sister Emily (1827), which he felt deeply, drove him to work in order to forget. Then he went to Berlin as assistant to the professor of zoology at the University of Warsaw, but he took care to avoid all the scientific meetings and to attend as many operas and concerts as possible. That visit filled him with enthusiasm.

He went home eager to finish his piano trio, and to write the "Krakowiak," which later became one of his best-loved pieces. It was now that his family really decided to take him seriously as a musician.

Chopin's Début in Vienna

So he went to Vienna in 1829, to make his piano début there. Although he was painfully nervous, his first recital was well received, and when he improvised upon the piano, his audience climbed upon the rear seats or danced joyously to his music. At his second concert, all the musical notables appeared, and all joined in singing the praises of the new star that had risen. Schumann published an essay in recognition of his gifts, and the newspapers called him "a brilliant

meteor." Although his second concert was even better received than his first, he turned a deaf ear to the pleading of his manager that he give another; he was afraid he might bore the public! So he visited various cities and then went back to Warsaw.

But there was something wrong. He was

no longer contented in Warsaw. He thought he was in love with Constance Gladkowska, and wrote about her constantly in his letters, though he seems seldom to have met her, and certainly never to have made love to her. Be that as it may, he was bored and unhappy, irritable and morbid, and decided that he must get away.

So like so many other earnest artists, he went to live in Paris (1831). There fortune smiled upon him. He was the lion of the hour, the darling of society. No party of any importance was complete without his white-gloved, exquisite-

ly-tailored person. He wrote home, "Here I am--launched. I move in the highest circles, and I don't know how I got there!"

He never saw his fatherland again, for the rest of his life was spent in Paris. The time passed pleasantly enough. He had many pupils, whom he taught with sweetness and patience, urging them always to give to their music the very best that was in them. He had an interesting circle of friends—Schumann, Liszt, Mendelssohn, the French painter Delacroix, and best of all the writer George Sand, whose name in real life was Madame Dudevant (du'dē-vôN'). She was a woman much older than he, with whom he appears to have enjoyed a truly wonderful friendship. She inspired many of his compositions, and made it possible for him to work under ideal



No wonder Frédéric Chopin became the darling of Parisian society! He was handsome and agreeable, and, above all, there was no mistaking the fire of genius that burned within him.

conditions in her summer home at Nohant (nô'ôN'). When he developed the tuberculosis from which he suffered for the last ten years of his life, she nursed him tenderly and brought him back to partial health. Probably one of the saddest events in his life was the breaking off of this friendship, which had been his main human interest from 1837 to 1847. It came to an end because of a disagreement between Chopin and Madame Dudevant's son. His death (1849) was the sadder because his faithful pupil, Gutmann, fearing to excite him, refused to allow her to see him when she came to call, the day before he died.

Most composers pour out symphonies, chamber music, songs, sonatas, and other forms of music impartially. Chopin had a talent for one instrument, the piano, and like a wise shoemaker, he stuck to his last. His compositions, therefore, do not make up such a varied mass of material as those of some other composers. But his piano music is of the highest order. He wrote and rewrote and polished, spending weeks over one page, although he could improvise like lightning. He proved that exquisite small pieces could be as perfect in their way as big ones in theirs. He used strong rhythms, coupled

with themes from Polish folk tunes, and over and around them all he wove the delicate embroidery of arpeggios and of smoothly rippling chromatic scales. His mazurkas, polonaises, and waltzes are marvelous dances, his études reflect many moods, while his nocturnes and preludes are rich in poetic feeling.

Probably no one, not even the best pianist, plays Chopin's music as he did himself. Certainly, it can be completely spoiled by a heavy-handed, conscientious thumper. Unlike that of some players of the German school, who went from soft to loud with thoroughness and determination, literally tearing the heart out of the piano, his performance was tender and delicate, a thing of fine shades and differences, of deep though restrained feeling. It revolutionized the whole art of piano playing.

No wonder he preferred the drawing-room to the concert hall, and a small group of sympathetic listeners to the gaping public. He is best pictured as bent over his piano in a darkened room, with two or three listening faces shining with rapt attention in the fire-light, while one melody after another falls as gently as rippling water from his speeding fingers.

The WIZARD of OPERA

***What Shakespeare Was to Spoken Drama, the Great Wagner
Was to Opera, and by His Stupendous Works He
Wrought a Revolution in Music***

WHEN Richard Wagner (vag'nër) was a little boy he played about in a real theater. More than that, his stepfather was an actor, and so all the talk at home was of the stage and of the plays in which the lad would have been glad to take a part himself. His own father had been a police clerk, and had died six months after the birth of Richard, his seventh child. But before very long the mother married again, and the family left Leipzig, where Richard had been born (1813), and went to live in Dresden. There the boy had a blissful time. Every minute he could spare from school he spent behind the scenes in the theater, drink-

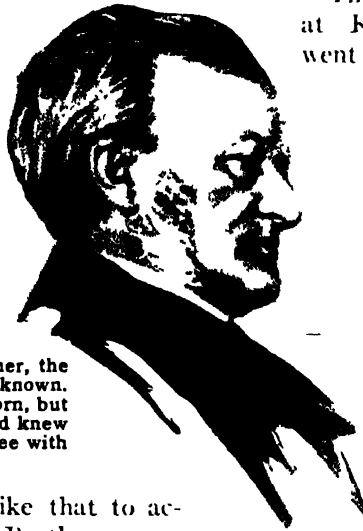
ing in the talk of actors and playwrights. And though his stepfather died when Richard was only eight, that early lure of the playhouse helped to shape the boy's whole life.

Of course he wanted to be a playwright himself. He had a gift for turning verses, and when he was thirteen he translated into his native German the first twelve books of Homer's "Odyssey" (ôd'i-sî) -- just for fun. When he was fourteen he began to write a tragedy, and was so generous with his thrills that he killed off forty-two persons in the first part of the play, and had to bring some of them on as ghosts in order to have any last act at all.

Meanwhile he was reading all the poetry and plays that he could lay hands on, and had learned any number of romantic legends from the long ago. And then one day he heard some of Beethoven's great music played at a concert in Leipzig, where the family had again gone to live. Perhaps the boy was conceited—perhaps he already felt his genius stirring in him! Anyhow, he said then and there to himself that his

some salary of five dollars a month. There he wrote an opera called "The Fairies," but could not get it produced. The next year he was made conductor of the opera at Magdeburg, and there he wrote a second opera, "Forbidden Love," adapted from Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure." It was sung just once!

Then he took a post in the theater at Königsberg—and the manager went bankrupt! But this time the



This is a portrait of Richard Wagner, the greatest genius the opera has ever known. The world laughed his music to scorn, but Wagner had faith in his genius, and knew that some day the world would agree with him—as it did!

We can all take a valuable hint from Wagner's story. If we wish to be intelligent we will never condemn a thing—a bit of music, a painting, a scientific theory—just because we have never heard or seen anything like it before.

dramas must have music like that to accompany them. And since Beethoven was dead, who was there to write that music but Wagner himself?

So on the spot he got a book out of the library and began to study musical composition. When his family saw that he was in earnest, they arranged for him to have music lessons. He worked hard, and though he was never very good at the piano, by the time he was seventeen he had one of his overtures played at the theater in Leipzig. Three years later a famous orchestra there was playing his first symphony. Meanwhile he had enrolled at the University of Leipzig.

The Slow Struggle for Fame

It was only a little later, at the age of twenty, that he began his career as a professional musician. He had not had much preparation for it, but before he died he was to make the writing of operas into an entirely new art, and to compose music which placed him in the very foremost rank among the world's composers.

His first position was one as chorus master in the theater at Würzburg—with the hand-

some young man had something to show for his pains, for he had married Minna Planer, one of the actresses there.

They did not have a cent between them; so Richard was glad enough to get an appointment as conductor of the orchestra in the theater at Riga (re'gà), in Russia. And there they stayed for two years, while he began another opera, "Rienzi" (rî-ên'zî). When the two years were up they set out with their big dog Robber to go to Paris. In a little sailing vessel they crossed the North Sea in the midst of a gale so terrible that they thought they must surely go down. But to a genius everything comes handy in the way of experience. To cheer the seasick passengers the sailors told them the tale of the Flying Dutchman, who was condemned to sail the stormy seas in a phantom ship forever and ever unless he could find a maid whose faithful love would save him from his fate. That story Wagner wove into the plot of an opera, "The Flying Dutchman," and the shriek of the wind in the rigging is heard in many of its harmonies.

In Paris disappointment kept dogging the

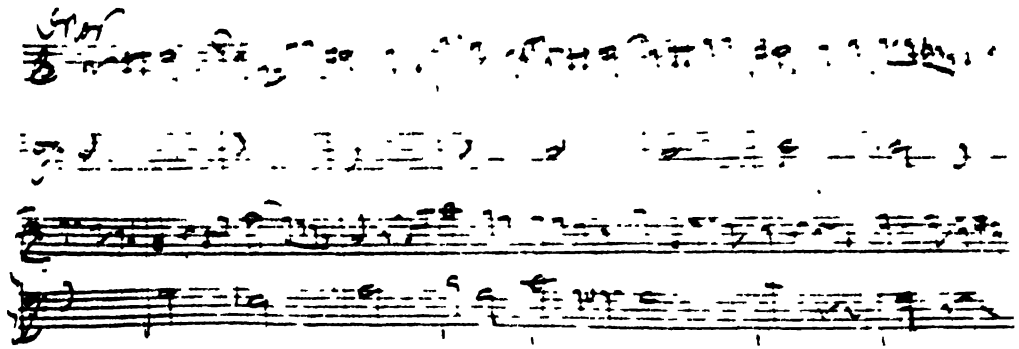


Photo by British Museum

Here is a bit from the manuscript of an early work of Wagner, the great composer—written, as he said

musician, and he was glad to get anything to do that he could lay his hand to. His music was too new, too strange, too different from what music had always been, for his work to get a hearing.

Wagner's First Successful Opera

But at last the twelve-year spell was broken when "Rienzi" was given a hearing in Dresden in 1842. It had a magnificent success, and in the next year the courageous and persevering author was made director of the theater there. Yet when "The Flying Dutchman" was sung it proved to be too bitter a pill for even the Dresden public, who resented all its novelties and would have none of it. They were no kinder to "Tannhauser" (tan'hoi-zer), which was sung in 1845.

By now Wagner's patience was getting a good deal worn as well it might be. He was thoroughly tired with having to fight all the stupid people who had not the imagination to see that there might be more than one way to do a thing. So when a revolution broke out in Germany in 1848, he was full of sympathy for the cause of the downtrodden who wanted their freedom, and he spoke his mind freely.

Now the government did not see things in just that light, and the outspoken musician had to leave the country hastily. He fled to the great Liszt (list), in Weimar (vi'mar), and was helped by him to escape into France. He went from there to Zurich, in Switzerland, and stayed in exile there for twelve years. His little reign of prosperity in Dresden had

himself, "To do something grand." It is a sketch of the beginning of the "People's Chorus" in "Rienzi."

been soon over, and years of poverty followed.

But those years of exile were rich years, for all that. His was too strong and great a spirit to be worsted by ill fortune. He wrote a great deal about his art—fierce defenses of his own ideas. Better still, he wrote some of his greatest operas: the first two of the "Ring" cycle—"Rheingold," which almost translates itself into "Gold of the Rhine," and "Die Walkure," or "The Valkyrie"; the splendid love story of "Tristan and Isolde" (e-sól'dē), and "Die Meistersinger von Nuremberg," or "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg." Meanwhile Liszt, who was always generous to his fellow musicians, had produced "Lohengrin" (lo'hēn-grin) shortly after Wagner had had to leave Germany. Stormy as was the criticism, the piece finally started Wagner on the road to recognition.

The Failure of Two Great Operas

But even then Success always disappeared around the corner just before he caught up with her. "Tannhauser," on which he pinned great hopes, was produced in Paris (1861) amid such hoots and whistles that it was a complete failure. The trouble was due to the fact that the Parisian Jockey Club had determined to ruin it because it did not contain a ballet in the third act! "Tristan and Isolde" was rehearsed fifty-seven times in Vienna, and then dropped as "impossible."

Then King Ludwig of Bavaria commissioned the composer (1864) to come to Munich and finish the music of the great "Ring" cycle of four dramas. "So great is



What would we not give to join this interesting group and listen to their conversation! In the center stands Richard Wagner himself. To the left is Wagner's

wife, best known to the world as "Frau Cosima." To the right is the great composer Franz Liszt, the most devoted friend Wagner ever had.

my joy that it has crushed me!" wrote the penniless Wagner. But when he got to Munich he found so many political enemies that he had to leave almost at once and flee to Switzerland again. Meanwhile he and his wife had parted, and in 1866 she died.

When Fame Came at Last

Yet slowly, slowly he was winning his audience. People were beginning to stand up for him. "It is Forbidden to Discuss Religion or Wagner" was the sign that, a little later, owners of cafés had to post on their walls to protect their crockery from the heavy beer mugs that their excited patrons often used on one another's heads in place of arguments.

In 1870 Wagner found a devoted wife in Liszt's daughter Cosima. And then, with her help, he began to realize the dream of many years. In 1872 the corner stone of his long-dreamed-of Festival Playhouse was laid at Bayreuth (bi-roit'), on Wagner's fifty-ninth birthday; and four years later the great

opera house was finished by popular subscription from all over the world. It was designed to be a place where Wagner might work out his great new ideas, and at its dedication were performed the four great operas that make up the cycle known as "The Ring of the Nibelungs" (ni'be loong). They are, in order, "The Rhine Gold," "The Valkyrie" (val-kir'i), "Siegfried" (seg'tred), and "Gotterdammerung," or "The Twilight of the Gods" and taken together, they tell the famous old Norse story of the struggle for the magic ring that brought supreme power to its possessor and of the final downfall of the gods who had seized it.

In 1882 "Parsifal" (par'st-fal), Wagner's last and many people think his greatest opera was given there, only a short time before the great composer's death (1883). But though he had only a little more than a decade in which to enjoy his fame, his great influence has lived on, and to-day people go to Bayreuth from all over the world to hear his operas sung.



Photo of Music by British Museum

This is Franz Liszt, a great musician himself and a great friend to other less fortunate musicians. Above is some of his music, written in his own hand.

F. Liszt

The GREATEST PIANIST WHO EVER LIVED

But Liszt Was More than Just a Great Performer. He Wrote Music the World Will Long Delight to Hear, and Never Lost a Chance to Befriend Musicians Everywhere

WHEN Franz Liszt (frants list), at the height of his fame as pianist and composer, played some of his religious music for his friend Wagner, the latter simply said, "Your God makes a lot of noise!" The comment tells us a good deal about Liszt if we know how to take it. It is certainly true that the great pianist and composer loved those startling and dramatic effects which bring a thunder of amazed applause. It is also true that his "noise" was dedicated to his God—for he was a man of warm kindness and fine generosity, and so religious that he finally became a monk.

From very early years Liszt had been deeply religious in feeling, and had searched about among the different creeds to find one he could believe. It was not until he was well on in middle life that he came to the end of his search, and meanwhile he had lived a very worldly life indeed. But in 1805, at the age of fifty-four, he became a Franciscan monk and was given the title of Abbé; and for the last twenty-five years of his life he lived the life of a monk in Rome, though

he spent much time in Germany and Hungary.

Someone has left an appealing picture of him as a majestic old man lighting his guests to the door with a candle held high above his head, its soft glow casting a halo around his white hair and benign countenance and illuminating the folds of the long black robe he wore as priest. Pope Pius IX called him his Palestrina, and loved him dearly.

He had been born in Raiding, Hungary, in 1811. He was a sickly baby. One evening when he was only a few months old, his father had come home to find the mother weeping over their dead child. The village carpenter was called in to measure the little body for the coffin. But that coffin was never needed. The baby showed signs of life and recovered, and when he came to be one of the world's great musicians he thanked God for that recovery, in music of deep sincerity.

Unlike many artists, young Liszt never had any struggle with poverty. His father, an accountant to Count Esterhazy, was not a bad musician himself, and he gave the boy his first lessons. At the age of nine Franz

gave a performance in public which so impressed the great Beethoven that he kissed the little lad. A number of Hungarian nobles supplied the money for him to study music in Vienna for the next six years. There he became a pupil of Czerny (chěr'ně), whose books of finger exercises still mean many an hour of toil to young pianists to-day. He also studied with Salieri (sā-lyā'rě), the man who had been teacher to Beethoven and Schubert. In one concert after another, in Vienna and on tour, the little boy won so much applause and was so much loved for his unusual and gracious personality that someone said of him that "he climbed to greatness over ladies' laps." When his father died (1828), the lad, though only seventeen, was already widely famous and was able to support his mother. His gifts and fascination made him known as "The New Wonder of the World."

It was when he was twenty that Liszt heard a concert played by Paganini (pa'gā-ně'ně), the great Italian violinist whom many supposed to be in league with the devil because he could do such amazing things on his instrument. In a sense this was the turning point in Liszt's career. He made up his mind to play the piano as Paganini played the violin. He slaved to train his fingers till they could do things that never had been done before. And you may see how well he succeeded from the fact that he is still considered the greatest pianist who ever lived. In the same year he met Chopin (shō'pāN'), the great pianist and composer, and got fresh inspiration. Wherever he went to play during the next fifteen years, he met with the wildest applause. During a trip to Vienna he received a title of nobility from the emperor of Austria.

The Generous Heart of Liszt

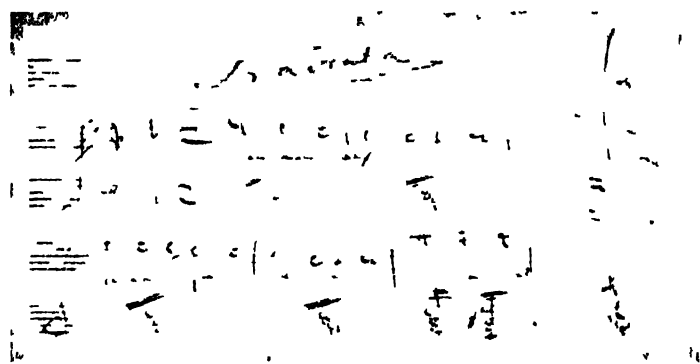
Meanwhile many famous men and women and many of the greatest musicians—Chopin, Schumann, Berlioz, Rubinstein, Wagner—became his warm friends; and richly he deserved it! For he always showed the most beautiful generosity toward his fellow artists, and helped them whenever he could. After

1847 all his concerts were given for the benefit of others, and he would not take any of the proceeds for himself. He threw open his rooms to gifted students, whom he would hear and instruct without a cent of pay. When the subscriptions to raise a statue to Beethoven at Bonn were too small to cover the costs, Liszt made up the sum out of his own pocket. He established a permanent fund for the poor in his birthplace of Raiding, and there are countless other stories of his goodness and generosity.

The Musical Czar of Europe

In 1848 he gave up playing in public, and took a position as music director for the court at Weimar (vī'mār). There he became a kind of musical czar for all Europe, and he gave all the younger, newer composers a chance—men who might otherwise have waited a long time to get a hearing. There were plenty of people who hated him for it, plenty of people who disliked the new music. But time has proved that he was right, and the man who lent a helping hand to Wagner, to Berlioz, and to Schumann to mention only a few—certainly deserves the world's gratitude. Later, his daughter Cosima became Wagner's wife. And it was while he was visiting her in order to attend the great Wagner festival at Bayreuth (bi-roit'), in 1886, that he died.

Though Liszt was not so great a composer as a number of other men who lived in his day, he nevertheless left us a great deal of beautiful and affecting music. He took the wild songs of his own Hungarian gypsies and wove them into fine and stirring piano music, which he called rhapsodies (rāp'sō-dī). They were written for his own amazing execution, so no one but an accomplished pianist dares to try them. And then for orchestra he invented what is known as the symphonic (sīm-fōn'ik) poem, a piece in which a literary story is told in music alone. Those tone poems, such as "Orpheus" and "Tasso," were full of dramatic fire, and expressed many different moods; they gave the world a new form of orchestral music, a form that many later composers have been glad to adopt.



U. S. National Music Library, British Museum



Because of his patriotism and his love for the people of Italy, and because he could write beautiful and stirring operas, Giuseppe Verdi became and has remained a hero in his native land. Above is his portrait and a few lines from "La Traviata." Strangely enough, this opera, which is still a favorite to-day, was a complete failure when first produced. Or was it strange? The tenor, we hear, had a bad cold, the baritone was sulky, and the soprano was so fat that, in the third act when she was supposed to be wasting away with consumption, everyone screamed with laughter!

A FAMOUS WRITER of OPERAS

Verdi, the Great Italian, Wrote Operas So Charming and Tuneful That They Still Are More Popular than Those of Any Other Composer

ON the day when Giuseppe Verdi (joo sĕp' pĕ vĕr'dĕ) was seven, he was assisting the village priest in the services at the church. The moment had come when the priest needed holy water, and three times he asked his assistant for it. But the little lad did not hear a word—he was in a blissful daze, listening to the swelling music of the organ. The holy man, who supposed him merely absent-minded, gave him so hearty a cuff that he rolled down the steps leading from the altar, and was taken up in a faint. His first words when he came to his senses were a request that he might be allowed to study music.

Luckily for him—and for all lovers of singing tunes and melodious operas—the little boy's father granted his request then and there. The father, who was an innkeeper in the tiny Italian village of Roncole (rōn-kō'lā), had had the good sense from the first to feed his son's strong musical talent as well as his rather frail body. When a traveling violinist came around to squeak a whole

repertory on his wretched fiddle for a few pennies, little Giuseppe was encouraged to listen as long as he pleased. Now he was to have a spinet, and the village organist was to give him lessons.

The boy must have studied to good purpose, for a year later the village organist had taught him all the good man knew, and at the age of ten Giuseppe was himself the organist in the church of Roncole. At the same time he was not neglecting his general education, but was going to school.

His fellow townsmen made a great fuss over him, and even raised a fund to send him to Milan to study. One of them, Baretti (ba-rĕt'tĕ), treated him as a son, took him into his house when he came back from Milan, and later gave him his daughter Margarita for a wife. So at twenty-three (1836) we see the young man already a composer, the conductor of the Philharmonic Society of Busseto (būs-sĕ'tō), husband of a beautiful and accomplished woman, father of two children, and adored by all who know him.

Milan seemed to offer a wider field than Busseto, and so he moved his family there and at once set about writing an opera, which was successful enough to get him a contract to write three more the following year.

Unfortunately, he was taken very ill, and hardly had he recovered when his wife and two children were stricken, one after the other, and died, leaving him alone in the world. He was in a frenzy of despair and grief. The comic opera called "King for a Day," which he forced himself to write at this time in order to fulfill a contract, was a dismal failure—and no wonder! He put his pen aside, refusing to set down another note, and gave himself over to melancholy brooding.

Verdi's Unforgettable Operas

His friend Merelli, the producer who had brought out his operas, humored him as tenderly as a child, and did not try to force him. But when he thought the moment ripe, he thrust into the young man's hands a new libretto (lĭ-brĕt'ō)—or words for a new opera. Verdi was so captivated that in spite of his grief, he could not help sitting down to compose the music. The opera "Nabuco" (nā-bōō'kō) was thus born. Verdi himself called it the beginning of his artistic career. "Ernani" (ĕr-nā'nĕ) and "The Lombards" followed, and were received with excited enthusiasm by the public. During a performance of "Ernani" in Rome, one of the spectators in the gallery was so carried away by his sympathy for the leading character that he hurled his coat, vest, shirt, and finally his sword at the stage, and had to be forcibly put out of the theater.

That was likely to happen when Verdi's operas were produced, for the man was of a strong, courageous, independent spirit, and felt keenly on the side of liberty in all the bitter political struggles of his day. Time and again his operas were suppressed because they spoke for freedom, and time and again the people who came to hear them burst into wild demonstrations. In 1860 they sent the composer to the Italian parliament, and in 1875 made him a senator.

From that time on, Verdi wrote operas

very rapidly, for he was assured of their success. His "Rigoletto," "Il Trovatore" (ĕl trō'vā-tō'rā), "La Traviata" (lā tra-vya'tā), and many others are sung by grand opera companies all over the world to this day.

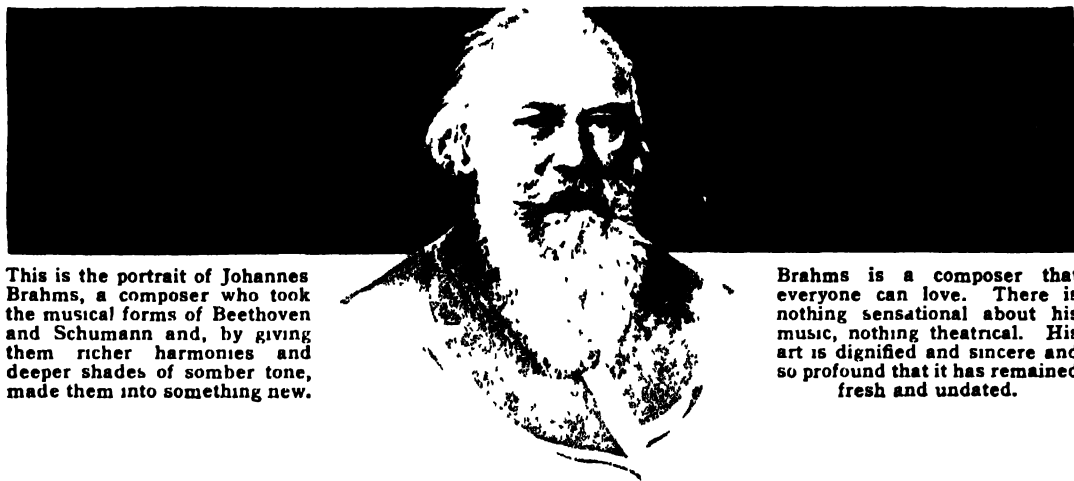
But this was not enough for Verdi. He studied Wagner's operas with deep admiration; and when the Khedive of Egypt ordered from him an opera on an Egyptian theme, he welcomed the chance to try a new style of writing, for he knew that there was something better than the older form of Italian opera, with its elaborate runs and trills and turns that were excellent to show off a singer's voice but very tiresome as music. "Aida" (a-ĕ'dā), his grand experiment, was also his greatest opera up to that day (1871). In it he left the old, artificial style behind, and created something deeper, warmer, more dramatically consistent.

The Last Years of a Great Artist

"Otello" (1887) and "Falstaff" (1893) were Verdi's last operas, written in a style even more advanced than that of "Aida," and the best things he had ever done. The last was composed when the author was in his eightieth year. They are freer in style, have fewer set airs, and have the advantage of being written on fine librettos that are truly masterly versions of Shakespeare plays. Four sacred pieces, written in 1898, when he was eighty-five, contained some of the noblest passages in all the author's music.

Praise, love, and flattery never turned Verdi's head, though they were showered upon him his whole life long. His was a singularly lovable nature. With his white beard and pointed, bristling moustaches, deep-set, fiery eyes and kindly wrinkles, he was the picture of a great but simple artist. Whether his emotional countrymen loved him most for this picturesque quality, or for his fine and generous character, or for his devotion to liberty and justice, or for his eloquent music, which not only changed the course of opera in Italy but enriched the whole world, it is certain that they loved him with a deep and tender personal affection. And when he died, in 1901, they mourned him as a national hero.

BRAHMS



This is the portrait of Johannes Brahms, a composer who took the musical forms of Beethoven and Schumann and, by giving them richer harmonies and deeper shades of somber tone, made them into something new.

Brahms is a composer that everyone can love. There is nothing sensational about his music, nothing theatrical. His art is dignified and sincere and so profound that it has remained fresh and undated.

The WEARER of BEETHOVEN'S MANTLE

The Composer Brahms Wielded the Mighty Harmonies of His Great Predecessor, and Wrote the Finest Symphonies of His Day

I I WAS not always easy for fifteen-year old Johannes Brahms (yō-han's brams) to turn out of bed at daybreak to black the family boots. But even while he rubbed his sleepy eyes he used to sing and whistle, and as he plied his brushes such lovely melodies took shape in his head that almost before he knew it the shoes were all standing there before him in a neat row.

That humble task of blacking boots began a busy day. For there was school, of course, and exacting musical studies too. But in addition the boy had to pick up as much money as he could by teaching and by playing in the theaters, or by selling his own lovely melodies. His little earnings were sorely needed, for his father, who played in the orchestra at the theater in Hamburg, earned barely enough to keep his family in decent poverty.

But though he could not give his son all the pocket money a boy might like to have, there was one thing he could give him, and that the lad absorbed like a thirsty sponge. It was a musical education. When the father's store of knowledge was exhausted, other able teachers were hired. By the time Johannes was twenty (1853) he had worked

so hard and had learned so much that Remenyi (rē'ma-nyī), a distinguished Hungarian violinist, invited him to go on a concert tour as accompanist. You may imagine that young Brahms jumped at the chance.

They had not been long on the road together before our young pianist had to show the stuff that was in him. He had told the manager at Celle, where they were to give a concert, that the piano he was supposed to play on was a "pitiful rattlebox," and the manager had promised to have another ready for the concert. Imagine the dismay of the two musicians when, arriving for the concert, they found that the new piano was tuned a half tone too low!

The excitable Hungarian violinist stormed about, threatening to cancel the concert and leave town at once. But young Brahms rose to the occasion. He simply transposed every accompaniment as he played it to a key a half tone higher than the one in which it was written! This was a feat that only a first-rate pianist, unusually well-versed in musical technique, could have accomplished.

It quite won Remenyi's heart. He told the audience all about it when the concert was over; and from that time on the two

were fast friends. The famous Hungarian Dances, written on gypsy themes, are Brahms' tribute to that friendship. His feat won him also the friendship of the great German violinist Joachim (yō'ä-kīm), who happened to be in the audience. And through Joachim, Brahms met his very dear friends Robert and Clara Schumann (shōō'män).

Schumann's Warm Praise

It was Robert Schumann who first realized that Brahms was a great composer as well as an accomplished pianist. What few hearers Brahms had had for his own music had not cared much for it. But Schumann was great enough to see that a new star had risen. When Brahms came to see him Schumann spent several days going over the young man's compositions—there were only a few of them as yet—and then wrote an article about them for the musical journal of which he was editor.

That article, called "New Paths," hailed the young composer as one of the great ones of the earth. "He has come," it said, "at whose cradle graces and heroes kept watch. . . . His comrades greet him at his first step into the world of art, where wounds may perhaps await him, but bay and laurel also; we welcome him as a valiant warrior."

Of course the article aroused a storm of comment. People all felt they had to take sides. And Brahms' successful appearance at a concert in Leipzig, when he played one of his own compositions, added fuel to the flames. But whether people liked his music or not, Brahms was from now on a composer to be reckoned with. Schumann had seen to that!

When Brahms Met Liszt

Joachim introduced Brahms to the great Liszt (līst), too. After praising Brahms' playing, Liszt himself sat down at the piano and played one of his own sonatas. But when it was finished and he turned around for comment, he found his listener dozing in his chair. Years later, Liszt rebuked Brahms gently for his rudeness, saying, "Since you do not like my compositions, I must give a double measure of admiration to yours."

In 1854 Schumann was taken ill, and Brahms was like a son to him and to the devoted wife, Clara Schumann, during the two wretched years that followed. After Schumann died, Brahms became director of music at the court of the Prince of Lippe-Detmold. Here he spent seven placid years, reading constantly, taking long walks in the beautiful forest, and composing in every spare moment.

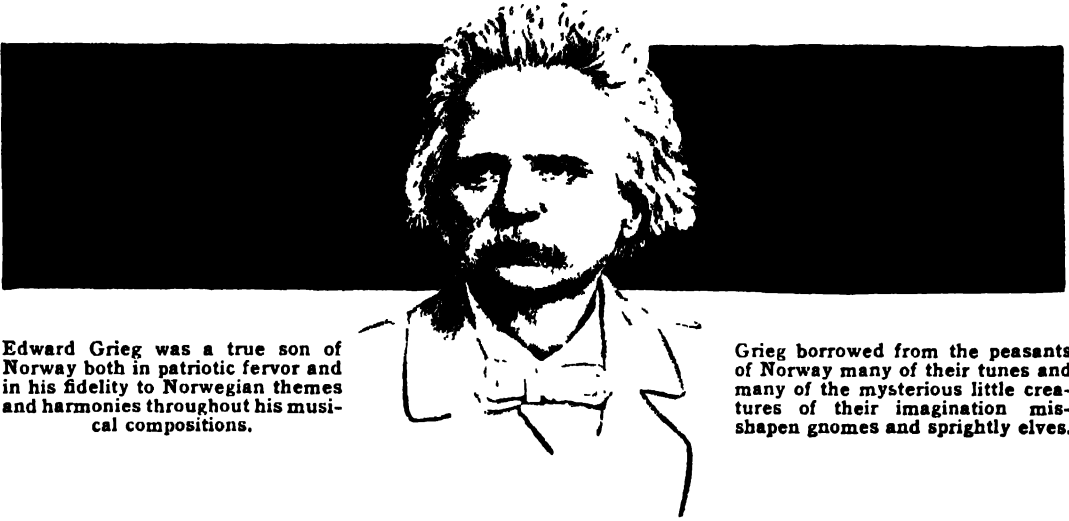
Finally, after some wandering years of concert tours with Joachim and others—with a good deal of conducting thrown in—he went to live in Vienna (1872). Until his death (1897), he considered that beautiful city his home, though he spent long periods in other places.

In the Shadow of Beethoven

All in all he had some five hundred compositions to his credit, written in every form except opera. Most famous of all, perhaps, are the four great symphonies, the popular Academic Festival Overture, and the German Requiem. On his first symphony he worked fourteen years, and did not bring it out till he was past forty. For he said, "How can I write a symphony when I feel the shadow of the great Beethoven treading constantly behind me?"

Brahms did not belong to the group of musicians who tried to tell a story in their music and used all the art they had to make the orchestra say strange new things. Instead, he was what we call a "classicist" (klās'ī-sīst). His strong, dignified, noble music always clung to the old musical forms of Haydn and Mozart and Beethoven. When his first symphony was finally published (1876), the pianist Hans von Bülow (fōn bu'lo) called it the Tenth Symphony, because he considered it worthy to follow Beethoven's mighty Ninth—and last.

Brahms hated to be lionized, but had an immense amount of warmth to give to people he admired. In looks he was a kind of sober Santa Claus, stout and shaggy and bearded, his pockets always bulging with goodies for the children he met. He never married, but he had many loving friends, especially among children and young composers.



Edward Grieg was a true son of Norway both in patriotic fervor and in his fidelity to Norwegian themes and harmonies throughout his musical compositions.

Grieg borrowed from the peasants of Norway many of their tunes and many of the mysterious little creatures of their imagination misshapen gnomes and sprightly elves.

A MUSICIAN *of the FIORDS*

How Edward Grieg, the Greatest Composer of Norway, Wove the Songs of Norwegian Peasants into Fine Music

IF YOU should ever visit Norway, and sail up her cool gray-green fiords hemmed in by mountains clad with pine and hemlock, you will bring back with you such pictures of her wild grandeur and such echoes of the somber songs her peasants sing as will fill your mind for many a day to come. And then you will understand the music of Edward Grieg. For he was one of the most distinguished sons of that romantic land, and everything he wrote is full of her strange charm.

He was born in Bergen (1843), and it was there that he grew up, under the care of a gifted mother who, a pianist herself, began to give him lessons when he was only six. His father was the English consul at Bergen, for the Grieg (greg) family was Scotch in origin, the name being originally Greig or Gregg, and Edward's grandfather had come to Bergen after his beloved Bonnie Prince Charlie had been defeated at the Battle of Culloden. Grieg's mother had been born a Norwegian peasant.

There is a funny story of the little boy's childish musical efforts. One day when he was nine he was told at school to bring in a

literary composition. But the composition bored him exceedingly, and so what he submitted instead was a set of musical variations on a German theme. As a literary exercise his teacher thought it a distinct failure, but we to-day are grateful for the gift that began to speak out so soon.

At that time Ole Bull, the great Norwegian violinist, was delighting the world with his wizardry. The great man saw that Edward had extraordinary talent, and persuaded his mother to send him, at the age of fifteen, to the conservatory at Leipzig. There he studied for four years, often very impatient with the drudgery that was assigned him, but always inspired and delighted by the music of Schumann (shō'm,n) and Chopin (shō'pāN') and various other composers in what was then the "new" style. When he left Leipzig he studied for a time under the great Danish musician Gade (gā'dè) in Copenhagen.

But most important of all, he made friends in Copenhagen with a gifted musical genius named Nordraak, who opened Grieg's ears to the beautiful music that he had heard all his life on the lips of the peasants around

him. The two men became fast friends, and together with a few other ardent souls they founded the Euterpe (û-tûr'pē) Society, which devoted itself to the cause of furthering a national style of music in Norway. For its concerts they composed and performed. One of its members was the beautiful Nina Hagerup, Grieg's cousin, who sang the Norwegian songs as no one else could. Later he married her, and they gave many concerts together.

For some thirteen years in Christiania, and later in Bergen, Grieg directed musical societies, all the while composing, for voice and piano and orchestra, those works which are so full of the spirit of his native land. Even a beginner at the time-honored game of guessing the composer of a strange piece seldom makes the mistake of guessing that a piece of Grieg's was written by anyone except a Norwegian. His talent reached its fullest development early in his life, and his musical nature changed little after he reached the age of thirty; though some of his most famous compositions date from his later years.

In 1874 the Norwegian parliament, on the warm recommendation of the great Liszt

(list), granted him an annual income, and he was able to retire to his villa outside of Bergen and devote all his time to composing. Here he wrote the famous "Peer Gynt" Suite, as incidental music to the play of that name by the great Norwegian dramatist, Hendrik Ibsen. This suite is one of the most popular compositions for orchestra in the world. Grieg traveled widely all over Europe, and everywhere his concerts brought him the warmest admiration. He is described as having been "a bundle of nerves," but very handsome, with a massive head set on a small body, and a face that wore a serious, soft expression and bore traces of ill-health. For he had lost the use of one lung.

By the time he died in 1907 he had the satisfaction of seeing a fine body of national music in Norway, which he himself had been the leading spirit in creating. To it he had himself contributed much that was best. For though his music lacks the grandeur of the mighty German masters, and the brilliance and gayety of the Italians and the French, it is always full of tender grace and charm and says certain charming and poetic things more perfectly than they had ever been said before.

A REBEL in MUSIC

The Personality and Career of the Defiant Berlioz Were as Stormy as the Music He Delighted to Write

HECTOR BERLIOZ had red hair and the fiery disposition that is supposed to go with it. That may have been a good thing, for he needed every bit of his fighting spirit to get even a start as a musician. His father, who was a doctor, told him that a musical career was a "risk that no sensible person would dream of taking," and his mother murmured that it was really "not respectable." His teachers tried to make him cut his music to patterns that he did not believe in at all. But flinging back his long, flaming locks, he defied them all.

It had all started when he was a mere child—for in those comfortable days in the French village where he was born in 1803, it was not very difficult for him to get his own way in such matters. One day he found an

old flageolet in a drawer, and impetuously started out to play it; the sounds he made were so horrible that in self-defense his father taught him something about the instrument. When, in his teens, he pored dutifully over Munro's "Anatomy," it was because he had been bribed with a new flute. If he could only have had lessons on the piano! But he never did learn to play the piano well; years later he complained bitterly that he "could only crash out a few chords."

The battle royal did not begin until he went up to Paris in 1822 with his cousin Robert, to study medicine. The first time he went into the dissecting room, he took one horrified look around and fled, vowing that he would never go back. He did go back, persuaded by glowing pictures of a

BERLIOZ

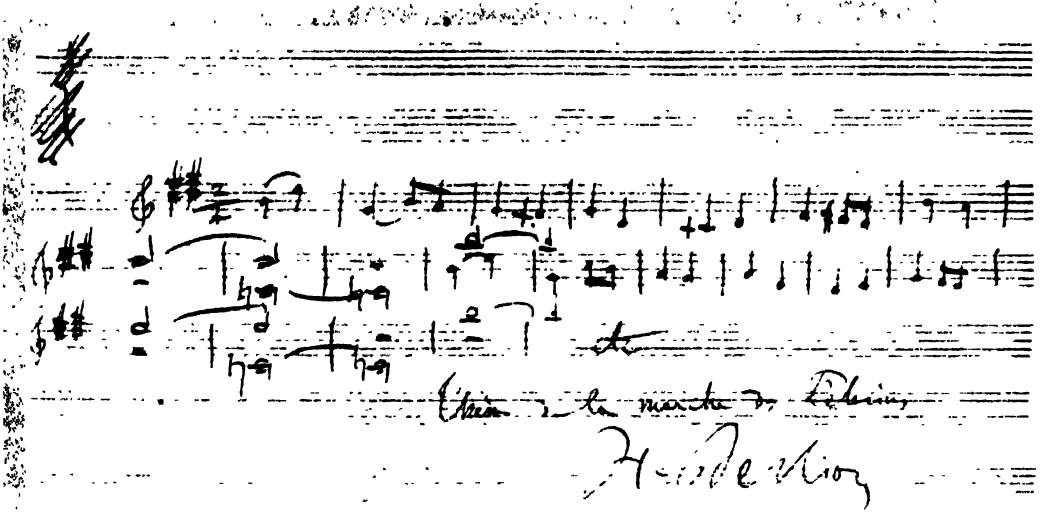


Photo by British Museum

This is a page from the manuscript of the symphony which Hector Berlioz wrote for the violinist Paganini.

It is called "Harold in Italy," after the poet Byron's famous "Childe Harold."

comfortable future as his father's successor; but the study did not last long.

One day he happened to visit the Academy of Music and immediately his fine medical career was thrown to the winds. He became a different person, with no longer the slightest doubt as to what he wanted to do. Rushing to the library of the Conservatory of Music, he demanded the scores of Gluck's works, and settled down to study them.

Berlioz Makes a Bitter Enemy

On this very first visit to the Conservatory the headstrong young man fell foul of Cherubini (kā'rōō-bē'nē), head of the Conservatory and later one of the bitterest enemies of Berlioz (bēr'lē-ōs'). The young man had gone into the library by the wrong door—it was just like him—and when Cherubini told him to go back and come in by the right one, he refused. That was just like him too. He did not know, of course, how powerful a personage he was disobeying. When Cherubini, who was a great stickler for law and order, sent the door man to chase him through the library, he managed to escape. And that was like him, too.

But in spite of medicine and in spite of Cherubini, Berlioz intended to get a musical education at the Conservatory. He studied

harmony under Lesueur (lē-sū'ūr) to prepare himself, and then enrolled. He was much too eager and original, however, to get along under Cherubini's iron rule, and at the end of his first year, he failed.

What a chorus of "I told you so's" arose from his native village! The family had been aghast at their black sheep's first straying from the safe fields of medicine. Now Berlioz Senior simply stopped his foolish son's allowance, saying he could have it again as soon as he came to his senses and went back to the medical school.

Stealing the Famous Prize

But Berlioz, with his red hair and his romantic love of music, had no intention at all of going back. He found himself a job in the chorus at a Parisian theater, and just managed to keep from starvation. Meanwhile he threw himself to work at the examinations he had failed—passed them at last and immediately entered the contest for the Conservatory's most coveted prize, the Prix de Rome (prē dē rōm), which provided for three years of study in Rome.

The story of how Hector Berlioz won the Prix de Rome is very amusing, because it shows how clever he was, and how different his music was from what his teachers were

used to. For three years the compositions he had sent in for the prize were all rejected. Berlioz was sure it was not that they were poor, but just that they did not follow all the musical rules then in fashion. Now Berlioz, being a "romanticist," did not believe in following rules—closely—but he needed that prize and needed it badly. So he wrote a piece so perfectly cut to rule that the judges had no sort of excuse for not giving it the prize. Then when he came to play it at a concert just before he started to Rome, he put in all the romantic parts he had left out in the copy for the judges, and played it as though he had never heard of a rule in his life!

As if being a starving musical genius were not enough excitement and romance, Berlioz had all this time been having the most romantic of love affairs. He had fallen in love with Miss Henrietta Smithson, the charming Irish Ophelia of an English production of "Hamlet." Berlioz changed his lodging to be near her, followed her to and from the theater, wrote her passionate love letters, dedicated music to her—all without having so much as met her. No wonder she at first thought him crazy! Several years later (1833) Miss Smithson married Berlioz. But the marriage was not nearly so happy as the courtship was romantic. Berlioz, for one thing, was a jealous, impetuous, and rather weak person, and one of the most unhappy men who ever lived. After several years they were divorced.

Meanwhile Berlioz had had his time of study in Rome, and had returned to Paris to battle with poverty and the critics. His beloved Paris would have none of him—if it

could help it. It could not altogether help it, however, for Berlioz was the sort of person who insists on being heard. He wrote a great deal of musical criticism, and his theories began to be talked about. More important, he won fame abroad. He toured Germany, Austria, Bohemia, Russia, England. Everywhere he went except in Paris—he was hailed as a great conductor and a great new

voice in music. In the end, even Paris had to make him librarian of the Conservatory, elect him to the Academy and the Legion of Honor, and give him various ribbons and decorations.

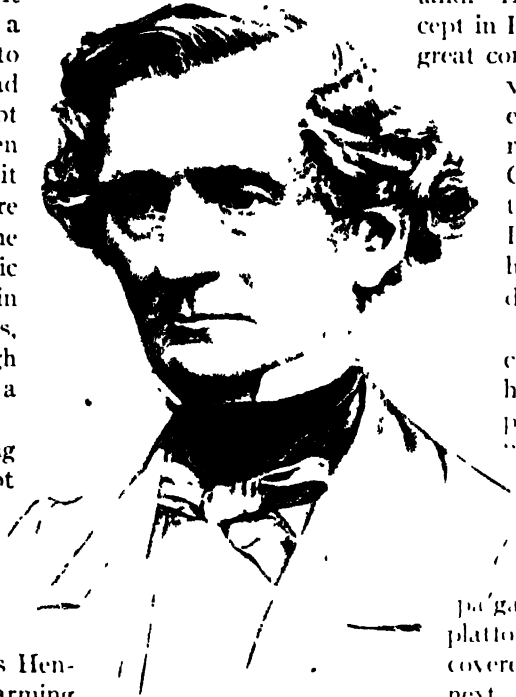
But Paris was always cruelly disappointing him. When he first played his symphony, "Harold in Italy" based

on Byron's famous poem about "Childe Harold" the great Italian Paganini

(pa'ga-ni'ni) rushed to the platform, seized his hand, and covered it with kisses and next day sent him twenty thousand much-needed francs. But even after that triumph Berlioz was not made harmony professor at the Conservatory as he longed to be. The most popular of all his works, "The

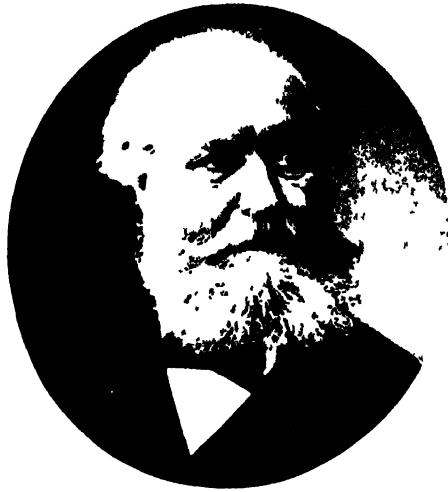
Damnation of Faust," after a triumphant tour of Austria was played in Paris to an audience so small and chilly that Berlioz dashed off to Russia at once to escape. His opera "Bevenuto Cellini" (bén'vâ-nōô-tô chél-le'ne) was a success in Germany and in England—not in France. When his last opera, "The Trojans," turned out to be a complete failure in Paris, Berlioz' heart was really broken. He died in 1869, sunk in despair.

The great dramatic symphony, "Romeo and Juliet," and the impressive "Mass of the Dead" are perhaps Berlioz' finest music.



This is Hector Berlioz, whose daring genius and fiery disposition brought him so much unhappiness all his life long. Wagner, during those early, bitter years when everyone scorned his music, said that at last he had found a man unhappier than he was himself. He was speaking of Berlioz.

Charles Gounod, whom you see to the right, is one of those composers best known for a single composition. It is his opera "Faust."



If Gounod had never written anything but "Faust," he would have been famous. On the other hand, if he had not written "Faust," few would ever have heard of him.

o

A POPULAR FRENCH COMPOSER

*The Composer of "Faust" Wrote Music That Everyone
Can Understand and That the Finest Musicians
Are Still Glad to Hear*

THERE are some stories that men never seem to tire of telling. One of them is the story of Faust (fawst), the old philosopher who longs so desperately for his lost youth, with all its power of living and loving, that he sells his soul to the devil to regain it. This is a tale that goes back to the Middle Ages; it was retold by the English poet Marlowe in Shakespeare's time, and again by the great German poet Goethe (gû'tē) about two hundred years later. Many composers have written music about it, too. The most famous version of the story in music is by Charles Gounod (goo'no').

Gounod had not set out to be a writer of operas. Yet he had always been musical. Born in Paris in 1818, he had a painter for a father and a talented pianist for a mother, and himself received an excellent musical education. It is said that his mother and his teacher tried to discourage him at first. But one day he composed a song on a suggested subject which would have been much too hard for most lads of his age—and with tears in his eyes his astonished teacher begged the boy not to fail to go on with his music.

Gounod did go on with it, enthusiastically. He studied for several years in Paris, and then, in 1840, won the great honor of the Prix de Rome (pre dē rôm), at the Paris Conservatory. That meant that he could go to Rome to continue his studies for three years.

In Rome the young musician drank in the beauty and serenity of the sacred music of the great religious composers, Palestrina (pa'lās-tre'na) and Bach (bak). He himself became a writer of religious music. When he left Rome he went for a time to Vienna, and while there wrote in six weeks a famous "Requiem" (rē'kwī-ēm), or mass for the dead, which clearly shows that he had been studying this noble music. Indeed, for three years after his return to Paris, he wrote no music except for the church, and almost made up his mind to become a priest.

He never became a priest, but some of his greatest music, first and last, was on religious themes. Besides smaller pieces there are splendid masses, such as the "Mass of St. Cecilia," and great oratorios—"The Redemption" and "Death and Life." "The Redemp-

tion" was dedicated to Queen Victoria, for Gounod had lived in England during the Franco-Prussian War in 1870.

Meantime he had written "Faust" and his other operas. It seems to have been the musician Mendelssohn (měn'děl-sōn), Gounod's friend, and Mendelssohn's sister Fanny, and Pauline Viardot (vyār'dō'), a noted opera singer, who together persuaded him to give up his idea of going into the priesthood and turn to more earthly things. His first opera, "Sappho" (săf'ō), was not a very great success, but it brought him commissions to write other things.

A Composer of Lovely Music

Then at last, in 1850, came the first performance of "Faust." Gounod had read Goethe's drama, and it haunted him. He determined to make the story into an opera. But when it was nearly finished, his producer casually canceled the order as if the opera had been a pound of sugar instead of a masterpiece! The producer did this because a play on the same subject had just appeared. But when the play failed, Gounod went on with his score. Meanwhile he had spent some time writing a charming musical setting

for Molière's (mô'lyēr') comedy, "The Doctor in Spite of Himself." When "Faust" finally appeared, it was a great success. A few years later it was played in London, and soon grew so popular that it was being sung at two theaters there at the same time.

Setting Shakespeare to Music

Gounod wrote several other operas, but only one of them is very often played to-day. This is a charming version of Shakespeare's story of romantic lovers, "Romeo and Juliet." But "Faust" remains the favorite. It is not the very greatest kind of music. Its sweetness and pathos delight us, but do not move us so deeply as do the mighty harmonies, for example, of Wagner or of Beethoven. Yet we cannot always be listening to the mightiest voices, and opera goes to this day throng eagerly to hear the tender sorrows of Faust and his lovely Marguerite.

Gounod died in 1893. He was a charmingly modest man. Though himself a very fine musician, he never stinted his praise of those who had gone before him. "When I was very young," he said in his old age, "I used to say 'I.' Later I said 'I and Mozart,' then 'Mozart and I' and now 'Mozart.'"

The GREATEST CZECH MUSICIAN

The Story of the Bohemian Butcher's Son Who Wrote a Great Symphony about America

ON ORDINARY days the streets of the little village of Muhlhausen (mül'-hou'zēn), in Czechoslovakia, lay as quiet as if everyone had gone to sleep. But on a holiday, how they came alive with gay costumes and flying ribbons, with singing and shouts and wild dances! On such a day, while the peasants whirled through the fast measures of the "furiant" or the "dumka," a sturdy, swarthy lad would stand in the doorway of the village tavern and scrape his fiddle, or flinging back his tangle of black hair, would step rhythmically from one partner to another, joining in the wild dance with a will.

This was young Anton Dvořák (dvôr'-zhāk), who would one day become the most

famous musician of his native land. His father owned the tavern and was village butcher besides. He was so popular that when Anton was born, in 1841, the whole town turned out to celebrate the event appropriately, with song. From earliest childhood, little Anton listened to his father playing the zither with his cronies in the cool of the evening under the trees. Very early the child knew that he loved music, and he eagerly devoured everything the local teachers could tell him about singing, violin, organ, and harmony.

When Anton was fifteen, his father decided that it was time for the boy to do something practical. What kind of living could a peasant lad get out of music? Let Anton make

sausages and be general handy man in his father's new and larger inn. In time he might inherit the business. Poor Anton thought he would convince his father by writing a symphony and getting together his own band to play it. But no one had ever taught him how to make his strings and his trumpets play together in the same key; and the symphony sounded so terrible that Anton gave up arguing— for a while.

But only for a while. He faithfully made sausages and helped at the inn for six long, unhappy months. Then he finally managed to win his father over, and proudly set out for Prague to study at the organ school there. The father sent him a little money at first, and then he had no more to send. But the boy would not give up. He somehow struggled on till he had been graduated from the music school, with a second prize, in 1860. He struggled on, after that, for a dozen years more, working hard, studying, and constantly composing.

He was desperately poor. At first he staved off starvation by playing the viola in an orchestra that went from café to café. Later he was in an orchestra connected with one of the theaters; later still he earned a little as the organist for a church. He also took a few pupils. Yet he was often so poor that he could not buy the paper to write his music on, or the scores he needed to study. He could not afford to hire a piano. When Weber's great opera "The Marksman" was performed, he did not have the four pennies to buy the cheapest seat in the house. It is hard to see how he could have got on at all if his friend Bendl had not generously lent him the scores of the world's great symphonies. Over these he labored in his miserable lodgings, trying to discover their secret,

himself composing dozens of things and then destroying them.

At last, when he was twenty-nine, he thought he had learned enough to let people see what he had written. His first opera, "King and Collier," was not a success, because he had foolishly tried to write like

Beethoven instead of like himself. He later rewrote the piece, words and music. Meanwhile, he had launched his fame with a fine patriotic hymn, which was soon being played and sung in every inn and village in Bohemia. In 1875 he was awarded a pension from a fund for "young, poor, and talented artists." So the starving time was over at last.

Not long after this, he wrote a series of Slavonic Dances—full of the color and rhythm of the gay peasant dances he had joined in or fiddled for when he was a boy. These pieces took the people by storm. At once his publishers began to clamor for more—and yet more. By

1883 his fame had gone far beyond his native Bohemia. The choral work, "Stabat Mater" (sta'bat ma'tēr), had won the hearts of the English. It was followed by a cantata called "The Specter's Bride" and by various symphonic pieces. He was decorated by the Austrian government, which at that time ruled the Czechs, and given honorary degrees by the universities of Cambridge and Prague.

Music Loved by All the World

Between 1892 and 1895 Dvořák was in New York, as director of the National Conservatory of Music. He was homesick for his native Bohemia, but just the same he found some of his best material for music in America. This was the "Negro spirituals," to which one of his colored students introduced him. He urged American composers



Anton Dvořák's father wanted him to stay at home and make sausages, but Anton, whom you see above, was more interested in music than he was in sausages—and the world has had reason to be thankful for his preference.



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

It is only of late years that the strange, moving music of the American Negro has been appreciated by musicians, though songs like "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot"

were long sung by black and white alike. To-day we recognize that in the "spirituals" of these humble black men America has a priceless musical inheritance.

to use these native melodies. He used them himself in two fine string quartets, and in the most popular of his longer compositions, the "New World Symphony." If you listen carefully to this last, you will hear in the first movement familiar phrases from "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." The "New World Symphony" is especially popular, as we might expect, in America. It is the sort of music that both musicians and the great public like, and is played both at symphonic concerts and in moving-picture theaters.

Indeed, much of Dvořák's music has been very popular. We have managed almost to spoil one or two things he wrote—like the "Humoresque," dedicated to the violinist Fritz Kreisler—by playing them too often.

The "Humoresque" is only one of the numerous songs, symphonic poems, and symphonies poured out in a joyous flood when Dvořák had returned to his beloved Bohemia. This music, like all he wrote, has rich, flowing melody, daring modulations, color, and a rhythm that sometimes almost sweeps you off your feet into the dance. There is in it something of the freshness and simplicity of the humble peasants among whom Dvořák grew up.

There had been only one great Bohemian musician before Dvořák—Smetana; and most people think Dvořák the greater. When he died in 1904, though all the world mourned him, his own dear Bohemia mourned and honored him most of all.



Anton Rubinstein, a great pianist and one of the men who helped give Russian music its commanding position in the world to-day.

A MASTER of the PIANO

For More than Half a Century Rubinstein, the Great Russian Pianist, Charmed Audiences over All the Civilized World with the Music He Wrote and Played

IF WAS a bitter thing to be a Jew in Russia under the czars. In 1830, when Anton Rubinstein (roo'bín-stín) was only a year old, the czar Nicholas made life even harder for people of Jewish race and religion than it had been before. Their property was to be taken by the state, and they were to lose what few rights had been left to them. So the Rubinsteins met in solemn council, and decided that the only thing to do was to be baptized. In this way little Anton became a Christian, along with fifty or more of his relatives. It made life much easier for him as he grew up, but left him in an unhappy position just the same. "The Christians call me a Jew," he used to say whimsically; "the Jews, a Christian."

If Rubinstein never seemed quite to fit into either a Jewish or a Christian scheme, he never seemed to settle snugly into any one place, either. His wanderings began when he was only five. Then the whole Rubinstein clan, three families with their servants, furni-

ture, and other goods, piled into a huge covered wagon and went creaking off from the little village where they had lived to the city of Moscow. This was a lucky move for Anton, for he had already shown so much talent at playing the piano that his mother at once looked up the best teacher in Moscow for him. This man, whose name was Villoing, liked the little lad's playing so well that he wanted to teach him for nothing. Rubinstein never had another piano teacher, and long afterward he said he could not have had a better one.

Villoing's new pupil turned out to be an infant prodigy, one of those astonishing children who, even before they are in their teens, do things better than most grown people. At ten, he gave his first public concert, and was hailed as a genius at the piano. At twelve, he went on a concert tour with his teacher. The great pianist Liszt (líst) embraced him in joy at his playing, and in Paris the famous composer Chopin (shó'pā'N')

praised him. Everywhere people were wildly enthusiastic.

His mother, who was naturally ambitious for such a son, took him and his brother Nikolai, also a talented pianist, to study harmony with a famous teacher in Berlin. There they stayed until Anton was sixteen. Then his father died, leaving them in poverty; and his mother and brother had to go back to Russia. Left to shift for himself, young Rubinstein went to Vienna and worked desperately for two years. "What did I not write in those days of hunger!" he later exclaimed. For he had already begun to compose as well as to play, and when he was ready to go back to Russia he had a whole trunkful of musical manuscript.

But he never got them to St. Petersburg. In fact, he had a hard time getting into Russia himself. The trouble was that he had left the country when a little child, and so he did not have any passport. He had little trouble convincing the officials that he was a musician as he claimed to be—all he had to do was to play to them. But even so, he could not get into a hotel for weeks, and had to stay with his friends. Meanwhile the officials could not be persuaded to give up his trunk. They thought the music in it was unlawful writing in cipher—for there were at that time many conspirators against the government, and they had a way of passing messages about in a secret code that looked like a score of music. Before poor Rubinstein got back his trunk, his precious compositions had been sold by the pound as waste paper!

But after that his luck changed, and he

found himself fast becoming famous. His concerts in St. Petersburg—the present Leningrad—were a great success, and after he had produced an opera, the Grand Duchess Hélène invited him to stay at her palace, where he could meet all the finest musicians and artists of the day. Here he spent two happy years; he started three more operas, and wrote a trio, a violin and a cello sonata, and several fine compositions for the piano.

But, though he would have liked better to be considered a great composer, it was always as a concert pianist that he won the highest praise. That meant that he was always wandering about the world, on tour after tour, each more triumphant than the last. Between tours, he came back to St. Petersburg, where he would find his wife and children waiting to welcome him.

In 1872 one of his tours brought him to America, where he was received with great enthusiasm. There is a story of how once, at a concert in New Orleans, he stopped the panic that nearly followed on a false alarm of fire by quietly stepping to the piano and keeping the terrified people spellbound by his commanding personality—and his music.

In St. Petersburg Rubinstein gave a great deal of his time and money to various good causes, especially to the cause of music. It was he who founded the St. Petersburg Conservatory of Music, and it was he who labored for it as director for years. In his later years, most of the profits of his concerts went to some cause which had touched his generous heart. He was sixty-five when he died, in 1894.

A GREAT MUSICIAN of RUSSIA .

One of the Famous Five Who Put the Soul of Old Russia into Music, Rimsky-Korsakov Has Become Widely Known over All the World as a Writer of Charming Music

A NAVAL academy would seem an odd place in which to get a musical training, and yet it was while he was learning to be a naval officer that Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov (rīm'skī-kôr'sā-kôf) got his start in music. Or perhaps we should not say his "start," for at his home in the country the

little lad had made up pieces for the piano before he was nine. But in 1856, when he was twelve, he was sent up to St. Petersburg, now Leningrad, to spend six years in the Naval College. In due course of time he earned his commission, and even spent several years at sea.

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV

In St. Petersburg the young cadet had met the musician Balakirev (ba'li-kē'rēf), and that had made it much easier for him not to forget his early love for music. About Balakirev was gathered a little group of eager young music lovers—the composers Moussorgsky (mōos'sōrg-skī), Borodin (bā'rā-dīn') and Cui (ku-ē'), besides Rimsky-Korsakov himself. They all encouraged one another and urged one another on. Rimsky-Korsakov learned to play the piano and the cello, and on his cruise he wrote a symphony which was later performed—the very first symphony by a Russian composer that Balakirev had ever had a chance to direct.

So it is not strange that in 1873 Rimsky-Korsakov, having the chance to become a professor at the musical conservatory in St. Petersburg, should have decided to leave the sea and give his time to music. A few years later he was asked to become director of the conservatory, but he declined; he declined, also, to go to Moscow to direct the conservatory there. But he was very active in the musical life of St. Petersburg, directing many concerts, sometimes with Balakirev and sometimes alone. He also went now and then to Paris or to Brussels as a guest conductor. In the year of leaving the navy he had literally wedded himself to music by marrying the gifted pianist, Nadejda Pourgold.

In that same year he saw the production of his first opera, "The Maid of Pskov" (pskōf). From this time on, until his death in 1908, he wrote an opera every few years, thirteen of them in all. The most famous of these are "The Snow Maiden," "Sadko," and "The Golden Cockerel." Along with the operas he wrote all sorts of other things—

songs and chorales and arias, symphonies, piano pieces, various sorts of music for a small number of stringed instruments, and above all many colorful orchestral suites, the best-known of which is "Scheherazade" (shē-hā'rā-za'dē) taken out of the "Arabian Nights." One often hears it over the radio.

No matter what he wrote, Rimsky-Korsakov was first and last a Russian. He and the others who had gathered about Balakirev in their youth were full of enthusiasm for stories taken from Russian life, and music that should be the very breath and spirit of Russia. Rimsky-Korsakov loved to build his harmonies out of old folk songs and the rhythms that the Russians have sung since before the memory of men. No one who has ever heard any Russian music before could mistake his operas and symphonic writings for those of any other land.

The stories of his best-known operas are fantastic old Russian legends and fairy tales. "The Snow Maiden" is about a fairy maid with a heart of ice, who melts away and dies when the ice is melted in the flames of love. "Sadko," which, by the way, contains the familiar "Song of India," is all about the wanderings and love of a merchant of the long ago. "The Golden Cockerel" is almost as much fun to look at as to hear—with its gorgeous and fantastic costumes, its singing cock, and its magic prophecy. There is a flair of humor in it, which makes both children and grown people delight in it. In all of these, and in the other things that Rimsky-Korsakov wrote, we may hear the mystery and merriment, the strange and stirring rhythms of Old Russia. He has written from the heart of a people.



This is Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov, whom the world will not soon forget while it has a chance to hear his enchanting and fanciful music.



The BEST-KNOWN RUSSIAN COMPOSER

How Tschaikovsky Interpreted the Great Music of Modern Russia to the Rest of the World

SO MANY musicians begin to play the piano when most of us are still proud of having just learned to walk or talk, and are composing before they are in their teens, that it is rather encouraging to hear of one who showed no signs of genius at all until he was more than twenty. Peter Ilch Tschaikovsky (chī-kōf'skē), indeed, was twenty-one before he even realized that he wanted to be a musician.

Tschaikovsky was born in a Russian village in 1840, and was brought up in St. Petersburg, to which the family moved soon after his birth. He did study the piano as a boy, because he enjoyed it, but he really intended to be a lawyer. He even took a position in the Ministry of Justice. So far as music was concerned, he was a graceful, indolent amateur, popular in society because he was handsome and could play the piano. Then one day his cousin showed him how you can pass from one key to another by means of a few chords. It was like a door into fairy land.

Peter asked a thousand questions, and tried as many combinations of chords as he could think of. He realized how little he really knew about music and was eager to learn more. His parents consented to his resigning his legal position and going to study at the conservatory of music in St. Petersburg. He worked hard there under the great pianist Rubinstein (rōb'ln-stīn), and when he finished (1866), he became head of the conservatory in Moscow.

Then he began to write, both music and musical criticism. In St. Petersburg he had learned to know Rimsky-Korsakov (rīm'skī-kōr'sā-kōf) and other "advanced" young Russian composers, and these friendships made him more eager than ever to write fine music. Although he did not agree with all his friends' ideas about a completely Russian sort of music, he probably did more than

any other one man to make the fine music of his native land known to the world. Yet it was not in Russia but in the rest of Europe and in America that he won his first fame. In Russia people said he was not Russian enough.

Tschaikovsky was poor and did not have as much time as he needed to write or as much money as he needed to get his works produced. But, in 1877, came a romantic solution to this problem of finances. A wealthy woman, Madame von Meck, sure that he ought to be giving great music to the world, offered him a regular income. As if to give the proper romantic touch to this fairy-godmother gift, she made the condition that they should never meet. Tschaikovsky was miserably unhappy just then from general discouragement and from remorse over the breakup, through his own fault, of a brief marriage. So he was doubly glad to accept Mme. von Meck's generous offer. Though they could not meet, they corresponded for many years. When, in 1890, the lady, preyed upon by the foolish delusion that she had lost all her money, suddenly stopped the allowance and the correspondence, the oversensitive musician was almost broken-hearted.

A Sad Writer of Brilliant Music

He had lived up to her faith in his power. He had a real success with his opera "Eugen Onegin" (1879), and when he wrote his first symphony, he called it "our symphony," out of heartfelt gratitude to his benefactress. Much other great music came crowding to his gifted mind during these years.

Tschaikovsky was never happy; melancholy was his habitual state of mind, a state which almost amounted to insanity. The astonishing thing about his music is that it is so graceful, brilliant, and warmly melodious. He died in 1893.

A FAMOUS MODERN COMPOSER

At First Received with Hoots and Jeers, Strauss Has Lived to See His Compositions Heartily Applauded Whenever They Are Played

THREE are fashions in music just as in everything else. Along in the 1890's and early 1900's if you said "Richard Strauss (shtrous) to a lover of music, you were likely to bring thunders of scorn and lightnings of displeasure whirling about your head. Strauss himself sat all the time in the center of a storm of disapproval and gloried in it. The more the critics raged, the more modern he made his music and the more he piled on the agony of unexalted sounds and harmonies that seemed to his critics like terrible discords.

Yet nowadays few persons are shocked at the music of Strauss. Younger musicians have done things far stranger, and people have grown accustomed to the use of 'dissonances' or discords. They say these things are a way of expressing the age we live in. Some people like the music, and some do not, but no one gets so stormily excited about it any more. It has come to be accepted.

There was nothing in the training of Strauss to make him a rebel. He was born at Munich, in Southern Germany, in 1864. His father was an excellent player on the bass viol, and young Richard must have inherited plenty of musical prejudices. He was brought up on the fine old classic composers—Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven—and taught to frown darkly at the mention of the musical rebel,

Wagner. He learned to read music before he learned to read words, at four he could play well on the piano, at six he composed a polka. By the time he was sixteen, three of his songs had been sung in public, and he had a string quartet and a symphony tucked away in his desk. All these beginnings were strictly in the old tradition.

But they were not the real Strauss. The real Strauss was a modern and a rebel, and he had not yet discovered himself. Two friends helped him do it. One was von Bulow (ton bu'lo), an orchestral conductor who made Strauss his assistant after Strauss had shown his talent by conducting an orchestral selection without any rehearsal at all or any earlier experience at conducting. The other was the violinist Alexander Ritter, who urged him on, as he said, like a 'storm wind, to strike out for himself and do something new and untried.

Partly through Ritter he discovered the arch rebel Wagner (vigh'ner), and suddenly knew that he must conduct the great opera "Irislan and Isolde" some day before he died.

About this time Strauss fell very ill, and went to Italy for his health. When he came back, he became assistant conductor for an orchestra in his native Munich and there he wrote the first of those 'symphonic (simfon'ik) poems,' or poems written in music



Richard Strauss, whom you see above, has been called an orchestral wizard, for by using a great many instruments and making the players perform the most difficult feats he was able to achieve musical effects that no one would have thought possible before.

instead of in words, which brought the storm thundering about his ears.

His first symphonic poem, or tone poem, was called "Macbeth" (1887). It was followed the next year by "Don Juan," and then by a tremendously dramatic piece called "Death and Transfiguration." These tone poems, especially the last, are still often heard on concert programs. Nowadays the triumphant burst of the horns which announces the victory over death thrills as many hearers as it used to puzzle and distress. For we have grown used to "program music" or "descriptive music," which tries to tell a story or to make us see and hear a scene or understand a character or an idea—and that is what Strauss tried to do in his tone poems. Later he wrote others, two or three of them as masterly even as "Death and Transfiguration." "Till Eulenspiegel's (oi'lën-sphē'gël) Merry Pranks" is one of the merriest musical pieces ever written. "Thus Spake Zarathustra" boldly tried to explain to us in music what the philosopher Nietzsche (nēt'chē) meant by his idea of the superman. "Don Quixote" gives us a picture of the most whimsical hero of all romance. In "The Life of a Hero" Strauss wrote a story of the struggles and trials of a great soul.

Homely Sounds in a Great Symphony

Nothing could be cleverer or more unconventional than these pieces. It is really little wonder that when they were first heard, people threw up their hands in bewilderment or in horror. In "Don Quixote," for instance, Strauss tried to give the effect of bleating sheep and crashing windmills. In a tone poem called "The Domestic Symphony" he even described in music the crying of a baby and the smashing of dishes! To get these queer new effects he used all sorts of instruments, and with his blaring discords and broken rhythms hurt the ears of his hearers, who had been brought up on gracious and dignified harmonies. Yet no one could help

admiring the cleverness and real genius it took to write these things. Strauss well earned the title of a great musical realist.

After he had felt his way with these shorter pieces, Strauss began to put his ideas into operas. He had written one, "Guntram," in 1894, but it had not had a very great success. The last of the tone poems appeared in 1904, and for the next few years his chief work was in opera—"Electra," "Salome" (sā-lō'mē) and "The Rose Cavalier." "Salome" has some of the most marvelously intricate of all his music for the orchestra; it takes 112 different instruments to play it, and is the admiration of other musicians. But it is "The Rose Cavalier" that we most delight to see and hear to-day. Its scraps of swaying waltzes, its fun and frolic, its romantic charm, fill the opera house with a delighted audience. Strauss has written other operas, too, and many songs and dances; but the tone poems and "The Rose Cavalier" are the most famous.

In the meantime Strauss had long ago left Munich. He had been in Weimar (vi'mar), and back in Munich again. He traveled (1892) in Greece, Egypt, and Sicily. He produced Wagner at last, at the home of Wagner's operas, Bayreuth (bi'roit'), and married the prima donna afterward. In 1899 he went to Berlin, where for a long time he conducted the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, and then became conductor of the Royal Opera. All over the world he found concert audiences eager to honor him as pianist, composer, and conductor. Although his declining years were troubled, he continued to compose almost up to his death in 1949.

Strauss was a blond, blue-eyed giant, very absent-minded, very gentle and mild. He had a way of wandering about the house looking as though he had lost something, until his wife said to him, practically, "Now, Richard, go to your composing." And the big man went obediently, and shut himself into his study with his music.

A COMPOSER of the NEW DAY

How the Gifted and Original Frenchman Debussy Turned the Course of Modern Music into New Channels and Left Us Some of the Most Beautiful and Interesting Compositions of Modern Times

WHEN Claude Debussy was a child, he was not one of those amazing young musicians like Weber or Mozart, who play the piano before they can walk and give concerts when they are six. He did not even begin to take lessons on the piano until 1871, when he was nine. Yet when he grew up, he probably had more influence on modern music than anyone else has had since Wagner.

Little Claude (klüd) took those first piano lessons from his aunt, who practically brought him up, for his mother seemed to find her children rather a bore. Claude's father would have liked to see him become a naval officer, but the boy had other ideas. And when his later piano teachers saw that he had talent, he was sent to the conservatory in Paris to pursue his musical studies.

Even at the conservatory Debussy (dē-bu'se') began to work out his own theories. He would not follow the advice of César Franck (frôNk), famous composer as Franck was, and did not even think it worth while to study harmony under him. But for all that, Debussy managed to take a great many prizes at the conservatory, and at last the biggest prize of all, the Prix de Rome (prē dē rôm), which gave him a chance to spend three years studying in Rome.

By this time (1884) Debussy must have

seemed to those around him like the sensitive young genius he was. He looked, they say, like a youth from the romantic Florence of the Middle Ages, with his curly black hair and beautiful eyes, and his strong, sinewy hands that could only be those of a pianist. He had a habit of walking up and down the



This is a portrait of Claude Debussy, the distinguished musician of France whose works were so original and strange that it has taken the world a long time to understand them.

room as he thought out his harmonies, before sitting down to the piano to try them. He wrote the music out only when he knew exactly what he wanted to set down, and as a result, when he was through there would be scarcely a correction on the whole manuscript. He was as independent about his playing as he was about his composing, and since long hours of practice at the piano bored him, he simply refused to submit to them. But being a genius, he became a fine pianist all the same.

Though Debussy may have looked like a Florentine, he was really a Parisian of the Parisians. Going to Rome bored him—bored him as much as practicing the piano. He hated to leave Paris in the first place, and he longed for Paris all the time he was away. He detested the place where he stayed, the other students, the climate. When his host tried to lure him into the social life of Rome, he invented a story that he was very poor—he was not—and had had to sell his evening clothes. But, even thus left in peace, he

was too unhappy to get much out of his stay there, and after only one of the three years his prize allowed him, he went back home.

Even in his exile he had begun his long war with the musical conservatives, who either did not understand or did not like his strange new music. He had sent back two pieces for the orchestra, "Springtime" and "The Blessed Damsel." The judges had not liked either of them at all, and had refused to let them be performed in public, as compositions by the holders of the great prize were supposed to be. But Debussy went on writing in his own way. A year in Russia made him even surer that he did not want to write like the older composers of either France or Germany—not even like the great Wagner. For he had been taken captive by the strange music he had heard in Russia, and by the strong, new notes of Moussorgsky (mōs'sōrg-skē) and the other young Russian composers of the day. Yet what Debussy was doing and continued to do was not at all Russian; it was clearly French—and expressive of Debussy himself.

Debussy's Firmest Friend

Now anyone who starts out to fight the whole world for a theory is bound to be a little lonely. And Debussy, who was a sensitive person, was deeply lonely and unhappy. But he found one devoted companion at least, in his wife, Lily Texier (tēk'syā'). The two were inseparable. Together they went to the newspaper offices to correct the proofs of Debussy's many articles on music. Together they strolled through the streets, while she did her best to shield him from the sight of ugly people, and from noisy children—the two things he thought he could not bear. She was never far from his side while he was working at his music, although he often kept at it far into the night.

But for years he suffered from the neglect and ridicule of the other musicians. There is a story for instance, that someone, as a joke, put a dress pattern on a pianola and played it as a record, and that a composer who heard the confused sounds coming out of the instrument cried out, "That must be Debussy's!" This composer certainly did not

understand Debussy's "whole-tone scale," made up of six notes separated by equal intervals—as, for instance, C♯, D♯, F, G, A, B. He did not understand Debussy's strange new "bitter-sweet harmonies." But as time went on, more people grew used to these things, and many learned to like them. In fact, many younger composers went to school to Debussy's music and to his theories.

This music is delicate and refined, with lovely, sensuous phrases that shift and flow like the waves of the sea. It is usually soft and restrained, and a little mysterious. Among the shorter selections the most famous is perhaps "The Afternoon of a Faun," a lovely woodland piece. Then there is his string quartet, one of the finest things he wrote, and there are some beautiful nocturnes and various other things. In his later years Debussy wrote piano pieces with that silvery, shimmering quality of mystery which we call "impressionism." He wished his music to awake in you the mood you would feel if you were actually seeing the things he describes. These compositions have such alluring titles as "Happy Island," "The Engulfed Cathedral," "Clouds," and "Gardens in the Rain."

But the most "impressionistic" and the most famous of all is his one opera, "Pelléas and Mélisande" (pē'lā'as' and mā'le'sōNd'). On this he spent most of his time for ten whole years, between 1892 and 1902. He took for his plot the dreamy, poetic play of the same name by Maeterlinck (māt'ēr-līnk), and no one has ever succeeded better in saying in music exactly the same thing that has been already said in words. It is as though the music were the very soul of the play. It has the same atmosphere of mystery and of sorrow, the same vague and dreamy loveliness. There is nothing else quite like it in opera.

Debussy lived until 1918, but his later years were full of suffering, for he had been stricken with cancer. Long before his death he was recognized as a genius and a great new force in his art. His music is so peculiarly his own that there is no one whose work we can guess the authorship of more easily when we hear it.

The MAN WHO WROTE "The MIKADO"

How Arthur Sullivan Joined Forces with the Poet Gilbert to Write Tuneful Operas That Still Pack the Theaters Whenever They Are Produced

IF I MUST be great fun to have all the different instruments of a military band to play with—to experiment with horns and clarinets and find out just how they must be blown to make them give a musical sound instead of a wheeze. Young Arthur Sullivan was lucky enough to be the son of the band master in the great military school at Sandhurst, in England and a great many of such chances came his way. In his spare time as a little boy he went to all his father's band rehearsals, and made friends with the members of the band who taught him everything they knew, so that by the time he was eight he knew all their pieces by heart, and could play practically any part on any instrument.

The father was proud of the boy's talent, but although he was himself a fine clarinetist and an able musician he refrained from doing anything to force his son into a similar career. The mother, who had been a teacher, saw to it that the boy's general education was as good as his musical training. And besides, she bequeathed him the spice of her own Irish humor and a

keen appreciation of folklore and poetry.

But Arthur's musical talent would have its way. When he was twelve (1854), he prevailed upon his father to take him to see Mr. Helmore, Master of Children in the Chapel Royal, and to his delight, after he had sung for the gentleman he was bidden to don the scarlet and gold uniform of Queen Victoria's choristers. The succeeding years were very valuable to him. He was extremely happy, despite the hard work, for his teacher had a sympathetic understanding of the young people in his care.

During these years, Arthur harmonized many hymn tunes, and got the training which enabled him later to write some sixty hymns among them such well-known ones as *Onward, Christian Soldiers*. When he left Mr. Helmore,

at seventeen—with the parting gifts of a Bible and £60 from the Queen—he could read anything at sight, play from any score, clearly distinguish any and all combinations of sounds, and accomplished in the line of study in five minutes what others could not succeed in doing in five months.



ARTHUR SULLIVAN

Here is Arthur Sullivan, who, with W. S. Gilbert, wrote comic operas whose charm and wit have never been surpassed. They are the happiest possible mixture of horse-play, gentle satire, and beautiful melody. For instance, it is characteristic of them that the fat, middle-aged lady who appears in almost every opera to delight the audience with her foolish antics, should be given the loveliest of songs to sing!

No wonder that, although the youngest contender, he won, at the age of fourteen, the Mendelssohn scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music. He held this for two years, and then went to study at the conservatory in Leipzig, the great music center of Europe. His stay there opened a whole new world to him. For he not only studied piano with the famous pianist Moscheles (môsh'ë-lâs) and composition with other fine teachers, but he heard the music of Schumann and Schubert, at that time (1860) hardly known in England. His letters ring with his enthusiasm at each new musical find.

Sullivan's Triumph in England

When he went back home, England was on tiptoe, waiting to see what the Mendelssohn scholar had to offer. He did not disappoint them. His overture, "The Tempest," was performed at the Crystal Palace in 1862, not long after his arrival. Its reception was tumultuous. One of the leading musical critics of the day said of it, "There has been no such first appearance in England in our time." Sullivan would seem to have been born under a lucky star, for he had practically none of the struggles and disappointments that come to most composers.

He might have stepped out of one of his own operas—the gallant hero without a fault. Handsome, charming, and gracious, he made friends wherever he went. Gifted with easy talent, generous with money, an admirable son and brother, the friend of kings and princes, and blessed with a limitless power of enjoyment, he led a life that reads like a fairy tale. The villain in the story was ill health, which dogged him for twenty-five years before his death, bringing frequent painful attacks to sap his strength.

He followed "The Tempest" with some songs, with the "Kenilworth" cantata, and the "Irish Symphony." In the company of Dickens he visited Paris and drank inspiration from the Paris opera as well as from its gay cafés and crowded streets. He was engaged to conduct several big music festivals in England.

In 1866, in a moment of depression, he complained to his father of feeling stale and

empty of new ideas. In fact, he spoke of giving up his work as a composer. "No, my boy, something is sure to occur to put new vigor and fresh thought into you. Don't give up," said his father. Something did occur—something far from both their thoughts. A few nights later the father died in his sleep, quite without warning. In the shock of grief, Arthur sat down and wrote the "In Memoriam" Overture, a beautiful tribute from a son to his father. Much serious music followed, both choral and orchestral pieces. Of the former, the best-known is "The Golden Legend" (1886).

But Sullivan is best loved, not because of his symphonies and fine church music, but because, with the help of W. S. Gilbert, he turned out a series of comic operas that are unique. In them he poked good-natured fun at all the foibles of the English, at their politics, their dispositions, their daily doings. And the English, like good sports, roared with laughter and kept asking for more. Gilbert's lines were witty and pointed, Sullivan's music suited them perfectly. It is hard to say which is best or more important to the finished masterpiece. They formed an ideal combination. In the twenty-five years (1871-1906) during which they worked together, they wrote "Trial by Jury," "The Sorcerer," "Pinafore," "The Pirates of Penzance," "Iolanthe," "Princess Ida," "Ruddigore," "The Yeomen of the Guard," "The Gondoliers," "The Mikado." All of these operettas, most of which were produced at the Savoy Theater in London, have been given in America at different times. And even to-day, whenever "Gilbert and Sullivan" hold the boards, the theater is crowded night after night to full capacity.

When Gilbert and Sullivan separated, they both tried their hands at working alone, but neither succeeded very well. So they joined forces once more for a few last pieces.

In 1900 he died, at the age of fifty-eight, a victim to the disease which for years had brought him so much suffering. He had been knighted in 1883, and now he was honored with a grave in St. Paul's Cathedral, where, clad in scarlet and gold, he had sung in his happy boyhood.

AMERICA'S FOREMOST COMPOSER

The Story of Edward MacDowell, the First Man to Turn into Music the Strange Melodies of the Red Man, and the Greatest American Composer Up to the Present Day

THERE are a great many people in the world who feel that they could write poetry or compose music or paint pictures if only they had half a chance. But most of them are too busy earning a living to realize their dreams. To a few, however, the chance is now given, in the name of Edward MacDowell, the American pianist and composer. His wife has seen fit to perpetuate his memory in a very beautiful way. At Peterboro, New Hampshire, where his last years were spent, she gathers every summer a group of people ambitious to create works of art, and by insuring them peace and quiet and physical comfort, gives them the opportunity to do so. The kindly spirit of

the great composer broods over this MacDowell Colony, and inspires the dwellers there to create works of art.

Except for its tragic end, his own life was almost as serene as the life in his colony.

He was born (1861) in New York City of Irish American parents, in a neighborhood that is now given over to poor tenements, though in his day it was fashionable. He took piano lessons—as all good children were obliged to do—

first from a Cuban and then from a South American who happened to live in the neighborhood. Then he was fortunate enough to fall into the hands of Theresa Carreno, a fine teacher as well as a famous concert pianist. At once she recognized and fostered his talent.

At fifteen, he went to Paris to study at the Conservatory, where the French composer Debussy (de bu'se') was a fellow student. From there he went to Germany to study under Joachim Raff, for whom

he had the deepest respect. Raff was a big enough man to say to his young student after listening to one of his compositions: "Your music will be played when mine is forgotten." He spoke the truth.



This is a portrait of an artist who went to nature for much of his inspiration. Edward MacDowell could translate into music a rose, a water lily, or the light of the moon as charmingly as a painter could reproduce them on canvas.

When MacDowell had finished his course under Raff at Frankfort, he became head piano teacher at Darmstadt. Here he eked out his income by going several times a week to give private lessons to the little counts and countesses who lived at Erbach-Fürstenuau, a two-hours' ride on the train. The children were neither very musical nor very intelligent, but he did not count the time lost. For though he unearthed no genius in the royal family, he always composed on the train going back and forth. It was in that way that he finished composing his first piano sonata.

How MacDowell Found a Wife

While he was in Darmstadt, a young girl named Marion Nevins came to him for lessons, sent to him by his own teacher Raff. She came unwillingly, for she was indignant at Raff for sending her to a young assistant when she had traveled all the way from America to study. And MacDowell accepted her unwillingly, because he did not believe she wished to work seriously, and he objected to wasting his time. In the end, he not only taught her, but fell in love with her and married her. The marriage was an ideal one. Mrs. MacDowell, like a dutiful wife, used to go through the scrap basket in her husband's study every evening and rescue the manuscripts he had crumpled up and thrown away. In that way she preserved some of his best work for us to enjoy to-day.

The dean of pianists, Franz Liszt (list), received MacDowell at Weimar in 1882, and heard him play his first piano concerto. Liszt praised its boldness, skill, and originality. It was a rare tribute from one who was never too generous with praise.

A trip to America was now in order, and the young couple spent some time in New York. But even at that time life here was hurried and crowded as compared with the leisurely ways of Germany. So they went back and bought a little house on a mountain top in the outskirts of Wiesbaden. Here MacDowell could read fairy tales, legends,

romances, poetry, and his beloved Mark Twain to his heart's content; and here he could put into music the thoughts and feelings they aroused. Such titles as "The West Wind Croons in the Cedar Tree," "The Swan Bent Down to the Lily," and "Moonshine," reflect the poetic turn of his mind.

But the three happy years had to come to an end. MacDowell was called to America once more, and the Wiesbaden cottage was sold, not without regrets. The next eighteen years he spent in Boston, composing and playing. He appeared with the famous Kneisel Quartette, was frequently soloist with the Theodore Thomas Orchestra, and found himself growing steadily in fame and popularity.

In 1896 he was asked to the chair of the newly-founded department of music in Columbia University. He had very definite ideas of how the study should be organized, and he carried them out ably.

The Sad Fate of Edward MacDowell

But eight years of hard work there, in addition to his other labors as composer and pianist, proved too much of a strain. His mind gave way, and he was obliged to retire permanently to the house in Peterboro, which he had purchased in happier days as a summer home. Here he passed the last four years of his life, in a peace that was bitter-sweet. We are left with a touching picture of him— a handsome man with snow-white hair and moustache, fair skin, and clear blue eyes, seated beside the open fire and on his lap a book of fairy tales of which he understood not a word. For he had become like a very little child, gentle and mild, but without power of thought. And so he remained until his death in 1908.

A bronze tablet, with some lines from one of his own songs, marks his grave. But his famous compositions, such as the "Indian Suite" for orchestra, his piano sonatas, and his exquisite miniatures for piano, are a more lasting monument. He ranks as America's greatest composer up to the present day.

HISTORY of the DRAMA

Reading Unit No. 1

THE MIGHTY ANNALS OF THE STAGE

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

Interesting Facts Explained

Religious dramas among primitive peoples, 12 324
The beginnings of Greek drama, 12 324-25
The great Greek dramatists, 12 325
The Roman stage: its elaborate settings and its vulgarity, 12 325
Where the early English plays were acted, 12 326-27
When the workmen's guilds produced the plays, 12 327
When you could see everything from Creation to Judgment

Day, 12 327
The first modern theaters, 12-328
The very best clowns, 12-328
Shakespeare comes to London, 12 329
Jonson and his "classical" plays, 12 330
Witty Restoration comedies, 12 331
Romantic French and German plays, 12 332
Ibsen, the first modern dramatist, 12-333
New life for the theater, 12 333

Things to Think About

How was the Greek theater different from ours?
What was the difference between the "miracle" and "morality" plays?
What was an Elizabethan theater like?
Who played women's parts on

the Elizabethan stage?
Why did they have "showboats" on the Mississippi instead of theaters?
Why do we call Ibsen a "realistic" dramatist?
When were footlights first used?
What is "expressionism"?

Picture Hunt

A character that made Queen Elizabeth laugh, 13 158
The most stately English actress, 12-332
What is the connection between

drama and the dance? 12 324-25
How did the Romans celebrate the return of spring? 12-326

Related Material

Greek plays and their production, 13 33-34
Greek dramatists, 13 35-38, 39-40
Shakespeare, prince of play-

wrights, 13-153
Light-hearted Goldsmith, 13-197-99
Ibsen, the dramatist of ideas, 13-80-88

Leisure-time Activities

PROJECT NO. 1: Read John Bennett's "Master Skylark."

PROJECT NO. 2: Put on a "mystery" play for Christmas.

THE MIGHTY ANNALS OF THE STAGE

On the south front of Radio City Music Hall in New York City is this great metal and enamel plaque representing the drama.



The Greek actors used masks much like the ones shown here. The one at the left was for use in comedy; the one at the right, in tragedy.

Photo by Rockefeller Center

The MIGHTY ANNALS of the STAGE

In Savage Jungle, in Christian Church, in Every Land in Every Age Men Have Put Their Deepest Feelings and Finest Ideals into Dramatic Form

DARK forms are dancing solemnly around a campfire, there is the sound of a ceremonial chant. Suddenly into the midst of the throng darts a whirling figure wildly garbed and wearing the towering mask of a gigantic beast. Then follow chanted words from the leader and chanted answers from the other dancers. Next come dancers in masks, weaving their way into the light to ask the beast-god's blessing on the corn. Religious dramas such as this are acted out to-day in many a distant jungle or desert, in Africa, in Australia, in our own Southwest. For all peoples seem to have the dramatic instinct, and all drama everywhere seems to have begun in religious ceremonial.

It was under the blue skies of ancient Greece that the theater of the West was born. As usual, it grew out of the religion of the people, this time out of the festivals in honor of Dionysus (dī'ō-nī'sūs)—called by the

Romans "Bacchus" (bāk'ūs) the god of wine and fertility. At these festivals Dionysus was worshiped with a ceremonial of dance and song called a dithyramb (dith'i-rāmb). At first the worshipers probably made up this ceremonial as they went along, but by the middle of the seventh century before Christ poets had begun to compose dithyrambs beforehand. A century later Thespis (thēs'pīs) — he from whose name we get our word "Thespian," meaning "having to do with tragedy"—made the dithyramb much more like drama by dressing himself as Dionysus and bidding the chorus, who were already dressed as satyrs (sāt'ēr) creatures part man, part goat—to act as his followers. A generation later another actor was added. With him came dialogue—and Greek tragedy had appeared in the world.

It was Aeschylus (ēs'kī-lūs), the first Greek dramatist, who added that second actor. You

THE MIGHTY ANNALS OF THE STAGE

will find more about the noble plays of the great Greek period in our separate stories about Aeschylus and the other famous poet-dramatists the majestic Sophocles (sŏf'ŏ-klēz), who added the third actor; Euripides (ū rip'y-dēz), most tenderly human of the tragic dramatists; and Aristophanes (ār'is-tŏf'ā-nēz), one of the greatest comic writers of all time. In Greece during the fifth century B.C. took place one of the great flowerings of the human spirit, and Greek drama was a noble part of it.

Where are all the people hurrying this spring morning in Athens? What, you did not know that this is the week of the City Dionysia (di'ŏ-nish-i-ā) the spring festival in honor of Dionysus? They are even letting the prisoners out of the jails to see the sacred plays in the Theater of Dionysus! We shall see before our very eyes the unfolding of famous and deadly deeds of gods and men. And such glorious poetry as will be chanted by the chorus!

The Theaters in Ancient Greece

At these festivals we must imagine the people streaming into the open air theater, which was rather like an athletic stadium of our own times. The action, far below, took place before the stage building, the front of which suggested a temple. Otherwise there was little or no scenery. In comedy the actors were padded ludicrously under their short tunics and wore grotesque masks. In tragedy they wore long tunics and richly colored mantles, tragic masks, and shoes, called buskins, that increased their height. They spoke some dialogue, chanted other passages, and even sang certain parts as solos or duets, with a harp or flute to accompany them. The chorus, representing people who were supposed to be onlookers of the action for instance, old

women of the town, though no actual women were allowed on the Greek stage—chanted comment on what was going on and moved in a sort of rhythmic dance. So, you see, these Greek tragedies were also rather like operas.

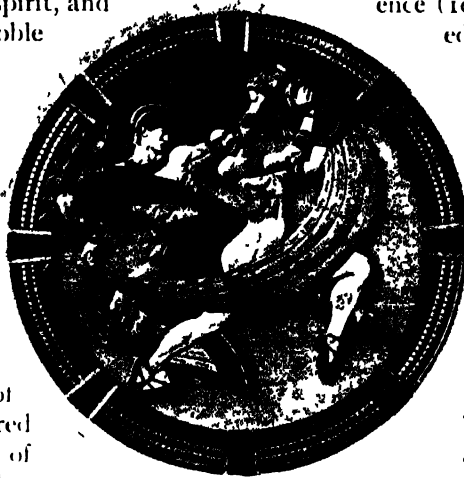
The Romans took over the Greek theater along with other things Greek, but they did nothing very worthy with it. We remember the work of certain Latin comedy writers, such as Plautus (254-184 B.C.) and Terence (195-159 B.C.), and the tragedies of Seneca (3 B.C. 65

A.D.) largely because dramatists some fifteen centuries later found their models in these plays rather than in the classic Greek plays of which the Roman plays were imitations. Seneca's (sēn'ē-kā) plays were probably never performed at all but Plautus (plŏ'tūs) and Terence (tēr'ēns) were often acted.

The Romans did develop much more elaborate stage settings. In fact, they liked their entertainment more elaborate and usually less nobly literary than the Greeks. It was they who

invented the circus, and their hugest spectacles were the gladiatorial combats. As time went on, Roman comedy tended to sink lower and lower into indecent vaudeville skits, and the sacred dance of tragedy grew less and less religious in tone, spectacle was made the whole entertainment, and was even debased, sometimes, to a mere dancing of naked women on banquet tables. So for the first time drama found itself at odds with religion. The Christian church, and many good pagans too, cried out against it. Finally, in the sixth century A.D., the stern barbarians who had overrun the Roman empire from the north closed down the theaters altogether.

The next five centuries were the Dark Ages of the European theater. Yet the dramatic instinct was not dead. All over Europe



THE CITY BECKFETTER CENTRE

The mad whirl of dancers has inspired this fine plaque of "The Dance" on the south front of the Radio City Music Hall, in New York City. It is fitting that it should be placed beside a similar plaque of "The Drama," for drama and dance have always gone hand in hand.



The ancient Romans dramatized the re-awakening of nature by a festival in honor of the goddess Flora, the divinity of Spring. During the festival, which lasted from April 30 to May 3, the doors of the houses were garlanded with flowers, people wore wreaths in their

hair, and everyone went to the Circus Maximus to see the games. Many ancient religious festivals must have been beautiful, as this picture shows; and if to our minds they seem rather worldly, it was because the ancient folk saw divinity in the simplest happenings.

wandering minstrels sang and danced and did vaudeville (vôd'vîl) tricks, and puppet plays seem never to have vanished from the country fairs. And country folk danced and sang at their folk festivals, such as May Day, in ceremonies that had come straight down to them from the old heathen religious festivals.

Some Early English Plays

Out of the sword dance or morris dance that was part of the May Day celebration everywhere in England, grew in time the English mummers' play—just as Greek drama had grown from the festival of Dionysus. At May Day or Easter, harvest time or Christmas, villagers and farmers would put on their homemade costumes and troop to the nearest castle or manor house to act out the tale of Robin Hood and Maid Marian or of St. George and the Dragon. The Christmas performance became most elaborate of all, with old Father Christmas an important character. Far into the nineteenth century the mummers were still part of Christmas fun in many a lonely district of the British Isles.

Meanwhile, as early as the eleventh cen-

tury, the Christmas and Easter services in the church itself had become solemnly dramatic in form. The altar might represent the tomb in which the body of Christ was laid after the crucifixion; a priest might stand before it, taking the part of the Angel of the Resurrection, and intone replies to nuns and priests who approached, questioning, in the characters of the two Marys and the disciples. Such "tropes" (trôp) or "liturgical (lî-tûr'jî-kāl) plays" grew more and more elaborate, until by the middle of the 1200's they had to be separated from the rest of the Mass and moved into the cathedral courtyard. After that they rapidly lost their sacred character, came to be acted by laymen instead of priests and in the language of the people instead of Latin, and in time moved away from the cathedrals entirely. Once more the drama of the people had been born of religious ceremony.

What Is a Miracle Play?

But for a long time drama clung to the hand of religion. All the plays were still "miracle plays," as they were called, based

THE MIGHTY ANNALS OF THE STAGE

on Bible stories. When they were given at some definite place, as in the yard of the church, they were sometimes acted out on long stages with what are called "multiple sets," so that from left to right, for instance, there might be scenes representing Heaven, the fields where the shepherds heard the Christmas angels, the stable where the infant Jesus lay, the home of one of the shepherds, and "hell-mouth," with its red-clad devils climbing out of a dragon's mouth. Then the actors could move

from one place to another as they needed to, sometimes talking on the way, as they do for instance in the most famous of the English miracle plays, "The Second Shepherds' Play." This play, by the way, is famous not only for its poetic telling of the Christmas story, but also for the amusing tale of Mac the sheep stealer, who is caught in the act and properly tossed in a blanket between the Christmas scenes. For the simple folk who

composed and acted out these plays did not separate comedy from tragedy, or religion from the rest of life, and often slipped in bits of realistic fun to lighten the solemnity of the Bible stories. The Devil, in those good old days, was always a comic character.

If you are going to act plays out of doors, you have to watch the weather. That is why the church festival of Corpus Christi (kôr'pūs crī'stī), which comes in early summer, became the chief time for giving miracle plays. In England especially various towns developed great cycles of plays, covering everything from Creation to the Judgment Day, and played them at Corpus Christi one after another from dawn to dark, or even for two or three days in succession. The different guilds would be responsible each for a different play—the carpenters for Noah's ark, for instance, and the bakers for the Last Sup-

per. Each would have a sort of two-storied theater truck, or "pageant" (pāj'ēnt), curtained below for a dressing room and arranged crudely above to represent the scene of the play to be acted upon it. The first play would be performed at some corner or crossroads, then the pageant would be wheeled on to repeat

the performance at its next stopping place, while the second pageant rolled up to perform where the first had been. The people,

of course, would stand all about, listening in awe to the solemn words of the bearded, red-masked figure of God, or jumping delightfully away from the pricking pitchfork of the Devil—who had a habit of skipping about among the audience.

The miracle plays did not die out till Shakespeare's century. In fact to this day we have a descendant of them in the famous Oberammergau (ō'bēr-am'ēr-gou') Passion Play, which tells of the Crucifixion. Meanwhile, toward the end of the Middle Ages people

had begun to act out other stories besides those in the Bible. One favorite type was the "morality play," which had Virtues and Vices for characters instead of people, as in "Everyman," which is sometimes revived to-day. There were plenty of good stories in history, too; by Shakespeare's time "chronicle (krōn'ik'l) plays" had become so popular that he wrote a whole series of them about the English kings.

Along about 1500, strolling companies of professional actors appeared, with a long list of "interludes," short pieces originally played, probably, in the interludes between courses of a banquet or other entertainment. Four or five men, with a boy to take the feminine parts, would wander from town to town, playing in the manor house or setting up their stage in the courtyard of an inn. This last arrangement was undoubtedly the

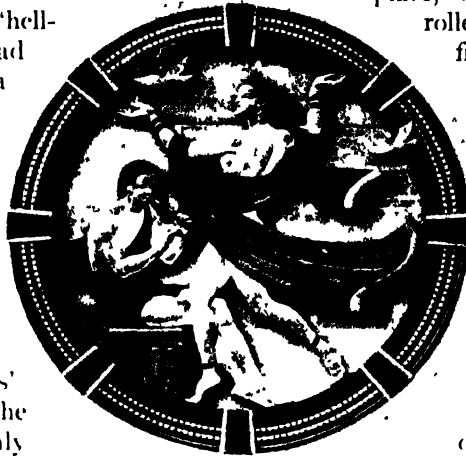


FIG. 1. Buckle's Center

"Song," one of the three great metal plaques on the south front of Radio City Music Hall, is a fitting companion for the other plaques showing "Drama" and "The Dance." For the three arts can hardly be separated even to-day; and when the race was young were woven closely together into a beautiful and harmonious whole, much as they are in our modern opera.

THE MIGHTY ANNALS OF THE STAGE



Photo by German National Ity

Many years ago, in 1633, the inhabitants of the Bavarian village of Oberammergau were saved from a plague. To show their thankfulness they vowed to enact, every tenth year, the story of the Passion and origin of the Elizabethan theater building, for the inns were built in the shape of a horseshoe around open courts, with balconies on each story. From these balconies spectators could watch the show as it was played on the ground below them.

The First Modern Theaters

By this time Europe was thrilling to the Renaissance (rĕn'ĕ-sôns'), with its exciting rediscovery of the ancient glories of Greece and Rome. Men's thoughts expanded as suddenly and as adventurously as the known world of the Middle Ages was expanding to include Southern Africa, the Far East, and at last America. Scholars began ferreting out old Latin plays for their pupils to act in the universities. In Italy, home of the Renaissance just as it had been the home of that old Roman culture, academies were formed during the fifteenth century to find out how the old plays had been staged and to put on revivals, eventually in buildings built for the

Crucifixion of Christ. To-day this religious spectacle attracts visitors from all over the world. Anton Lang is here shown in the part of Christ. Some of these simple German peasants have proved to be able actors.

purpose - the first modern theaters. Somebody discovered a treatise by an old Roman writer named Vitruvius (vĭ-trōō'vĭ-ŭs) which told all about theater buildings, scene painting, stage machines, and such things. All the scene painters started following Vitruvius' directions as to the proper scenery for tragedy, comedy, or other styles of plays. Scene painters outside Italy later copied the Italians - and even to-day many an old-fashioned theater has certain pieces of scenery in the style of Vitruvius.

The Most Famous of All Clowns

Meanwhile, among the common people of Italy a gay, informal sort of comedy was growing up. It was called the "Commedia dell' Arte" (kôm-mă'dya dĕl ar'tā). You have heard of Harlequin (har'lĕ-kwĭn), have you not, the athletic clown with black half mask and close-fitting, diamond-checked garments? He has changed very little since he first walked the boards in Renaissance

THE MIGHTY ANNALS OF THE STAGE

Italy long ago. His fellow troupers were Pedrolino (pă'drô-lē'nô), later called Pierrot (pyě'rô'), whose dead-white face and frilled ruff are often seen on our own stage, Pulcinella (pŭl'chê-ně'l'la), who may be the ancestor of Punch; Columbine (kôl'ŭm-bin), the roguish maidservant, Zanni (dzan'nē), whose very name, zany (zā'nī), has come to mean a fool; the Doctor, the Captain, the young lovers Flavio (flă'vī ō) and Leandro and Isabella and many another. These characters were types, not individual people, and they acted in countless comedies and farces all over Italy, then all over Europe. In Paris native companies took them over, and some of them even walked into the comedies of the great Molière (mô'lyěr') without so much as changing their names. The "Commedia dell'Arte" plays were a paradise for clever clowns, who were allowed to make up much of their dialogue and antics as they went along.

How Shakespeare Began His Career

By the latter part of the sixteenth century, when the "Commedia dell'Arte" was at the height of its glory, the theatrical revival was in full swing pretty much all over Europe. In Spain, Lope de Vega (lô'pě dă vā'gă), about whom we have a separate story, was making Valencia a theatrical center to vie with the capital city of Madrid. In England, a lad named William Shakespeare born in 1564, just two years later than the Spanish dramatist - trudged up to London from Stratford-on-Avon and began his career, legend says, by holding the horses of Elizabethan gallants while they alighted at the theater door.

Those Elizabethan theaters, what gay and lusty places they must have been! Big public playhouses, such as Shakespeare's Globe, were not allowed inside the walls of London - the Puritans saw to that - though in the city proper were a few "private"

theaters, such as Blackfriars, meant originally for the use of the choir boys from the cathedral schools when they put on their plays. The public theaters in the suburbs were rather rowdy places, to which respectable women seldom went without masks. The galleries were full of elegantly dressed and noisy aristocrats; the "pit," or yard, which boasted no seats, with roughly dressed and even noisier men of the people. Young dandies occasionally sat on the stage itself, amused to badger the actors. And cheers and insults and rotten eggs often came the actors' way from the yard.

The actors, indeed, seemed much nearer the audience than to-day, for the stage jutted out into

the middle of the building, with the audience on three sides of it. This main stage seems to have been almost bare of scenery. But back of it was an inner stage, which could be shut off by a curtain. In it special sets were probably arranged. Above the inner stage was a balcony, which would serve alike for Juliet whispering to her Romeo in the garden and for Macbeth watching the approaching foe from his battlements. Above the balcony was a little tower where stage machines, such as pulleys, were stored from its roof floated the flag that told London a play was being played to-day. For the theaters were unroofed as well as unlighted, and so the plays had to avoid both darkness and rain.



Photo by E. J. NELLS

Our own dancers aim at beauty of form and movement and raiment, but this native of Kabalo in the Belgian Congo has got himself up with animal skins and feathers to look like a demon, in order to frighten away the evil spirits. Many savages paint or tattoo their faces, and often wear hideous masks when they dance in their religious ceremonies.

THE MIGHTY ANNALS OF THE STAGE



Photo by Rockefeller Center

The form of our theaters is always changing with the changing age, and they are constantly growing more luxurious. This beautiful lounge is in Radio City Music Hall, the largest indoor theater in the world. It seats 6,200 people, and has a movable stage which

rises to bring a whole symphony orchestra into view. Its great auditorium is shaped like an egg, with the stage at the smaller end, and amazing amplifying devices bring the faintest whispers to the last row in the topmost gallery.

This was the sort of theater and audience for which Shakespeare and the others of his time wrote. Richard Burbage (bûr'bāj) was the great actor who first played Lear and Hamlet and Macbeth. Rosalind and Portia and Viola were first played by some clever boy, for not until about 1660 were there any women on the English stage. As for the rowdy comedy and bloody violence in Elizabethan plays, it would be relished by gentlemen perhaps no less than commoners; as for the mighty passions and glorious poetry, those too were things dear to the Elizabethan heart. So, on either side of 1600 in England, another of the world's great dramatic periods was in full swing.

What Were "the Three Unities"?

This Elizabethan drama had been a queer compound of native miracle plays and interludes and chronicle plays with the more formal tragedies and comedies of ancient

times. Some Englishmen of the time, Ben Jonson for instance, thought that men like Shakespeare and Webster, for all their genius, were not paying anywhere near enough attention to *form*. A play, Jonson thought, should be either tragedy *or* comedy, not both scrambled together, and it should not jump from time to time and place to place so blithely as Elizabethan plays were likely to do. He wrote some excellent plays himself on more or less "classical" lines of this sort. At least one of them "Volpone" (vôl-pô'ně), has recently been successfully revived. In the late seventeenth and the eighteenth centuries England was to hear a great deal more about "form," and "the three unities" of time, place, and mood. But these revived classical doctrines would come back with the exiled Stuart kings from France.

Three Great French Dramatists

For during the 1600's France had her great

dramatic period. Her great writers of tragedy, Corneille (kôr'ně'y) and Racine (rà'sě'n')—about both of whom we have separate stories—showed a great deal more respect for ancient authority than the English writers did. Their tragedies are stately and rather formal, without comic relief or fantastic flights of imagination. On the other hand, there is plenty of comedy in seventeenth-century French comedies; Molière, about whom also there is a separate story, is one of the world's greatest comic writers.

When English Theaters Were Closed

The middle years of this century were a dark time for the theater in England. Civil war broke out between Puritans and Cavaliers, and then for a time while the Puritans were in power the acting of plays was forbidden altogether. When Charles II came back to the throne at what is called the Restoration (1660), he reopened the theaters. They had changed a good deal since Shakespeare's time. Some of the changes had been taking place naturally before the theaters closed, some the King and his courtiers brought with them returning from their French exile. The theaters were roofed over now, and the part of the stage that jutted out into the pit had shrunk in size. There were still no footlights, and if there was a curtain it does not seem to have been drawn between scenes. But scenery was much more elaborate, consisting often of painted "flats," like thin walls, which could be slid back and forth across the stage in grooves; such scenery is still used in many theaters. Most important change of all, feminine parts were now taken, after the French fashion, not by boys but by women.

At Drury Lane and Covent Garden

The theater in those days was again in fine fettle. Drury Lane and Covent (kūv'ěnt) Garden, two famous playhouses, were thronged with elegant young gallants in wigs and gay-colored silks, and elegant ladies in flowing skirts and, sometimes, little black eye-masks. Girls sold oranges up and down the aisles—Nell Gwyn, the pretty actress who became the King's favorite, got her start as an orange girl.

On the stage might strut the eloquent and high-minded hero of some tragedy or "heroic play," done more or less after the French pattern without any clowning gravediggers or other Elizabethan foolery. Or the play might be straight frivolity, some clever, lewd comedy of love intrigue in high society—a theme the Restoration never tired of. The great Dryden, about whom you may read elsewhere in these books, wrote both kinds: resounding heroic plays in blank verse or rhymed couplet—the French influence again, that last, for French tragedy is written in rhyme and "comedies of manners" in prose. A little later, around 1700, William Congreve wrote some of the wittiest comedies of high society in the language—"The Way of the World," "Love for Love"—their very titles tell much about them.

The Birth of Sentimental Comedy

The Restoration stage had been by and for the dissipated aristocracy. Early in the 1700's the middle classes began to take it over, partly through the efforts of those famous writers Addison and Steele. Plays became less immoral, but alas, also less witty. Sentiment invaded comedy, till Acts I to IV were likely to be damp with the heroine's virtuous tears and Act V with the unconvincing tears of the repentent hero.

Yet in the 1770's there was a brief flare-up of revival in playwriting, when Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer" and Sheridan's "School for Scandal" were first acted on the London stage within a few years of each other. Goldsmith's comedy shows how good the sentimental type may be at its best. Sheridan's is more or less in the witty Congreve tradition; it is so brilliant and has so many good acting parts that it is still a favorite for revival.

The eighteenth century all over Europe was the age of great actors and actor-managers. There were, of course, some fairly important playwrights: Sheridan in England; in Italy, Carlo Goldoni (gòl-dò'ně) (1707-1793), who tried to "reform" the "Commedia dell' Arte" by making it more realistic; in France Voltaire (vòl'těr'), who not only wrote plays himself but tried to put new life into the cut-and-dried productions of the state

THE MIGHTY ANNALS OF THE STAGE

theater, the Comédie Française (kô'mă'dē'frôn'čēz'), which before the Revolution had a monopoly of Paris drama; in Germany, the great Goethe (gû'tē), who besides writing plays worked out a whole system of acting at his patron's theater in Weimar (vī'mär). But, as you may see, these people were all important not only for their plays but also for their influence on the way plays were to be acted. And other great names, such as Talma in France and Schröder (shrû'dēr) in Germany, are the names of great actors. In England in the latter half of the century, Sarah Kemble Siddons (1755-1831), most famous member of the theatrical Kemble family, won acclaim with her magnificent restrained power in Shakespearean tragedy. Most renowned of all was the English actor-manager David Garrick (1717-1779), who is said to have done more to elevate the art of the theater than any other one person before or since. It

was of his death that his friend Dr. Johnson declared it "eclipsed the gaiety of nations."

The late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries were the time of the Romantic Movement. For the theater, that meant a great wave of Shakespeare worship in both England and Germany. Not that the English theater had ever stopped playing Shakespeare, but now he was played with more impassioned fervor, as by the romantic actor Edmund Kean (1787-1833); and he was much

less edited and arranged than by the form-loving eighteenth century. Most of the great English Romantic poets wrote plays, but their pieces did not go well on the stage. The English theaters had, indeed, fallen into a dreary period of "divorce from literature," which lasted till the 1890's. In Germany,

on the other hand, not only Goethe but such other great literary lights as Schiller (shīl'ēr) wrote successful plays. Victor Hugo did the same when the Romantic Movement reached the French theater. There are separate accounts of all these men in our books.

On the whole, the theater of the mid-nineteenth century was a rather humdrum, stale affair. Still it amused a great many people, and had spread into every corner of Europe and across the sea to America. In the Mississippi Valley, wandering troupes of actors steamed up and down the rivers in floating theaters "showboats"—and drew up at this

wharf or that to perform their stilted melodramas and crude farces. Traveling "stock companies" played through their list, or stock, of plays in the "opera houses" of boom towns on the far-off mining frontier. One popular American actress, Lotta Crabtree, made her first appearance at the age of eight in a shower of gold nuggets. Meanwhile, in the Eastern states, as in Europe, play producing was being made into a large-scale money-making enterprise.



Photo by Huntington Art Gallery

Very few actresses are remembered a century after their death, but Mrs. Sarah Kemble Siddons, the famous English actress, played Lady Macbeth and other of Shakespeare's heroines with such beauty and such power that her name is forever linked to the deathless name of the poet. Sir Joshua Reynolds has immortalized her in painting. This beautiful portrait of her shows the great actress as "The Tragic Muse," and is one of the world's most famous works of art.

THE MIGHTY ANNALS OF THE STAGE

All this was amusing and profitable, but too frequently had little to do with either art or literature. And so the plays were short-lived. And nowhere did the plays or the way they were produced have much relation to real life outside the theater.

"Real Life" on the Stage

The first and most powerful voice to be raised in the coming attack on this unnatural, commercialized theater came from a country we have not mentioned before—Norway. Henrik Ibsen, who has his own story elsewhere in these books, is one of the giants of the drama. Through him more than any other one man was brought about the great revival of the theater which has lasted to our own time. Through his "social" plays, such as "A Doll's House" and "Ghosts," he attacked false modesty and musty thinking in the theater, laying the foundation for the realistic plays of modern life of which we now have so many. By his "symbolic" (sīm-bōl'ik) plays, such as "The Wild Duck" and "The Master Builder," he led the way toward the poetic or fantastic sort of play which also became popular. For in literature a symbol (sīm'-bōl) is an object or person who stands for something outside the plot.

Drama Comes to Life Again

The first battle cry was "realism"—let us show things as they really are. By the late eighties and the nineties the new movement was in full swing. Non-commercial theaters sprang up in the leading cities to try out the new ideas. The first was in Paris, Andre'

Antoine's (ōn'drā' ōn'twān') Theatre Libre (tā'ā'tr' lē'br'), founded 1887; next came the Freie Bühne (frī'ē bū'nē), founded 1889, in Berlin. Both these names mean "free theater." At the same time the poet W. B. Yeats (yāts) and others were founding what became the famous Abbey Theatre in Dublin, which, though not especially interested in realism, was part of the general dramatic revival. A year or two later the movement

was launched in England with the London Independent Theatre. Perhaps most famous of all was the Moscow Art Theater, founded in 1897 by the great director Stanislavsky (stān'is-lāv'skī). The revival reached America somewhat later around 1912, as you may read in the account of recent American literature.

The independent theaters began mounting the plays of the new realistic playwrights—Ibsen, of course; his countryman Bjornsen (byörn'sēn); the German Gerhart Hauptmann (gēr'hart haupt'-man); the Russians Tolstoi, Chekhov (chē'-kōf), and Gorki; the Englishman George Bernard Shaw. In a few years they had won

over many of the commercial theaters. Some of the great actors of the later 1800's belonged to the older traditions—Sir Henry Irving of England, Edwin Booth of the United States, Sarah Bernhardt (hērnhart) of France. But the gifted Eleonora Duse (dōō'zā) of Italy flourished just at the height of the realistic movement and won fame particularly in the plays of Ibsen.

Long before this the playhouse stage had evolved into the picture-frame stage as we know it to-day. Footlights had been intro-



Photo by The Tokyo Asahi

These girls are known as geishas (gā'shā), and are the professional, classical entertainers of Japan. From childhood they study dancing and singing, and learn how to converse prettily. Only by marriage can they become independent. They look demure, but it is just a part of their art. Recently they went on strike for better working conditions.

THE MIGHTY ANNALS OF THE STAGE

duced, probably by Garrick, and through the nineteenth century lighting had improved, with the introduction first of gas, then of electricity. New mechanical contrivances were continually appearing: elaborate systems of getting effects with color and light; revolving stages, on which several sets could be prepared at once and swung successively into place; stages which sank out of sight or slid to one side to be reset; domes of silk or plaster arching over the stage, which would absorb and scatter light so that the audience got the impression of looking into deep distances. All these devices, and others, the new directors used for producing beautiful and natural settings.

Some Famous Experimenters

But directors and designers of scenery did not long stay satisfied with making honest doors that would open without swaying and honest costumes and make-up that gave the "illusion of reality." In the early years of our own century many of them began to say that the theater should try not to photograph life, as a camera does, but to suggest its meaning after the manner of a portrait. Adolph Appia (äp'pyä), an Italian, did marvelous things with light and shadow. Gordon Craig, an Englishman, produced startlingly beautiful scenic designs with a few simple lines, managing shadow and line and mass like a painter. Max Reinhardt (rîn'härt), the famous Austrian director, experimented with the rhythmic movement of crowds, actors scattered through the audience, a stage with no curtain but sudden darkness, and other unconventional things.

A New Theory of Stage Setting

Reinhardt's settings were usually spectacular affairs, as when he turned the whole interior of the huge Century Theater in New York into a Gothic cathedral as a setting for "The Miracle." But with other directors the scene was more often simplified, merely suggesting the place of the play and if possible its mood. The set might even be no more

than rich curtains, or decorative screens, as in some Oriental plays. It might be some geometric design of steps and platforms bearing little or no resemblance to things off the stage, but effectively arranged for the poses and groupings of the actors. The actors themselves, in certain types of plays, might move in "stylized" rhythms, a little like puppets or dancers.

What is "Expressionism"?

In all this there were two general ideas: that the theater is a place for *seeing* and so stage designs should be artistically beautiful; and that what matters is not our seeing on the stage what we can see in the world outside but rather our understanding the inner meaning of a scene or a play. This trying to express inner meaning visibly is called "expressionism." Sometimes modern playwrights write plays that call for a great deal of it. How it works out in some of the plays of Eugene O'Neill and other American writers, for instance, is explained in the story of recent American literature.

The Service of the "Movies"

The theater is still very much alive these days, though some of the excitement of experimentation has died down. Somewhat throttled by dictatorship in German and Italian cities, it flourishes in London, Paris, and New York, and in Moscow, where since the Revolution a new socialist art is being born. Unluckily, the best dramatic fare is to be had only in a few big cities. But there are little theaters, and traveling companies, and even a few good stock companies still. And then there are the talking pictures. Usually critics speak of them as the enemy and rival of the "legitimate" (lê-jît'y-mât), or "genuine," stage. But there have already been many very fine pictures, which either do what the stage cannot do at all, or take good stage plays to people who would never otherwise see them. Perhaps in the end the theater may find the screen not so much an enemy as a friend.

FOREIGN HISTORICAL BIOGRAPHIES

Reading Unit No. 1

GREAT MEN AND WOMEN OF HISTORY

*Note For basic information
not found on this page, consult
the general Index, Vol. 15*

*For statistical and current facts,
consult the Richards Year Book
Index*

Index to Foreign Historical Biographies

ALEXANDER THE GREAT	346	JOAN OF ARC	385
AUGUSTUS CAESAR	362	JULIUS CAESAR	356
BISMARCK	447	ST. LOUIS	376
BOLIVAR	436	LOUIS XIV	410
BRUCE, ROBERT	352	MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS	398
CATHERINE THE GREAT	416	NAPOLEON	423
CHARLEMAGNE	368	NEILSON	420
CLEOPATRA	360	ERICUS	342
CONSTANTINE	364	PETER THE GREAT	414
CROMWELL	406	REGIUS	350
DEMOSTHENES	344	RICHARD THE LION HEARTED	371
DISRAELI	459	SOLOMON	336
DRAKE	403	TELL, WILLIAM	374
QUEEN ELIZABETH	394	THE MISTOCLES	338
FREDERICK THE GREAT	418	WALLACE, WILLIAM	379
GARIBOLDI	444	WELLINGTON	433
ST. GENEVIEVE	366	THE MEN WHO HELPED TO SHI	
GLADSTONE	442	US TREE	450
GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS	402	<i>La Fayette, Beaumarchais,</i>	
HANNIBAL	352	<i>De Kalb, Steuben, Kosciuszko,</i>	
HENRY VIII	391	<i>Pulaski, T staing, Rocham-</i>	
HORATIUS	340	<i>beau, Grasse)</i>	

Related Material

The great period of Greek his-	57
tory 5 166-73	
Rome in the time of Caesar, 5	The later history of France 6-
221-20	179-94, 166-202
Life during the Middle Ages, 5	The later history of Germany,
301-11	6 217-20 231-41
England under Elizabeth, 6 51-	The Industrial Revolution, 6-83-
	95

Leisure-time Activities

PROJECT NO. 1 Read Hak-	caulay's "Lays of Ancient
luyt's "Voyages"	Rome
PROJECT NO. 2 Read the	PROJECT NO. 4 Read Sir
Story of Roland, 14-337-42	Jean Froissart's "Chronicles"
PROJECT NO. 3 Read Ma-	

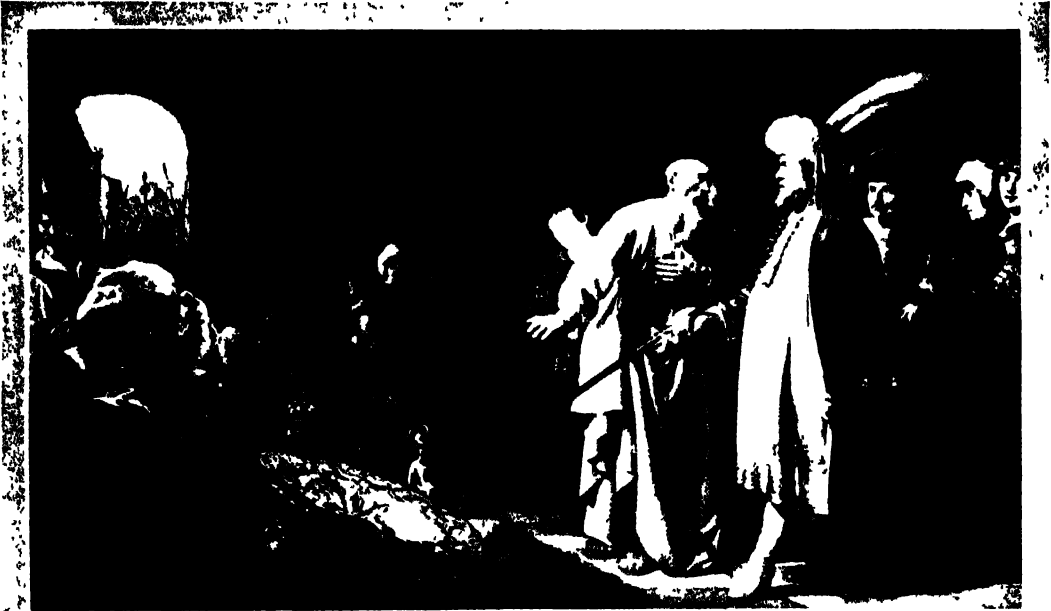


Photo by Gesellschaft Berlin

Legends have a way of growing up about famous people—and artists have a way of illustrating the legends just as though they were historical facts. The scene above, which shows you Solon at the court of Croesus, king of Lydia, could never have taken place, but the story is a pleasant one, so we shall tell it here. Croesus was extremely wealthy and extremely proud of the fact. He showed Solon all his beautiful treasures and then asked the great Athenian, "Who, do you think, is the happiest man that ever

lived?" He thought, of course, that Solon would immediately answer, "You are!" Solon, however, was not a flatterer, and he answered, "Tellus, the Athenian." "Why?" said the crestfallen monarch. "Because," answered Solon, wisest of all men, "he lived in a well-governed land; he had sons and grandsons, all of them happy, healthy, and virtuous; and he died the most glorious of deaths, for he was killed defending his country and was buried with the honors of a hero. Call no man happy until he is dead!"

WHAT DO WE MEAN *by a* "SOLON"?

Twenty-five Hundred Years Ago There Was a Ruler in Athens So Wise that We Still Call Any Good Lawgiver by His Name

WHEN the Athenians counted over their Seven Wise Men, they always included Solon (sō'lūn). He was a poet who had written a great many poems full of praise of his native city or of good advice for her. He had also written many poems about love, though the Athenians hardly thought of this as a fit subject for a sage. But when we remember Solon now, it is not as a poet but as a great lawgiver. Both when he wrote and when he governed he was truly a sage.

Solon was born about 638 B.C., in the days before the greatest glory of Greek civilization, when Attica (ăt'ī-kā) was still a struggling city-state, and its capital, Athens, was

still very much like any of the other Greek cities. He left his country with better laws and a more democratic government, well on the way to her future glory.

His first great service to Athens he performed partly by his poetry. He was a trader, and from every trip he made away from his city he came back more intensely patriotic. So he mourned even more than other people did when the fine island of Salamis (sāl'ā-mīs) was lost to Megara (mĕg'-ā-rā). A law had been passed providing that no one should speak of this loss, for the Athenians were very bitter about it. But Solon, pretending to be mad, went to the market place and recited one of his poems,

SOLON

full of fiery words about the glory of Athens and the loss of Salamis. Of course a madman could hardly be arrested for breaking the law. The people were so stirred by his poetry that they rose in mighty wrath, chose Solon for their leader, and won back the lost island.

Athens was grateful to Solon and believed him a wise man indeed. Soon he was elected archon (är'kōn), or chief magistrate, and given power to make whatever changes he thought best in the laws of Attica. So now the fiery poet turned lawgiver and fulfilled the other half of his mission.

Indeed, the archon needed the wisdom of all the Seven Sages to straighten out the tangle into which things had fallen in Attica. Almost all the money and property was in the hands of a few men. The cost of living was so high that small farmers had to mortgage their little plots to rich men. A great many people had fallen so deeply in debt that they had sold themselves as slaves to the men they owed. Of course as long as they were slaves they could not earn money to pay the debt, and so they had scant chance of ever tilling their own soil again. The people were groaning in their misery and muttering revolt.

Solon at once freed all who had sold themselves for debt, and forbade anyone ever to enslave a man in that way again. It is supposed that he also canceled all debts, so that the small farmers might once more till their own land. Certainly he left Attica with fewer great landlords and more proud free citizens.

And he arranged that these citizens, even the lowliest, should have something to say about how the city-state was to be governed. He divided all the citizens into four classes according to their wealth. At the top were

the "five-hundred-measure men" or those who had at least that many measures of wine or oil. Next came the "horsemen," each of whom furnished a horse to the army. Third were the "oxen men," who tilled the land with a yoke of oxen. Fourth and last came the servants, fishermen, and artisans.

Only men of the first class could be archons, and only men of the first three classes could hold any office. But everyone could vote. The people even chose the judges and could approve or disapprove their decisions. So it was a real beginning of democracy, or the rule of the "demos," the people.

Solon made many other laws, too, such as the one requiring each father to teach his son an honorable trade. Then he went on a long journey, to be gone ten years. He had made Athens promise, they say, to try his laws for that many years, and he wanted to see how they would work without his being there to administer them.

He visited Egypt, Cyprus, and Lydia. In Cyprus, the king named a city after him. When Solon returned home, he found Attica fallen again into strife and confusion. But soon a friend of his, Pisistratus (pī-sī's-trā-tūs), seized the power, and set up a strong and wise government. This was not a democracy any longer, but it saved most of Solon's reforms and made it possible for the others to be set up again in quieter and more normal times.

Solon lived to a ripe old age, and died about 558 B.C. According to legend, his ashes were sprinkled over the island of Salamis. But his memory was not to be so easily wiped out. For he had engraved his name deep in the hearts of his countrymen, a monument more enduring than any that could be cut in brass or stone.



Solon is pictured here writing out his famous set of laws which was to do so much for the downtrodden people of Athens. Draco, before him, had given the Athenians a set of laws, but these had been so severe that they were said to have been written in blood. And blood, after all, makes very poor ink!

THEMISTOCLES



Themistocles is making a speech in the market place of Athens. "Ships, ships!" he is saying, "we must

build more ships, for only behind their wooden walls shall we be safe from the Persians!"

The CRAFTIEST of GREEK RULERS

With Enemies Hammering at the City Gates and Quarrels Raging inside Them, Themistocles Had to Be a Master of Wiles to Save the State of Athens

IF IT had not been for Themistocles (thê-mis'tô-klêz) there might possibly have been no free Greece in which great dramatists like Sophocles (sôf'ô-klêz) or great philosophers like Socrates (sôk'râ-têz) could flourish. All that gifted nation might have lain under the blight of Persian tyranny; and in that case we ourselves, even now, would be living very different lives and thinking very different thoughts. Yet this very Themistocles died a traitor to Greece, in the pay of Persia. And it was the very trick by which he had saved Greece from Persia which later won him Persia's favor!

As you have guessed, Themistocles was a strange and wily person. Born about 514 B.C. in Athens, of an obscure and not very wealthy family, he climbed into fame by sheer brains

and energy. High-born and fastidious Greeks disliked him for his bragging and his vulgarity. But he was the cleverest of politicians. It is said that he knew almost every citizen in Athens by name; and there is nothing more flattering to voters than being called by their own names and given friendly advice about their little affairs. So Themistocles soon rose to great power in the Athenian democracy.

Themistocles had fought at Marathon, the great battle which turned the Persians back from conquering Greece. When Miltiades (mîl-tî'â-dêz), the hero of Marathon, died, there was only one other man in Athens so powerful as Themistocles. That man was Aristides (âr'is-tî'dêz), called the Just. The two men were about as different as could

THEMISTOCLES

well be Aristides, slow, and so honest that no one ever even dreamed of his taking a bribe; Themistocles, quick-witted, impatient, and quite willing to use almost any means to gain his end.

They both knew that the Persians would come again. Aristides thought Athens ought to build up her army; Themistocles was sure that the navy was more important, both for the Persian war and for trade. There came a time when Athens was not large enough to hold both these rivals, and Themistocles managed to have Aristides sent away for a while. Then he fortified the harbors and built many new ships. He persuaded the Athenians to use for this some silver from a new mine, although they had intended to divide the wealth among themselves.

In 480 B.C. the Persians came. Their huge, half-barbarian hordes swept away all the Greek defenses and poured into Attica (ăt'ŭ-kă), that part of Greece which Athens ruled. In Athens all was terror and despair. It was whispered that even the gods had deserted the doomed city.

This was the great hour of Themistocles. The oracle at Delphi had told the Athenians to trust to their "wooden walls," and Themistocles had always argued that this meant their wooden ships. Now, at Salamis (săl'ă-mīs), he was trying to persuade all the leaders from the other cities of Greece to join their forces in battle with the Persians, instead of sailing away to defend each his own city. But they would not be convinced, and Themistocles knew that if something was not done, Greece would be lost.

So he sent a message to the Persian king advising him to come through the narrow straits at once and attack, since the Greeks were frightened and quarreling among themselves. The Persians attacked, and the

Greeks had either to fight or surrender. Just as Themistocles expected, they fought, and fought so well that they won a glorious victory. The Persians were so badly beaten that they went home—and Greece was saved. If they had won, Themistocles could simply have said, "Now that I have betrayed my country for you, what reward will you give me?" He was wily enough to have thought of that when he played the trick.

After the war, he played another trick for the defense of his native city. The Spartans, being jealous, did not want high walls built around Athens. But Themistocles argued so long with them about it that the workmen had time to build the walls before the Spartans were through protesting. Athens began to be strong and prosperous again.

The Athenians were grateful to Themistocles. But he was now more vulgar and boastful than ever, and they were sure that he had never come honestly by all the vast wealth he flaunted in

their faces. Finally he was suspected of being in the pay of the old enemy, Persia, and he had to flee to escape arrest. After many adventures, he made his way to the Persian court. Then it was that he reminded the Persian king of how he had tried to betray the Greek fleet to him at Salamis. And the king believed him! At least he paid him great honor. Themistocles grew rich and powerful in Persia, though at home he had been proclaimed a traitor. He went to live in the town of Magnesia, where, after his death in 440, the people worshiped him as a god. There is, however, a legend that his last wish had been for his bones to rest in Athens, and that his wish was secretly carried out.

To-day it is the lofty Aristides who wins the admiration of mankind, and has won it through all the centuries.



Photo by Art Jerson, Rome

Themistocles was a very clever man indeed. If he had not found a way to put an end to the disputes of the Greek forces at Salamis, the Persians might easily have won the day.



It was well for the Romans that they had not yet learned to build bridges of stone! Here is Horatius

fighting an army single-handed in order that the only way across the Tiber to Rome may be destroyed.

HOW BRAVE HORATIUS KEPT *the* BRIDGE

Whether It Is Strictly True or Not, This Is a Great Story That the Early Romans Loved because It Showed the Kind of Men They Wanted to Be

HERE is the famous story of Horatius at the bridge. It may not have happened in just this way, for it is really more legend than history; but it is such a good story, and has been told and admired so long, that it seems as real and thrilling a thing as if we were quite certain it was true.

It happened in Rome, in the "brave days of old," five hundred years before Christ. Rome had risen in wrath and had driven out the Tarquins—cruel, dark, foreign kings from Etruria (ê-trōō'ry-â), who had bid Roman freemen work like slaves on the public buildings and had brought things to such a pass that the most virtuous of Roman ladies

was not safe in her own home. But the Tarquins would not willingly give up a throne. They had plotted with Roman traitors to win back their power; and that failing, they had pinned their hopes on war. Now Lars Porsena (pôr'sê-nâ) of Clusium (klû'sî-ŭm), ruler of all the Etruscans and the strongest king in Italy, had taken up arms in their cause, and with a vast army at his back was marching upon Rome.

Early one morning Roman farmers, tilling their fields outside the city walls, caught a distant flash of sun on bronze breastplates and spears. Like chickens before a thunderstorm, they fled to the shelter of the walls.

Within the city was terror and confusion and hasty preparation for defense. The country people, who had been streaming into the town for days, ever since the news first came that Lars Porsena was on the march, crowded together fearfully in the market place. Soldiers rushed to the weak points in the walls, and especially to the wooden bridge which lay across the Tiber between Rome and the advancing enemy. The main army marched to a neighboring hill to meet the Etruscans.

Anxiously Rome watched the meeting of the armies. Then horror clutched at the hearts of the watchers—the Roman lines broke, and with yells of triumph the hordes of the enemy were speeding toward the bridge.

What could the puny numbers of the bridge guard do in the face of that assault? They threw away their swords and shields, and turned to flee for dear life to the shelter of the walls. The bridge, unguarded, lay open like an invitation to the advancing Etruscans to enter Rome.

But no—how the hearts of the watchers must have leaped to their throats to see that the bridge was not lost after all! One man had not fled. Swarthy Horatius Coclès (kō'klez) it was, brawny veteran of many wars, who could see with but one eye by reason of an old spear wound received in defense of Rome. He was roaring at the fleeing guard.

Horatius at the Bridge

"Stop! Turn back!" he was saying. "You cannot protect Rome from the other side of the bridge! You only open the way for the dogs of Clusium. Do you want them to kill your children and burn your city from within the walls? Cut down the bridge! Hack it to bits! Burn it! I will stand here and kill the first Etruscan who dares set foot on it!"

The soldiers heard. They fell furiously upon the wooden bridge, hacking and cutting at its beams. Citizens rushed to their aid. For very shame two Roman generals sprang to Horatius' side. So the three heroes stood, covered with their shields, to meet the whole army of the enemy.

The Etruscans stopped aghast to see those three grim Romans barring the way. They hesitated, then made a rush. But the heroes defended themselves with skill, and the Etruscans fell back. Many a brave Etruscan lay dead before the bridge was ready to fall. Then a cry went up that only one or two planks remained and that the defenders must hasten back to safety. Horatius shouted an order, and his two companions ran swiftly across the tottering planks and reached the other side just as the bridge fell booming into the swirling waters of the river.

But Horatius stood alone, with the Tiber behind him, and only his shield between him and the Etruscans.

The Heroic Escape of Horatius

He was still shouting at them—insults and defiance. They hesitated to attack him, an army against one hero. But his taunts were stinging, and at length they launched their javelins. Horatius covered himself with his shield and escaped them all—save one.

Then he turned to address the river; and Macaulay, who has written the most stirring of all the versions of this story, gives us thus the words he said:

"Oh, Tiber, Father Tiber,
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms
Take thou in charge to-day."

So praying, Horatius sprang into the muddy stream, despite his wound and the heavy weight of his armor. Cries and groans of horror burst from the Romans. But in a moment the hero's bronze helmet appeared above the water, and in a few more he had swum safely to the side of his friends. With shouts of triumph they seized him and bore him to the Forum. In their love and gratitude they gave him all the land he could plow around in a day.

Some say that Horatius defended the bridge altogether alone, and that he was drowned in the Tiber. But it is pleasanter to think that the river heard his prayer and that he lived to limp about Rome, lame from the thrust of the javelin but happy in the gratitude of his countrymen.



FIG. 1. History and Art.

This painting is called the "Age of Pericles." In the center is the great statesman himself addressing a throng of Athenians—poets, philosophers, historians,

and artists. Behind him rises the famous Acropolis, which owes the beauty and richness of its many works of art to this great age.

The MOST BRILLIANT AGE of the WORLD

At Least There Are Many People Who Think the Time of Pericles Must Have Been the Most Splendid That Our Race Ever Saw

WHAT is the best time the human race ever knew? If you could pick the age in which you would most like to have been born, which one would it be? In California at this moment, in Paris at the court of Louis XIV, in the days of knights and chivalry, in the Augustan period of imperial Rome, in the tent of some wild Indian?

Nobody really knows. But rightly or wrongly, many a man who has read history will say that he would rather have lived at Athens in the age of Pericles (pĕr'ī-klĕz) than in any other place in any other time. And certainly that short bright period in

that little city was one of the most brilliant eras that our race has ever known.

We call it the Age of Pericles, because all through it Pericles was the leading spirit in the splendid city. He was born about 490 B.C., or just at the time when Athens was winning her great victory over Persia at Marathon—a city defeating a vast empire. He was about ten years old when the Greek fleet humbled the proud Persians for good and all at Salamis (sāl'ā-mīs). So one of the first things he learned was that his illustrious city had grown free and powerful. He lived to see it the most beautiful place in the world, and he had a large share in making it so.

PERICLES

Now in spite of its glory, we must not think that all was joy in the Age of Pericles. It was not so for the women, for very few women had much freedom in Greece at that time. It was not so even for very many men, for most of the men in Athens were only slaves. And there was a great deal of war. Under Pericles as general, or under some other leader, the Athenians were at war with one

Greek city or another a large part of the time. Most of the time they were victorious, but by no means always. In the end they got into a terrible strife with Sparta, the most warlike of the Greek states, and suffered great reverses.

But in spite of all that, it was a glorious age—an age in which art and poetry and philosophy flourished as they had never flourished in the world before. And in all this the leading man was Pericles.

Athens had no king, for she was a republic. She elected her own leaders. Over and over again Pericles was chosen for the leader of the city, civil and military, and he held the power nearly all his life. Of course he had his troubles and his enemies, and of course there were complaints and scandals about him. But he surmounted all of them, or nearly all, and kept on holding the helm.

Well he might, because he was a man of great gifts. A man of fine appearance, he was always calm and unshakable. A fine general, he was still a good deal better statesman. He was a marvelous orator in a day when oratory was far more important than it has ever been since printing gave us books and newspapers. He was a philosopher and a friend of every art. And so he

led in every movement to make his city glorious and beautiful as the home of all the arts.

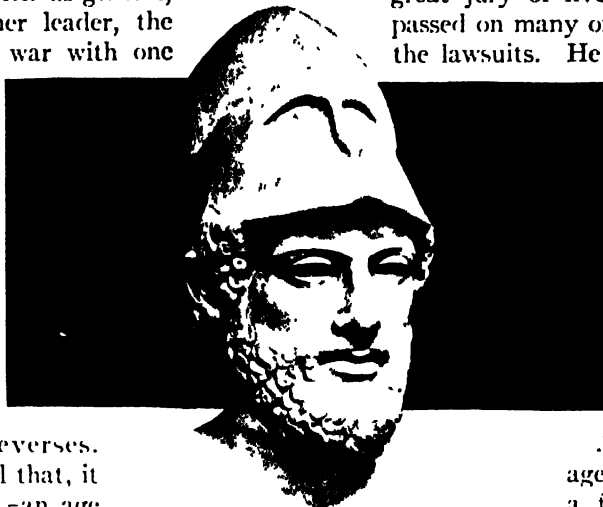
He was rich and noble, but he almost always took the side of the plain people against the nobility. He helped to give power to the popular assembly and to the great jury of five hundred men who passed on many of the laws and heard the lawsuits. He saw that laws were

made to pay the jurors for their work, and also the soldiers for their services. He helped to extend the vote to more of the citizens, and did many other wise things in statecraft and diplomacy.

Above all he encouraged the arts. He was a friend of Herodotus (hê-rôd'ô-tûs) and Thucydides (thû-sid'î-dêz), two of the greatest historians that ever lived, who were celebrating the glory of their land. He encouraged Phidias (fid'-î-ās), perhaps the greatest sculptor of all time, in such work as his marvelous statue of Athena and the building of the Parthenon (pär'thê-nôn), possibly the most beau-

tiful temple the world ever saw. He fostered a great many other buildings and works of art. He stimulated Sophocles (sôf'ô-klêz), the most gifted dramatist of Greece, whose plays are still the models of great tragedy. He favored a whole school of philosophers, with Anaxagoras (än'äk-säg'ô-räs) the chief among them. All these men looked up to Pericles as their great leader, and all together made the age illustrious.

In the midst of the unhappy war with Sparta, Pericles died of the plague (429 B.C.).



PERICLES BY ARISTON LEROI

Does this bust look familiar to you? It is a portrait of Pericles, and yet it reminds us of many other Greek works of art, statues of gods, heroes, and athletes. That is because Greek sculptors were not interested in making a portrait that was exactly true to life. They wanted a statue that would fit their ideal of beauty. And so they conventionalized the face and left out all the lines, wrinkles, and quirks of expression that made it truly human. Yet in spite of that, this head of the great Athenian statesman must bear certain features of the man.

DEMOSTHENES



Photo by H. S. G. G. G.

When Demosthenes was sentenced to death, he fled to a famous temple. There his pursuers found him, and not wanting to break the sacred laws of sanctuary—if they could help it—they tried by lying promises to make

him step out on less-hallowed ground. But Demosthenes saw their plan, and saved himself from their hands by taking poison. Above, you see him in the arms of his enemies at last.

A STAMMERER BECAME *the* GREATEST ORATOR

If the Men of Athens Had Only Listened to Demosthenes, the History of the World Might Have Been Rather Different

DID you ever try to talk with pebbles in your mouth? Try it sometime, and if there is a beach near, try it there and see if you can make yourself heard above the noise of the breakers. Then see if you can recite poetry while you are running up hill. These are only a few of the things that Demosthenes (dē-mōs'thē nēz) did in order to make his voice strong and clear. He was naturally very timid, and he stammered. So it is all the more marvelous that

he became the greatest orator of the ancient world or of the modern either, for that matter.

It was not only his stammering that Demosthenes had to fight. His life was one long and noble struggle from beginning to end. He was born in Athens about 384 B.C., the son of a well-to-do sword maker. But his father died when Demosthenes was still very small, and dishonest guardians wasted the child's money, and let him grow up poor.

DEMOSTHENES

and in debt. They did not even give him much education, although fortunately he had one distinguished teacher.

One day the boy Demosthenes stopped at a law court and there heard a famous speaker pleading a case. Seeing how that speaker held and swayed his hearers, Demosthenes then and there resolved to learn to do as well. Neither his timidity nor his weak body nor his stammer should stop him. And none of them did.

Now it was that he cured his stammer with pebbles and shouted against the waves. Besides, he built up his body by exercise and athletics, and watched the graceful movements of actors to copy them at home before his mirror. Most important of all, he learned the art of argument. He would listen to loiterers and tradesmen disputing on street corners for the old Greeks were a talkative lot. Then he would go home, think over what he had heard, and work out the arguments he would have used on either side of the debate. In these strenuous ways he overcame all his defects and made himself perfect in all the varied accomplishments of an orator.

Demosthenes earned his living by working in the law courts; but he is remembered for the series of wise and brilliant speeches he made between 355 B.C. and 322 B.C. in the mightiest struggle of his life—his attempt to arouse Athens and through her all Greece to a defense of the glory of Greece against the semi-barbarians from Macedon (mās'ē-dōn). He did not succeed in saving his beloved land, but he made her glorious again even in her defeat.

What Is a "Philippic"?

The most famous of these speeches were the "Philippics" (fī-līp'īks)—intense and stinging attacks on Philip II of Macedon. Philip was a great and warlike king who threatened to conquer Greece and sweep away her independence, her democratic governments, and her very arts and sciences. Partly by force, partly by wiles, he first threatened her from without; and then he managed to get himself made a member of

the Greek confederacy and threatened her from within. At every turn Demosthenes thundered against him, warning his countrymen, who had fallen into weak and indifferent ways. "Is Philip dead?" he demanded with scorching sarcasm. "Nay, but he is ill. What does it matter to you? For, if this Philip die, you will soon raise up another by your listlessness." So scathing were Demosthenes' attacks that the word "philippic" has come to mean any fiery and bitter speech leveled at some particular person.

At first the Athenians paid little attention to Demosthenes' advice. Then, when things began to turn out as he had foretold, they honored him and were aroused to make an effort to fight as he urged against the Macedonian tyrant. But it was too late. The struggle against Philip was hopeless. Yet Demosthenes continued to serve Athens, and was looked up to as the leading man in all public affairs. When enemies attacked his record, he defended himself in a speech called "On the Crown," sometimes thought to be the greatest speech ever made in the world. He told his countrymen that unless they made one more mighty effort, Philip would conquer them completely and set himself up as king over them—a thought hateful beyond words to the freedom-loving Greeks. This speech has been called the "funeral oration on Greek freedom."

For if the Greeks were aroused at all, it was not enough. The days of Greek freedom were over.

In 324 B.C. Demosthenes fled from Athens to escape an unjust accusation. The next year he was again calling his countrymen to arms. But the patriots were defeated, and Demosthenes was condemned to death. Again he fled (322 B.C.) and took refuge in a temple. There, according to ancient law, he could not be followed. But his pursuers broke the law of sanctuary, and came to arrest him. "Wait a moment," he said to them, "while I write to my friends." He bit his pen, and then threw back his head, hiding it in his mantle. When they came to him to chide him for a coward, they found him dying. The pen had been full of poison.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT



Photo by Alinari

After his victory at Arbela, Alexander spent the winter at Babylon. Above, you see his triumphal march into that famous city, as one artist has imagined it. It

was from here that Alexander set out to conquer Persia; and here he returned to die in the palace of the famous king Nehuchadnezzar.

The MOST BRILLIANT of ALL SOLDIERS

Only One Man Has Ever Conquered All the Known World by the Age of Thirty-three. Do You Know Who He Was?

ONCE an oracle told Alexander the Great that he was the son of Zeus (zūs), most powerful of all the gods. After that Alexander was surer than ever that he was no common mortal, and that all the people in the whole world ought to bow down before him. And indeed, though of course Alexander was not really a god, he was certainly one of the most extraordinary mortals who ever lived. His life is about the most fantastic tale outside of fairyland, and if he had never lived the whole history of the world since his time would have been vastly different.

Even in the story of his boyhood we can see both his luck and his genius. He was born in 356 B.C., at Pella, in Macedonia. His father was King Philip of Macedon

(mās'ē-dōn), himself a strong king and a mighty warrior, who had conquered and added to his kingdom nearly all of Greece. So the boy had a kingdom and an invincible army ready to hand, and he must also have received some of his genius in war from his father. His mother, Queen Olympias, was a half-wild Albanian princess with a flaming imagination and no scruples at all. And certainly if a great warrior ever had a great imagination too, that warrior was Olympias' son, Alexander. How else could he ever have dreamed of conquering the vast empire of the East?

Young Prince Alexander went to school to the most famous tutor a boy ever had — to no other than Aristotle (ār'is-tōt'l), the great Greek philosopher who is often said to

ALEXANDER THE GREAT

have had the most brilliant mind the world has ever seen. Under such a man Alexander must have learned to respect the Greek culture he was later to carry into Asia with his armies.

But Alexander was no scholar. He was rather one of the great adventurers, one of those who set out to get what they

want no matter what stands in their way. As a lad he was clean-cut and athletic

and proud. He was a great runner, but would not contend in the games because he could not have kings to contend with. He was jealous of his father's great fame, and whenever his father won another victory, he would say sadly, "My father will go on conquering till there is nothing extraordinary left for me to do."

Once a trader brought King Philip a wild and ungovernable horse called Bucephalus (bû-sêt'â-lûs), asking a tremendous price for him. None of the grooms could ride him, and Philip ordered the horse returned to his owner. But Alexander meant to show his father that there was nothing, horse or man, that he could not conquer. So he offered to pay the price of the horse if he could not tame it. His father told him he might try.

"Seek Another Empire, My Son"

Now Alexander had noticed that Bucephalus was afraid of his own dancing shadow. So he turned the horse toward the sun, and stood by him soothing him until he was quieted. Then he vaulted to his back and was off. The horse tore away at a mad pace, and the court trembled for the rash young prince. But presently Alexander had Bu-

cephalus completely broken, and brought him back in triumph to his father. Philip looked at him proudly.

"Seek another empire, my son," he said, "for that which I shall leave you is not worthy of you."

And that was exactly what Alexander thought, and exactly what he did!

When Alexander was twenty, his father was assassinated, probably at the command of Alexander's proud and terrible

mother, whom the Greeks called a "witch woman."

Alexander, who had been in his father's picked troop of "king's companions" since he was old enough to lift a sword, and had fought in his first battle when he was

only sixteen, was already the idol of the army. So, although there were others who claimed Philip's throne, Alexander received it. At last he had an army of his own.

For he was not especially interested in the kingdom his father had left him—what he wanted was an army with which he could conquer new worlds.

Before he could do that he had to put down two or three rebellions at home. First he swept north against the fierce hill tribes in the Balkans. He crossed the river Danube, wondering for a moment whether to carry his conquests northward into the darkness of Europe. For in those long-ago days, and for centuries afterward, all of Europe except the strip along the Mediterranean Sea was savage and unknown. What if he had decided to extend his empire in that direction?

But he only burned one unfortunate village, and returned. He marched fiercely against the rebellion in Greece and wiped



Photo by the Louvre

Before Alexander could set out to conquer the East, he had to make his own territory at home safe against rebellion. In destroying Thebes he taught the Greek city-states a lesson they would not soon forget. Above, you see Theban captives being brought before the young ruler at the siege of Thebes.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT



Photo by the National Gallery, London

This is a famous painting by Veronese, a great Italian painter of the sixteenth century. It represents the family of Darius being graciously received by Alexander. But as you can see, the artist has dressed his characters according to the fashions of his own day. It is not until quite recent times that we find artists and playwrights making any attempt at historical ac-

curacy. When the great plays of Racine and Corneille were produced in Paris, the actors appeared in the costumes of the court of Louis XIV, even though the characters might be ancient Greeks! So when we dress Shakespearian characters in modern clothes, we are not really doing anything very remarkable, nor are we starting a new stage tradition.

out the whole city of Thebes without a thought of mercy. But he told his men to spare the house of the great poet Pindar. He may not have been a scholar, but he was no barbarian.

Then he started for the East. His father had planned a raid in Asia Minor. But Alexander's dream was no less than the conquest of the whole vast Persian empire, which stretched from Asia Minor and Syria to Egypt in the south, and to Northern India and the borders of China in the east. To do this, he had about thirty-five thousand soldiers—and his dream.

Where Achilles and Hector Fought

From first to last the performance was more dramatic than any romance. Alexander made straight for Troy, the scene of those old heroic legends of which Homer has told us. There he offered sacrifices to the shades

of Achilles (a kil'ez) and Hector and the other great dead, and took for himself the shield that was supposed to have belonged to Achilles. Then he met the Persians in a fierce cavalry battle at the river Granicus (gra-ni'kü's), and the chieftains fought hand to hand in single combat, as Homer's heroes had done. The Persians were put to flight, and Alexander gathered his army together at a place called Gordium, to prepare for the next campaign. At a temple in Gordium was the far-famed Gordian Knot, which no one could untie, but which an oracle had prophesied would one day be loosened by the man who was to conquer the world. When, like all who had tried before him, Alexander found he could not untie this knot, he impetuously slashed it through with his sword. He never untied his difficulties patiently—he always cut straight through them.

Alexander marched southward toward

ALEXANDER THE GREAT

Syria. At Issus, not far from the eastern shore of the Mediterranean, he met the Persian hosts, half a million strong, headed by King Darius III himself. The great king fled in such a wild panic that he left behind him his luxurious silken tent and all his harem.

Alexander still marched south, through Syria and on into Egypt. Here it was that the oracle hailed him as a god. Here, too, he founded Alexandria, called after his own name, which should one day become the greatest city in the world.

In the spring of 331 B.C., Alexander turned east and struck at the very heart of the Persian empire. About sixty miles from Arbela (ār-bē'lā) he met Darius again, in what has been called one of the "fifteen decisive battles of the world." Darius fled with his hosts to the eastward, and Alexander followed him in one of the most exciting chases in the history of warfare. At last the conqueror came upon his enemy's train; but Darius had been stabbed to death by his courtiers to save him from falling into Alexander's hands. Before this happened, the Macedonians had taken the rich cities of Babylon and Susa (sōo'sā), with all their treasure. The Persian empire lay at the mercy of the conqueror.

Still Alexander was not satisfied. He fought his way east clear to the Indus River. Everywhere he founded cities. Eighteen of them he named after himself; one he named after the horse he had tamed when he was a boy. And still he pushed on, seeking "more worlds to conquer."

Then one day his soldiers rebelled, flatly refusing to go any farther. Disappointed, still unsatisfied, Alexander turned back to Susa, at the heart of his empire.

Here he held a great marriage feast, with the idea of getting his men to marry Persian wives and thus make his empire more secure. He himself had already married an Indian princess, Roxana, and now, in the oriental fashion, he married two more of his new subjects. The Macedonians did not like this, and the murmurs against him grew louder and louder. For there had been other things they did not like: that terrible campaign in the Far East, Alexander's cruelty to anyone he suspected of conspiring against him, his murder of his dearest friend in a drunken quarrel, his notion that they should worship him as a god.

But when Alexander went on to Babylon, he almost had reason to think he was indeed a god. For messengers and embassies from all over the known world crowded about him, flattering him. Just as had been his dream from the time he was a boy, everyone trembled before him in astonishment and terror. There is no use trying to believe that all this did not "go to his head." In his last days his temper was terrible. He drank a great deal too much wine, and many of his subjects forgot how to love him and learned only to dread him.

Alexander's death was a dramatic end to so amazing a life. In 323 B.C., when he was only thirty-three, he was stricken with a fever and died. The whole Macedonian army, man by man, filed through his tent to bid him farewell.

Though Alexander's vast empire fell apart after his death, the East and the West had been brought together by his conquests. It is hard to say how history would have read if Alexander had been an ordinary king, or if Darius had won at Arbela.



An ancient writer tells us that during his lifetime Alexander would allow no one but Lysippus to make portraits of him in bronze. One bronze bust of Alexander by this famous sculptor of fourth century Greece was so noble and thoughtful in expression that, as the writer phrased it, "The man of bronze seemed to be conversing with almighty Zeus and saying, 'O Zeus, I place the earth beneath my feet; do thou rule Olympus.'" This great portrait has not survived the centuries; but one may hope to find some trace of its noble qualities in other busts—such as the one above.



Thundering horsemen, a rain of iron spears, showers of arrows as sharp as needles—these were all in the day's work to the soldiers of Regulus. But a herd of

fighting elephants which crushed and trampled and seemed like mountains moving across the battlefield was something new to these Roman veterans.

DO YOU KNOW *the* TALE of REGULUS?

In This Famous Story of Roman Valor We Meet a Man Who Chose to Go to Torture and Death Rather than Break His Word

THIS is the story of a man who made a terrible mistake, and then bravely gave his life to protect his country from the effects of it.

Marcus Atilius Regulus (rĕg'ū-lūs) lived more than two thousand years ago, in the stern days of the First Punic (pū'nĭk) War, when Rome and Carthage (kār'thāj) were fighting each other for control of the world. He was a valiant and patriotic Roman, who served his country long and well, both as consul and as warrior. Together with Manlius Vulso he had now been put in command of a vast fleet of war vessels. With their rows of sweating men pulling at the oars in perfect time, the ships moved grimly on

toward Northern Africa, where lay the empire of Carthage.

As the fleet neared Africa, the Roman commanders ranged their ships in a triangle pointing toward the enemy. Thus when they went into battle the Romans split the Carthaginian fleet and scattered all but sixty-four of the boats. These Regulus took captive.

Made bold by their victory, Regulus and Manlius carried the war to the land, invading the Carthaginians' country. They stormed and took a city, burned houses, drove off cattle, seized Carthaginian slaves. Everything was going so easily that they sent a triumphant message home, and Rome ordered

REGULUS

Manlius to bring back the slaves and half the ships, leaving Regulus to manage the invasion alone.

A Victory Too Easily Won

But things would not have gone so easily for the Romans if the Carthaginians had not had their hands full with a revolt in the south of their own country. As it was, they could not stop the Roman advance, though they did get together some cavalry and fighting elephants and move to battle against the invaders. Regulus easily put them to flight, and pushed on to seize the city of Tunis. The Carthaginians retreated to the shelter of the walled city of Carthage itself, and sent messages asking Regulus for peace.

It was here that Regulus made his fatal mistake. Everything had gone so smoothly that he thought he had the enemy at his mercy. In his pride, he offered peace terms so harsh that Carthage had no choice but to keep on fighting. Regulus did not dream how far his enemy was from being worn out and conquered.

Meanwhile inside the walls of Carthage new courage had come to the defenders. A Greek named Xanthippus (zān thip'f-ūs) had taken command of the army, drilled the soldiers, and put new heart into them.

Regulus a Captive

When next the armies met, the warlike array of the enemy astonished the Romans. Not that they were daunted—they clashed their shields together and sounded their war cry as they advanced. But Xanthippus knew how to use his cavalry and fighting elephants, and the stoutest courage was helpless before him. Thirty thousand Romans died in that battle. Regulus himself had to take to flight. But he was captured and carried in triumph into Carthage (255 B.C.).

Careful historians will tell you that this is about as much as we surely know of Regulus. But after it was all over, the Romans told the story of his death; and it is so heroic a tale that one would like to believe it true.

For five years, they say, proud Regulus ate out his heart in Carthage. He saw cap-

tured Roman standards hanging in the shrines of enemy gods. He saw Roman weapons decorating Carthaginian homes. He remembered how he had refused a victorious peace when it was offered to him, and he feared for what his folly might mean to Rome.

Then one day the Carthaginians told him that they would set him free if he would go to Rome and persuade his countrymen to make peace. Regulus swore on his sacred honor that if the offer of peace was refused, he would return to whatever fate his enemies might prepare for him.

Proud Regulus Returns to Rome

It was a bitter thing for the proud Roman to return to Rome in this way. As he drew near the city, he refused to go farther, saying he was unworthy to enter the gates. But he yielded at length, and found himself standing, head bowed in shame and sorrow, to listen to the Roman senators debating on the Carthaginian terms of peace. Then, lifting his head in sudden scornful pride, he began to speak. He did not try to persuade Rome to peace and thus gain his own freedom, he poured scathing sarcasm on the heads of his people, goading them to renew the war. "Where is Roman manhood?" he cried. "Will no Roman now fight for his freedom, or will he stand by and see mighty Carthage raised higher upon the shame of Italy?" Swayed by his fiery words, the senate rejected the peace.

But Regulus had given his word, and must go back now to face the wrath of Carthage. The senators crowded about him in admiration and sorrow, offering to send for his wife and children that he might bid them farewell. But Regulus answered sternly, "I have lost my Roman citizenship. I am no longer worthy of my Roman sons." Coldly he refused their sympathy, and, brushing past his crowding kinsmen, set his face toward Carthage.

He knew the Carthaginians would put him to a cruel death for ruining their plan. But his word was more sacred than his life. He was a Roman, and he never faltered at the torture that awaited him.



Phot. Kuschgita

It is not often that a little boy of nine swears a sacred oath to avenge his country—and few little boys would remember it later on. But here is the young Hannibal

swearing on the altar of his gods never to forget Rome's defeat of Carthage in the First Punic War—and as you will see, he never did!

The MAN WHO ALMOST CONQUERED ROME

A Supreme Military Genius, Hannibal Ranks with Alexander, Caesar, and Napoleon, Even though the Cause He Led Was Hopelessly Lost

HANNIBAL was only nine when he took his solemn vow to spend his whole life in seeking revenge on Rome. He had pleaded so hard to be allowed to go with his famous father, Hamilcar Barca, to fight for Carthage in Spain that there was no denying him. So Hamilcar (ha-mil'kar) took him by the hand and led him to the temple where a great sacrifice to the gods was being offered for the success of the armies. The little Hannibal (hän't-bäl) laid his hand on the animal about to be sacrificed at the altar and swore that he would never cease to hate Rome and Romans nor pause

in his struggle to avenge the defeat and shame his native Carthage (kar'tháj) had suffered at the hands of Rome in the First Punic (pū'nik) War. And Hannibal never forgot that sacred vow.

This was in 238 B.C., when it was not yet clear which of the powerful cities—Rome in Italy or Carthage in North Africa—was to be mistress of the world. Rome had won one war and had driven the Carthaginian ships from the sea; but on land Carthage was still as powerful as Rome. Now Hamilcar, the leader of the Carthaginian armies, was sailing away to Spain with his

HANNIBAL

little son to conquer that land before the Romans did.

Hannibal fought in Spain many years, first under his father and then, after his father's death, under his brother-in-law, Hasdrubal (hăz'drôo-băl). When Hasdrubal died, in 221 B.C., the soldiers chose Hannibal leader. He was only twenty-five; but he had been fighting since he was nine, and besides, he was already showing signs of his great military genius. When he once had an army at his back, Hannibal very soon found a way to bring on the Second Punic War so that he could carry out his childhood vow.

What he did was to attack the town of Saguntum in Spain in the face of a warning from the Romans, who considered Saguntum their own territory. He took the town after eight months of siege; then Rome declared war (219 B.C.). Hannibal's great day had come.

Hannibal decided upon one of the most daring plans in history.

He would take his army into Italy and lay siege to Rome itself. But to get to Italy from Spain, his men had to accomplish a feat never before attempted—they had to climb the mighty wall of the Alps. They marched victoriously through Spain and crossed the Pyrenees into Gaul, the France

of to-day. Not a suspicion of the bold plan warned the Romans. Hannibal arrived at the foot of the Alps in the autumn with a great victorious army and thirty-seven war elephants, such as the Carthaginians sent out before an attack, as we send modern tanks to clear the way.

We do not know just where Hannibal crossed the Alps. But for nine days his men climbed in bitter cold and snow, such as they, who came from warm lands, found hard to bear. They had with them all their baggage, stores, and horses, as well as the elephants, who could stand the cold and climbing even less easily than could the men. But the elephants frightened the natives, who had never seen their like before; and that was a great help in the fights the invaders had along their steep way.

So they climbed on. Nothing could stop Hannibal. Men died of cold or hardship, of disease or wounds, or they fell over cliffs or down crevasses.

Tradition has it that Hannibal lost two-thirds of his men between the Ebro and the Po, and it is certain that he lost five or ten thousand. When he appeared as though by magic among the startled Italians, he had an army of about twenty thousand foot and six thousand horse.



Photo by Giraudon Paris

The sculptor of this statue has tried to show something of the noble character of Hannibal. A wise and courageous man, an able and gifted leader, he might well have conquered Rome if Carthage had been able to give him the support he so richly deserved.



Photo by Huchgata

Here is Hannibal receiving the Gallic tribes who have come to join his army. They were a fierce lot, unused

to any sort of discipline or restraint - yet Hannibal never had a mutiny in his army!

For fifteen years Hannibal stayed in Italy, carrying out his vow. But for all his genius and for all his persistence, in the end he failed to bring Rome to her knees.

The March along the Arno

All went well at first. Hannibal won a great victory over the Romans at Trebia (trēb'yä) and gained control of all Northern Italy. He spent the winter there, and in the spring of 217 B.C. marched south to Etruria through the marshes along the river Arno. That was the shortest way, but it was all flooded. The soldiers got little food or sleep; they rested either on baggage piled up in the water, or on heaps of dead horses. Hannibal, who rode on the one elephant left, lost the sight of one eye. After this terrible march, on which many died, Hannibal caught the Roman army in a defile at Lake Trasimene (trä'st-mē'nūs) and overwhelmed it. Then he marched on south.

The Romans now gave chief command to Quintus Fabius Maximus. Fabius (fä'hf-ūs) was called "the Delayer" because he believed that the best way to defeat Hannibal, who was far away from his base of supplies in an enemy country, was to wear him out by

delay. So he kept following Hannibal around, never fighting if he could help it but annoying the Carthaginians in every way he could think of. Once Fabius thought he had trapped Hannibal. The sea was on the west, a river on the south, the Roman army on the hills to the east, and on the north the paths to Rome were barred. But Hannibal was one of the cleverest masters of strategy in history, and managed to escape—with all his booty. He tied twigs to the horns of oxen and on a dark night set the twigs afire. The oxen were then driven through the hills above the pass that the Romans were guarding. The Romans mistook them for Hannibal's army, and left the pass to head them off; whereupon Hannibal's men slipped away to Apulia (ä-pū'lī-ä). There they spent the winter, their strength growing every day.

In midsummer of the next year (216 B.C.), Hannibal won his greatest victory at Cannae (kän'ē). The Romans had put in the field one of the largest armies they had ever got together, twice as large, tradition says, as Hannibal's. But Fabius had been replaced by the rash consul Varro. The invaders were a motley host—veteran Carthaginians armed with Roman spoils, Spaniards in purple-edged

HANNIBAL

white linen tunics, tall half-naked Gauls from beyond the Alps. But they were fierce fighters, and when their great commander, by brilliant cavalry tactics, had surrounded the Roman army, they fell upon it and almost wiped it out. When darkness came, between fifty and seventy thousand Romans lay dead on the field. Hannibal had lost fewer than six thousand.

If Hannibal could have followed up this victory by moving at once on Rome, he might have fulfilled his vow to the uttermost and the whole history of the world might have been changed. Indeed, the victory did win to him Capua and other cities which had been allied to Rome, and for two or three years his cause still looked bright. But Rome ruled the sea, and the Carthaginian senate could not send him the men and supplies he needed. He had to live by plunder and to recruit his army from his Italian allies. And in 212 B.C. the tide turned. Rome recaptured Capua and gradually reconquered the rest of Italy.

The decisive blow came in 208 B.C. Hannibal's brother, Hasdrubal, unexpectedly brought his army from Spain to join in an attack on Rome. But before Hannibal even knew his brother had crossed the Alps in safety, Hasdrubal had been met and defeated by the Romans. Hannibal learned the news when his dead brother's head was flung in front of the Carthaginian lines. Looking at it, he said, "I see the doom of Carthage."

The next day he withdrew into the mountainous country in the south of Italy. Here he remained for four years more, vainly hoping for aid from Rome's enemies, Macedonia and Syria. But the Romans, suddenly changing their cautious policy, boldly carried the

war into Africa, under the brilliant leadership of Scipio (sĭp'ī-ō), later called Africanus. And in 203 B.C. Carthage, in desperate straits, had to call her greatest general home.

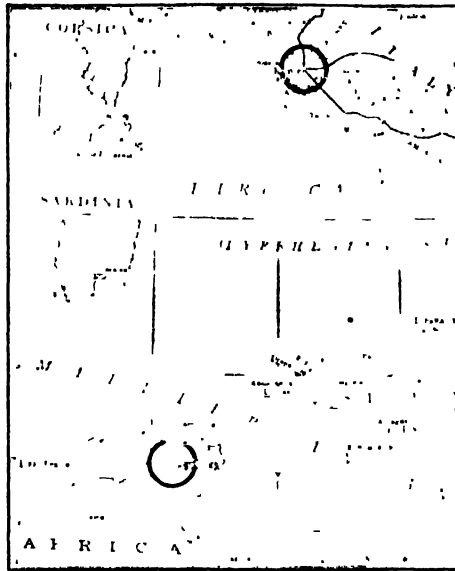
Even then Hannibal did not forget his vow. In Africa he fought fiercely against Scipio. He was defeated at the decisive battle of Zama (zā'mā) - again through no fault of his own - and barely escaped with his life. He urged his countrymen to make

peace, though the terms were hard, for there was nothing else to do. Then, great in peace as in war, he governed Carthage. He reformed her courts and straightened out her finances, and in a few years had made Carthage so prosperous that the Romans in alarm demanded the surrender of the great general to them.

Hannibal fled, and the rest of his life was spent at one court or another, always aiding by advice and arms the enemies of Rome. He stirred up the king of Syria to war against Rome, and again the victorious Romans demanded his surrender. He escaped once more.

Then he served the king of Bithynia until for the third time (183 B.C.) the Romans demanded that he be surrendered. This time he did not escape. But when he looked out and saw his house surrounded by soldiers, he drank the poison which he always carried in his ring against just such a day.

To-day we remember Hannibal, not because he won success in what he set out to do - as a matter of fact, he failed in that, and Rome became the mistress of the world. But we remember him for his fine mental qualities, for his deep devotion to a cause, and for his dauntless resolution. Strangely enough, success and greatness do not always go hand in hand.



This map shows you the two great powers, Rome and Carthage, which at the time of the Punic wars were frowning at each other across the "wine-dark sea." Who knows what our own twentieth century would have been like if Hannibal's expedition had met with success and Carthage had ruled the world instead of Rome?

JULIUS CAESAR



Caesar's army was devoted to its great leader. He had shared with his soldiers all the hardships of life in an uncivilized wilderness, and had led them suc-

cessfully through one bitter campaign after another. Above, you see the famous general ordering his army to cross the Rubicon and march on Rome.

GREATEST of ALL the ROMANS

In the Building of Empire Three Men Have Stood Out above All Other Men in History Alexander, Caesar, and Napoleon—and All Three Have Come to Grief. This Is the Story of the Mighty Caesar

DO YOU know where the month of July gets its name? From Julius Caesar, writer, orator, soldier, and statesman of ancient Rome. When you have read his story, you will agree that, whether or not you like all the things he did, he was certainly important enough in his own day to have a month named for him.

It was probably in 102 B.C. that this mighty Roman was born. He came from a

patrician, or aristocratic, family, in fact the family was so aristocratic that it claimed to be descended from Aeneas (ĕ-nĕ'ās), the legendary founder of Rome, and through him from none other than the goddess Venus. Most of Caesar's relatives were naturally members of the aristocratic party, but one uncle by marriage, Caius Marius, was a famous soldier in the cause of the plainer people. Perhaps it was because of this uncle

JULIUS CAESAR

that Caesar became active in the people's party. When the young man was only sixteen, they made him a priest of Jupiter. The next year he refused to marry the wealthy heiress who had been picked out for him, and chose Cornelia, daughter of Cinna (sīn'ā), leader of the people. After that he stood higher with his party than ever.

But Caesar and Cornelia had been married only three or four years when Sulla, leader of the aristocrats, got control of the government. Sulla not only put a stop to all Caesar's fine political prospects, but ordered him to divorce Cornelia. When he would not do it, Sulla took away his priesthood and all his property, and would doubtless have killed him too if it had not been for Caesar's rich and powerful relatives.

This unlucky turn of affairs, however, gave Caesar his first chance to show what a good soldier he was. He set out for the Roman army in Asia Minor, and made a name for himself in the campaign going on there. He was back in Rome for a while after 78 B.C., when Sulla died. But he did not much like the policies of his own party at that time, and soon left for the East again. He intended to go to Rhodes and study oratory for, besides being a soldier and a rising young statesman, he was learning to be a great orator. In fact, it is said that if he had turned lawyer he might have rivaled the golden-tongued Cicero (sīs'ĕ-rō) himself.

On the way to Rhodes he had a perilous adventure. He was captured by pirates. While his servants went to gather the ransom demanded, Caesar set out to show the pirates that it was no ordinary mortal they had dared to take prisoner. When he wanted to sleep, he calmly ordered them to be quiet. When he wanted to be merry, he commanded them to amuse him. And the astonished pirates actually found themselves obeying their captive as if he had been their chief! Before he left he assured them that he would

return and crucify them one and all. They would have been wise if they had let the ransom go and refused to release him, for no sooner was he free than he really did come back and put them all to death.

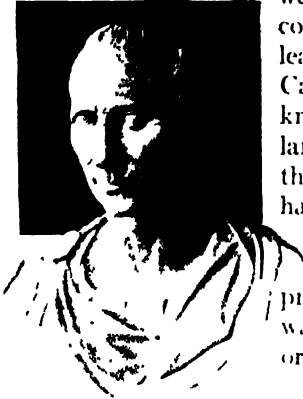
Caesar went on to Rhodes as he had planned. But in 74 B.C. he returned to Rome and plunged into politics in earnest. Roman politics, in those last days of the republic,

were a confusion of plots and counterplots, of one ambitious leader scheming against another. Caesar was in the thick of it. He knew how to make himself popular with the common people, although really he did not try very hard to save any political power for them. He held various offices, in Rome and in the province of Spain, and in 63 B.C. was elected "pontifex maximus," or high priest.

In the meantime he had made friends with Crassus, one of the wealthiest and most powerful men in Rome. When the great Pompey (pōm'pī) returned, in 62 B.C. from his campaigns in the East, Caesar made friends with him, too. Two years later he managed to persuade Pompey and Crassus to make up their quarrels, and the three of them joined to rule Rome among

themselves. This was not constitutional, of course; but the times were troublous, and none of the three was much concerned over the constitution. Their rule is called the First Triumvirate (trī-ŭm'vī-rāt), which means the first rule of three men.

The triumvirs divided the Roman world up among them, and Caesar was given Gaul. This meant a strip of land just south of the Alps, and any other land beyond the Alps that Caesar could win from the barbarian tribes that lived and fought there. He set out for the north in 59 B.C., and was gone for almost ten years, marching and fighting and conquering. About all these Gallic wars Caesar wrote a book that is still read in nearly every high school in the world. In it we read about his battles with the Germans



Here is one of the many ancient busts commonly accepted as portraits of Julius Caesar. No one can be really sure whether or not they represent the famous general, but they all agree with the portraits of Caesar which we find on coins in that they show a determined man with firm chin, lofty brow, strongly chiseled nose, and hollowed cheeks. Such is the face we all have in mind when we think of Julius Caesar.

JULIUS CAESAR



Photo by Riseight.

In some such way as this was Caesar murdered by conspirators among whom were certain of his dearest friends. Brutus himself was one of them—which leads a character in Shakespeare's famous tragedy to say: "This was the most unkindest cut of all; For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquished him. Then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!"

and the Belgians and other tribes, about the taking of cities and the selling of the conquered people into slavery, about the building of the famous bridge over the Rhine in ten days' time, about the raids into far-away Britain, where the half-wild inhabitants still painted their bodies blue. Caesar made all of what is now France and Belgium and part of Holland securely Roman. He proved himself one of the great military geniuses of all time.

What Is the Rubicon?

Meanwhile Crassus had died, and Caesar and Pompey had fallen out. Pompey won over the senate and arranged that he should keep his own army for five years more, but that Caesar must give his up at once. It would have been bad enough for an ambitious man like Caesar to let Pompey get the power into his own hands in this way; what made it worse was that if Caesar went back to Rome as a private citizen his enemies could

make him give an account of all the unconstitutional things he had been doing for the last ten years or more. He brought his army south toward Rome as far as the little stream called the Rubicon (roo'bī-kōn). To take it beyond the Rubicon would be against the strictest law, and would make Caesar a traitor in the eyes of the government.

Caesar Crosses the Rubicon

It was a tremendous decision that Caesar had to make for himself and for Rome. Exclaiming, "The die is cast!" he led his army across the stream (49 B.C.). Ever since then the making of a decision from which one cannot turn back has been spoken of as "crossing the Rubicon."

Caesar marched on Rome, gathering many of the Italians to his standard as he went. Pompey fled to the East. Caesar struck first at Pompey's followers in Spain, then pursued Pompey himself to Pharsalus (fār-sā'lūs), in Greece. There they fought a great battle,

JULIUS CAESAR



Brutus is delivering his oration on the death of Caesar
"As Caesar loved me, I weep for him, as he was fortu-

nate I rejoice at it, as he was valiant, I honor him,
but as he was ambitious, I slew him"

and Caesar won. He followed Pompey to Egypt, but by the time he got there, his enemy had been murdered. Tradition has it that Caesar lingered for several months in Egypt, fascinated by the wiles of the beautiful Egyptian queen, Cleopatra (kle'ō pī'tra). But finally he tore himself away, and after a whirlwind campaign in the East, "I came, I saw, I conquered," he reported—he was back in Rome. This was in 45 B.C.

But the great leader had only about six months to be dictator or sole ruler of Rome. He was full of plans for improving the laws and beautifying the city. He wanted to build a great library and magnificent temples, and to dig canals in order to drain the marshes about the city. He wanted to arrange all the laws in an orderly code.

The trouble was— as you know if you have read Shakespeare's famous play called 'Julius

Caesar'—that he wanted too much for himself. No one except him was to have any voice in the government, and there were still many who wanted Rome to remain a republic. It is even said that he expected to be worshiped as a god, and had a statue of himself set up with the words under it, "To the Unconquerable God." He had many friends who loved him for his generosity to friend and foe and for his gracious ways. But even some of these finally turned against him.

So it came about that on the "Ides of March" in 44 B.C., he was murdered at the base of the statue of his old enemy, Pompey, in the senate house. The story goes that when he saw his friend Brutus among the crowd pressing about him to thrust daggers into his body, he cried, "You too, Brutus? Then die, Caesar!"

CLEOPATRA



Photo by Ruschgata

Time and fancy have woven a shroud about the memory of Cleopatra which historians find very hard to penetrate. She may have been merely a clever woman whose main interest was to save Egypt from becoming a Roman province. Or again she may have been the

glamorous, cruel siren people like to think her. Above, you see Cleopatra, as one painter has imagined her, trying various poisons on her unfortunate slaves. As a matter of fact we have no reliable portrait of this queen, so famed for her beauty.

The MOST BEWITCHING of ALL QUEENS

*They Tell Us Now that Cleopatra Was Really Not Pretty at All,
but Surely She Must Hold the Title of the Greatest
Charmer in History*

FOR two thousand years poets have been dreaming of Cleopatra (klē'ō-pā'trā). They dream of her dark Egyptian beauty, of her imperious queenliness, of her long slanting eyes with the light in them that lured heroes to destruction. Yet Cleopatra was more than a beautiful and fatal dream. She was a mortal woman and a queen, in Egypt, long ago.

She was born about 68 B.C., the eldest child of the Egyptian king. When her father died, he left his throne for her and her young brother Ptolemy (tōl'ē-mī) to rule together. Cleopatra was seventeen, Ptolemy twelve. They were to marry each other, as royal brothers and sisters always did in Egypt in those old days.

But Ptolemy was not willing for his sister

to rule with him, and made war on her. It was then that the young queen first showed her power over men. She met the great Julius Caesar at Alexandria, and though he was getting old and bald, he fell helplessly in love with her. With his help she won back her throne. Her brother-husband was killed in the war, and a younger brother, who also had a right to the throne, conveniently died. Some say Cleopatra poisoned him. Then she and Caesar went to Rome together, and she did not return to Egypt until 44 B.C., when Caesar was dead.

Caesar was dead—but Cleopatra, "serpent of the Nile," was very much alive. She was only twenty-four, and already she knew her power. She despised the "barbarians" of Rome, but she would use them to her pur-

CLEOPATRA



A powerful official of the Egyptian court had sent Cleopatra out of the country, wishing to be rid of her, but Caesar, when he arrived in Egypt, soon sent for the young queen. In order to pass unrecognized

through the palace gates, Cleopatra had herself wrapped in a carpet and brought before Caesar, who, as you may imagine, was soon won over to her cause by her ingenuity and fateful charms.

poses. She would take no part in the wars that had followed Caesar's fall, but she would win to herself young Mark Antony, one of the leaders of the war, and bid him help her found along the eastern shores of the Mediterranean an empire which should not be Roman at all, but Greek. How she must have smiled slowly to herself as she thought of it, lying in the cool of the evening in her barge on the Nile, soothed by the gentle swaying of great palm-leaf fans in the hands of dusky slaves!

Mark Antony summoned her to meet him and explain why she had not joined the war. She came to him floating in a gorgeous vessel and garbed as Venus, the goddess of love. Of course he fell completely under her spell. Even Caesar had fallen—and Mark Antony was young. They went together back to Alexandria, and there Antony lingered for five years, forgetting Rome and the war he was supposed to be waging. Once for a time he broke away, and even went to Rome and married a wife, the noble Octavia (ŏk-tā'-vī-ä), sister of Antony's chief rival, Octavian. But soon Antony deserted Rome and Oc-

tavia, and went back to Egypt. He even listened to Cleopatra's plan for a Greek empire. The Romans said that he was bewitched.

At last, in 32 B.C., Octavian determined to put a stop to this shame of Antony and of Rome. He declared war. Antony and Cleopatra combined their forces to meet the attack. But Cleopatra fled from the naval battle at Actium (äk'shī-ŭm), thinking all was lost, and Antony followed her. Not long after, being told that his beloved was dead, Antony killed himself. It is said that Cleopatra had betrayed him, promising to die with him and then bidding her servants tell him falsely she was dead. However that may be, she tried now to save herself and Egypt by winning Octavian as she had won the others. But Octavian was unmoved.

Cleopatra knew then that Octavian would take her to Rome, to walk in her proud beauty before him in chains at his triumph. So she clasped to her bosom a little deadly serpent, the Egyptian asp. Thus she died, in 30 B.C., and passed into history—and into the poets' dreams.

"I FOUND ROME BRICK *and* LEFT IT MARBLE"

Heir to the Mighty Julius, Augustus Caesar, the First Roman Emperor, Could Say This of What He Had Done for the Eternal City

GAIIUS OCTAVIANUS was only nineteen in 44 B.C., when the great news came. His great-uncle Julius Caesar, dictator of Rome, had been assassinated; and he, Octavian (ōk-tā'vī-ăn), was Caesar's heir. Caesar had further decreed that his beloved nephew should here-

that it was not long before he had himself and Antony and a man named Lepidus (lēp'y-dūs) -who did not count appointed triumvirs (trī-ūm'vēr), that is, members of a council of three to rule the state.

This is Octavian, the great-nephew of Julius Caesar and the first of the Roman emperors. As a member of the Julian family, Augustus, as he was later called, could trace his ancestry back to Aeneas, and so to Venus, the goddess-mother of the Trojan hero. To remind people of this divine ancestor, the sculptor has put a statue of Cupid at the feet of the Emperor.

Young Octavian was as fierce and ambitious as Antony himself, and the first thing they did was to conduct a "proscription." That is, in plain words, they ordered everyone they feared and hated to be put to death. Something like 2,300 Roman nobles were killed, while others were driven into exile. One of those proscribed was the great orator Cicero. When the triumvirs thought they had things well in hand at Rome, they marched against Brutus and Cassius, and overcame them at the battle of Philippi (fi-lip'pī), in Greece. Then they proceeded to divide up the Roman world among them. Antony took the eastern half, Octavian the western. Lepidus was at first given an unimportant territory in Africa, and then put out of the triumvirate altogether.

Almost at once war broke out between Antony and Octavian. But presently a peace was made - for a while - and Antony married his rival's sister, Octavia. This marriage, however, only made matters worse in the end. For Antony went to Egypt, looking for more

after be called Gaius Julius Caesar Octavianus. It was the last and greatest of a long series of honors that the great man had showered on the lad. Now Octavian had to drop his studies, at which he had been working in the Greek city of Epirus, and hurry to Rome. His mother, and others too, urged him not to accept the grand gift of the rulership of the Roman world, for they knew very well that it would mean war and all sorts of troubles. But Octavian was determined to accept.

The troubles began at once. Brutus and Cassius, leaders of the band who had murdered Caesar, held the provinces to the east. Mark Antony, an ambitious and very clever politician at Rome, tried to treat Octavian as a silly child. But the boy was so far from being silly

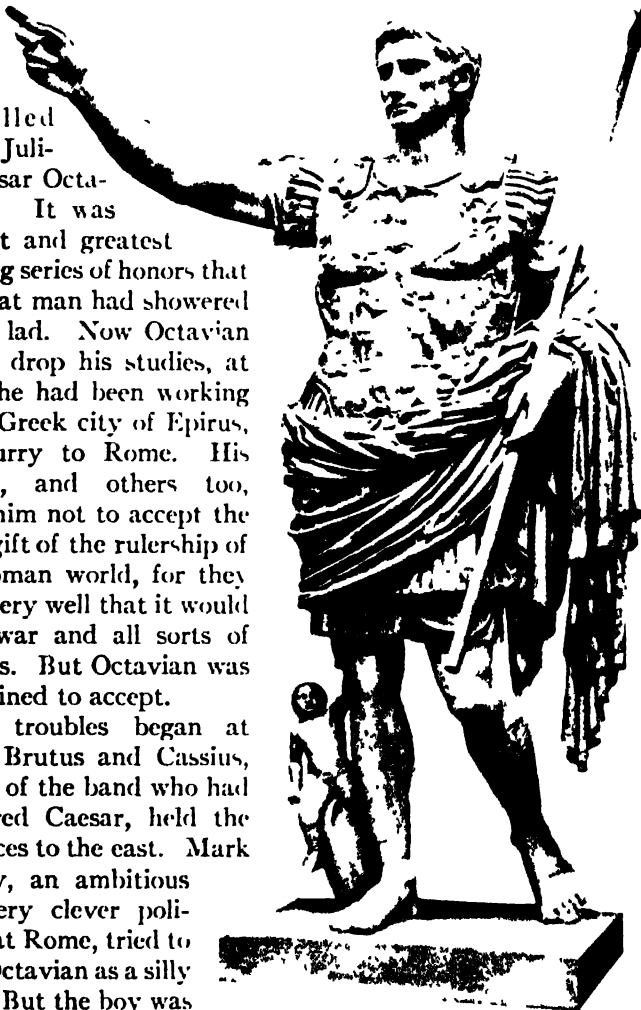


Photo by Anderson, Rome

AUGUSTUS CAESAR

power, and at once fell helplessly under the spell of the fascinating Egyptian queen, Cleopatra (klē'ô-pā'trā). He forgot all about war and government, and frittered his time away for years in attendance upon the beautiful queen. Rumors reached Rome that the two of them were planning an Eastern empire of their own. Then word came that Antony had divorced Octavia for Cleopatra's sake. That was the climax. Octavia's brother set out to conquer Antony and win the world for himself.

Octavian had Rome enthusiastically behind him in this war. For he had not been wasting his time. He had turned into a wise as well as a strong ruler. He had made the frontiers firm, he had put down the robbers in the hills and highways, he had made Rome cleaner and more beautiful. In all these things he had been helped and inspired by Livia (liv'i-ā), the wise and loyal woman he had married, and by Marcus Agrippa, as wise and loyal a friend as any ruler ever had. Now he crushed Antony at Actium (āk'shī-ŭm), without a great deal of trouble. Both Antony and Cleopatra committed suicide. And Octavian returned home to Rome amid the wild enthusiasm of the people.

This was in 29 B.C. The gates of the temple of Janus (jā'nŭs), which always stood open in time of war, were closed for the first time in two hundred years. The people had reason to hail the new master of Rome.

Octavian set about the task of reorganizing the government. For half a century or so there had been no Roman republic, but only a series of military dictators, usually at war with one another. Octavian now brought back many of the forms of the republic, so dear to the Roman heart. But the real power was from the first in Octavian. Every five or ten years, whenever his term ran out, the Senate would reappoint him as "imperator," or emperor. Unless we count his famous great-uncle as having founded the Roman empire, he was the first and greatest of the Roman emperors.

In reward for bringing peace and good government back to his war-torn country, the Senate gave him the title "Augustus,"

which means "majestic." And it is as Augustus Caesar that he has ever since been known. All the Roman emperors took the title after him.

The reign of Augustus, or the Augustan Age, is still celebrated by poets and historians as one of the great periods of the human race. All up and down the vast empire, peace was reigning the "pax romana," or "peace of Rome." New and just laws were passed, and it was a fine thing to be a Roman citizen. Temples were repaired or built, highways were laid, magnificent public buildings arose. Augustus said he "found Rome brick and left it marble." Art flourished and blossomed. Livy was writing his great histories, Ovid and Horace their immortal poems. Virgil was telling the story of the hero of Roman legend in one of the world's greatest epics, the "Æneid" (ē-nē'id). It was the Golden Age of Latin letters.

Yet even during this time of peace and plenty, there was usually some fighting going on along the northern boundaries of the empire, with the barbarian tribes of the German wilderness. Augustus tried to push them back across the Elbe River, but he could not do it. During the last ten years of his life he had to spend much time and energy on these wars to the north. At one time in 6 A.D., Rome was actually in fear of a barbarian invasion. But that was not to come for something like three hundred years.

So the great emperor grew old, loved and honored by his people. They had forgotten the cruelties of his youth. At last when he was seventy-seven years old, in 14 A.D., Augustus died. His adoring countrymen hailed him as a god, and set up an altar to his memory.

It is one of the startling things of history that in this reign, which marked the very highest point of Roman civilization, the two forces began to stir which were some day to conquer Rome. In the north the barbarians, who would later overrun the empire, began to be restless. And in Palestine was born Jesus of Nazareth, whose followers were to put an end to the worship of all the old gods of Greece and of Rome.



Photo by Anderson, Rome

This is the scene at the baptism of Constantine, as one of the Italian painters of the Renaissance imagined it. Here, as in many of the paintings of that day, the artist has put in portraits of people living in his own

time. Often they were portraits of his patrons, wealthy and powerful nobles of Italy. For no matter how important the man, he would certainly have been flattered to be shown in attendance upon such an occasion.

The FIRST CHRISTIAN EMPEROR

How Constantine Saw a Sign in the Sky Which Led Him to Make Christianity the World's Religion

ABOUT sixteen hundred years ago, a Roman army was sweeping down over the Alps into the plains of Italy. Although they were entering the home land, they were bent on anything but peace. They meant to make their young general emperor of Rome at the point of the sword about the only way for any man to become emperor in those days. The young general was Constantine (288-337), son of the emperor Constantius I and of Flavia Helena, who later became St. Helena. His rival, who claimed the power in Rome, was Maxentius (măk-sĕn'shĭ-ŭs).

Already Constantine (kŏn'stăn-tĭn) had won two battles at Turin and Verona, but he might still have wondered whether he could risk a march on Rome. For the army of Maxentius was a good deal larger than his own. But at this point a strange and

famous thing is said to have occurred— one of the little things that come every so often to change the history of the world.

It was a dream or vision. In it Constantine saw a great flaming cross in the sky, with the words meaning "By this sign thou shalt conquer." Now the cross was the sign of the new Christian faith, which had been growing so steadily for three centuries in spite of all the tortures that the Christians had been forced to face. And Constantine felt that if he fought under the cross he would win his way to rule the world.

So he put a Christian motto on his banners and pushed on to Rome. He met the army of Maxentius near the river Tiber, and gave battle. Nothing could stop his veteran legions, and the astonished forces of Maxentius were driven into the river. In a few hours Constantine was victor. He had

CONSTANTINE

mastered his last enemy in Italy, and was now emperor of the West.

Constantine did not at once become a Christian, but one of his first acts was to issue the edict of Milan (313), which put an end to all persecution of the Christians. They were now to be allowed to serve their own God in their own way. A little later, when the Emperor himself joined the new faith, the old pagan religion was crumbling very rapidly. It might linger on, here and there, for some time to come; but Christianity was soon to eclipse it, and to grow into the religion of the great empire—with the most momentous results for the future of all Europe to this day.

That is why the dream of Constantine is such a famous thing in history.

Aside from being the first Christian emperor, Constantine is known for many other things. He is even called Constantine the Great for his achievements. In his day the great Roman empire was split in two, with one emperor in the West and another in the East. When Constantine had made sure of the West, he marched his armies into the East and mastered the whole of it. Then he was emperor of the entire state of Rome. And although the conqueror did a good many cruel things, like many another conqueror of that time, he was on the whole a wise ruler, and a very strong one.

The Great New City in the East

He moved the capital of his great empire, and that too was a turning point in history. For many a century the city of Rome had been the center of all the world. Now

Constantine shifted the center far to the east, into a place that is now in the land of Turkey. There, at the old city of Byzantium (bĭ-zăn'shĭ-ŭm), he built a capital that we still call by his own name—for Constantinople means the "City of Constantine." As it turned out, the most important

thing in this was that, with no emperor left to rule in the West, the pope of Rome gradually became the great power in Italy and in Western Europe, and so remained all through the Middle Ages.

Another great event in the reign of Constantine was the Council of Nicaea (nĭ-sĕ'ă) in 325, over which the Emperor himself presided. This was the first of the great councils of the church. It was called to settle various disputes that had grown up in the new religion, and especially the one between Arius (ă'rĭ-ŭs) and Athanasius (ăth'ă-nă'shĭ-ŭs). In settling this quarrel on the side of Athanasius the Council adopted the

Nicene (nĭ'sen) Creed, which, with a few changes, has come down to our day. The church thus took the stand that Jesus Christ was Himself "very God of very God," "begotten of the Father," and one of the Trinity of which the Godhead is composed.

Why Constantine Was Called "the Great"

Constantine was not a great man in his own right. He had no high endowments of mind or heart. He accomplished no miracles. But he was wise enough to associate himself with great movements and great ideas. This does not mean that he was insincere in doing so. He was genuinely a Christian, and served his faith well.

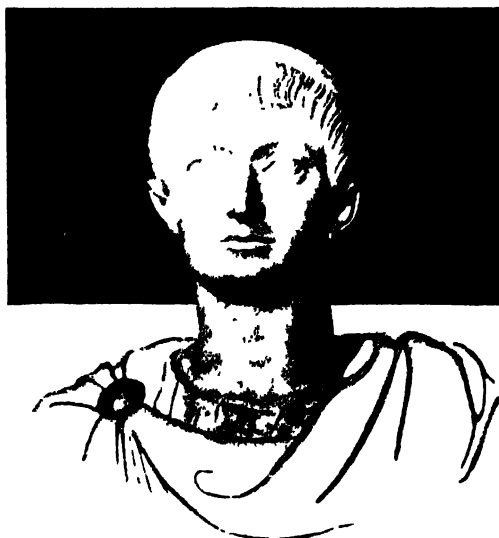


Photo by the Louvre

There is a very interesting reason why this bust of the young Constantine should seem so stiff and unreal, and should look straight ahead with a fixed, expressionless stare. When Constantine moved the capital of his great empire from Rome to the East, it meant that the leadership of Rome and of the West had come to an end for many centuries. And it meant that the supremacy of Western art, as Rome had inherited it from Greece, had come to an end, too. The Emperor was now to be an oriental monarch; and a statue of him would be, not a portrait, but a monument.



Geneviève of Nanterre, who became the patron saint of Paris, is looking out over her beloved city. She it was who put heart into the terrified people when Attila

the Hun was leading his hordes against them. And for that and many other brave and holy deeds she was made a saint and is honored still.

The WOMAN WHO SAVED PARIS

It Was the Gentle Saint Geneviève Who Met the Threat of the Fearsome Attila, Chief of the Huns

ATILLA, the terrible Hun, "the scourge of God," was sweeping down on Paris! It was his boast that wherever his hordes set foot the grass withered away forever. City after city had been thrown into panic and despair by the mere news of his coming. What could Paris do against him—Paris, in 450 A.D. but little more than a village on an islet in the Seine?

But there was a pale, weak girl in Paris, whose weakness came from devout fasting, and whose pallor was the bright-eyed pallor of a seer of visions. It was Geneviève of Nanterre (zhě-ně-vyěv' of nôN'těr'), long devoted to the service of God. Sometimes the people of Paris had laughed at her or hated her, thinking her a fraud. But now

they turned to her in their terror and distress.

Geneviève told them not to flee, but to be of good cheer and to stand their ground. Let them hope and trust in God, she said, and do deeds of repentance and of penance. Then surely God would turn the Huns aside, and Paris would be saved. So the people took heart, and hoped, and did repent of their sins.

And it was as she had said. Attila (ăt'î-lă) unexpectedly turned his hordes another way, and Paris was safe again. The people believed that God had answered Geneviève's prayer. It was only the first of many miracles this saintly woman is said to have performed.

It is not quite certain just when Saint Geneviève was born or who her people were. But her birth date is about 422, and legend

SAINT GENEVIEVE



On the walls of the Panthéon, in Paris, are a series of fine paintings showing the life of St. Geneviève. The

one above shows how the sorrowing people gathered to receive her blessing when her death was near.

tells that in her girlhood at Nanterre she tended her father's flocks. The hillside where the flocks were pastured is still called "Saint Geneviève's meadow," and you may still see near it "Saint Geneviève's grotto," the cavern where she used to meditate and pray. It is said that from earliest childhood she saw visions and worked wonders. When her parents died, she went up to Paris, where she lived a holy life, and made friends and enemies, and prayed against the coming of Attila, as we have said.

There is a beautiful legend, quite filled with miracles, of how the holy woman once more, years later, saved Paris this time from the vengeance of Clovis (klō'vīs), the heathen Frankish king, whose army lay close about the walls of the city. The people would have died, the story goes, if Geneviève had not fetched supplies from granaries that stood far down the Seine. Setting out with eleven fishing boats and some few helpers, she ordered the winds to blow where and when she listed. Sand bars that obstructed the river's course vanished at the sound of her voice, and when she spoke the granaries gave up their store of corn. By this means the doer of miracles, now grown old, again saved the city of her adoption.

All her life, the legend continues, St. Geneviève worked in Paris miracles of mercy—

giving speech to the dumb, sight to the blind, ears to the deaf that they might hear. Those stricken with disease she made whole. Cripples walked straight at the sound of her voice. The very dead she is said to have raised to life again.

So this holy woman grew old, and about 512, in ripe old age, she died. Her body was entombed alongside that of Clovis, the dead king, who had become a Christian since the time when he besieged the city. Both were buried in the great church which he had raised to the glory of St. Peter and St. Paul. There the sepulcher of the miracle worker continued to give aid to those in distress, and shortly it became a shrine for many pilgrims. The simple shepherdess came to be the patron saint of Paris. Twice more it is supposed that she saved the city, once from a flood (834), and once from a violent plague (1120), which ceased suddenly while a procession was being held in her honor. One splendid building after another has risen to house her relics. To-day they lie enshrined in the great church called the Panthéon (pōN'tā'ōN').

And every year, in that beautiful edifice, January 3 is still celebrated as Saint Geneviève's festival day, for the Parisians still love the memory of the gentle, Christlike woman.



So great was the power and fame of Charlemagne, that even the pope at Rome vowed allegiance to him. Once this pope, Leo III, had to flee from his enemies in Rome, and he made his way straight to Charlemagne at Paderborn, in Germany. The great king received

him graciously, as we can see in this picture, and then sent him back to Rome with a strong escort of soldiers. Later, when Charlemagne himself was in Rome, Leo crowned him emperor of a new Roman empire. Surely that was a generous reward for Charlemagne's help

The GREATEST KING of the MIDDLE AGES

How Charlemagne Tried to Build Up the Roman Empire Once More, Only to Have It Fall to Pieces Again

IS THERE any possible chance that all the civilization in the world now could slowly fade away, and the whole world go back to barbarism?

We are sure it could not happen. We simply cannot think of such a thing. And yet it all happened once before, and that fact is just about the strangest thing in all our history. Nobody was expecting it. For any Roman fifteen hundred years ago would have been about as sure it could not happen as we are to-day. His world was just about as civilized as ours is, even if he had no steam

engines and electricity, and of course he thought it was going on forever. Yet in a few centuries it was all gone, and the night of barbarism came down on the earth once more.

Out of that night of the Dark Ages rose at last the figure of a heroic man, one of the really great men of all time. It was Charlemagne (shar'le-mān), or Charles the Great. And for a while it looked as if something like the Roman empire might be born again.

This greatest ruler of the Middle Ages was born about the year 742. He had hardly

CHARLEMAGNE

any education as a boy, for no king in that day needed any. He never learned how to write. But from the very first he showed all the superb qualities that a ruler of that day would need.

He was a big man, and very strong. There are stories that he could knock down a horse with his fist, and could straighten out four horse-shoes, tied together, with his hands. Even if these tales are a little fanciful, they still show what a mighty man he must have been. And he had all the other gifts of a great leader and conqueror. That is why he mastered the world from Spain to Denmark and from the Atlantic to the land we now call Hungary—until it looked as if the Roman empire was coming back once more.

The kingdom of his father, Pippin, had been scattered about in various places, but most of it lay in Northern France and in Germany. When the father died, the kingdom was split up between Charlemagne and his brother. But the brother was no match for Charlemagne, and at his death a few years later Charlemagne took over the whole kingdom. Then he gradually added to it a large part of the rest of Europe.

In those days a king had to spend most of his days fighting, or he would have all his lands taken away from him. All the little dukes and princes lived in the hope of ruining

one another and swallowing up one another's land. Even the Pope was by no means safe from violence, and his lands were frequently invaded by the Lombards and his other enemies in Italy. Then he often sent for the Frankish kings, like Charlemagne, to help him fight his greedy and turbulent foes.



Photo by Luchini

If Charlemagne had lived in more peaceful times, there is no telling what marvels of learning and happy prosperity he might have been able to bring to his ignorant and distracted people. Even as it was, he managed to do much good, for he was a great organizer and a great patron of learning. As he stands here among the busy teachers and eager pupils, he looks both kindly and wise.

Now Charlemagne was a supporter of the Pope. He also had a feud with the Duke of Lombardy. He had married the Duke's daughter, and then put her away. So two years after he came to the throne we find him marching over the mountains into Italy, to assist the Pope and crush the Lombards. He won a great victory in 774, and the Pope was glad to see the Duke of Lombardy submitting to a Frankish ruler.

But Charlemagne soon found that he had three main enemies. There were the Saxons over in Germany. He fought them for ten years before he finally mastered them and made them agree to be baptized as Christians and to serve him as their overlord. There were the Moors in Spain, with whom he fought in 778, and whom he held back from overrunning Europe all his life. And there were always the enemies in Italy, whom he was fighting, off and on, for some ten years.

He held his own against them all, for he was a great soldier and a much greater organizer. Now and then, of course, he suf-

CHARLEMAGNE

ferred a reverse. The most famous of these came in Spain, when the Moors fell upon a rear guard under the command of the famous Roland and cut it to pieces. That little battle has passed into a vast legend; throughout the Middle Ages, and straight down to our day, Roland has been one of the great heroes of myth. Thousands of poems and stories have been written about him; and to this very day the favorite book of all Italian boys, whether in Rome or in New York, is one about the hero Roland. You will find the tale elsewhere in these books.

But Charlemagne nearly always won, and then he ruled what he had won with great strength and wisdom. By the year 800 he had mastered and brought together most of what had once been the western Roman empire. And the year is famous because it was then that Pope Leo III crowned him emperor of Rome.

But the Roman empire was not to come back. When Charlemagne died, in 814, there was no one who could hold his lands together. They flew to pieces again, and the Dark Ages kept on—slowly, very slowly, men began to struggle up to civilization once more and to turn their lands into the Europe that we know to-day. And the Europe we know to-day is still a set of separate nations, only

too often at sword's points one with another. No empire, Roman or another, has ever come back. Charlemagne came nearest to it. The other men who have tried it have all had him, more or less, for the model. The great Napoleon used to dream of being another Charlemagne. So, it is said, did Kaiser Wilhelm.

The last fourteen years of Charlemagne's rule were fairly peaceful, and he gave a great deal of time to the improvement of his conquests. He appointed counts to rule his different provinces, and they met once a year to talk things over in an assembly. He built bridges, dug canals, and aided commerce in every way he could. He brought in fruit trees from far lands, and tried to improve agriculture. Above all, perhaps, he built schools and did everything he could for education.

The list of things a boy had to learn in one of Charlemagne's schools would make any modern boy turn pale. There is not room enough here even to list them. It is only fair to say that after he grew up, and in the midst of so many cares and battles, Charlemagne learned a great many of those things himself. He learned how to read Latin and even Greek—a rare thing at that time. But he never managed to learn how to write.



RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED



Illustration by H. R. H. H. H.

King Richard is dying, and the man who shot the fatal arrow has been haled before him, a terrified prisoner. But for all his faults Richard the Lion-hearted was as generous as he was brave. He gave orders that the

man be set free. It is a great pity that the little men about the King could not be content to obey him. For as soon as their ruler was dead, they put this poor soldier to a horrible death.

The BOLDEST of the OLD CRUSADERS

*Surely This Would Be Richard the Lion-hearted, King of England,
about Whose Strength and Bravery Many a Stirring
Story Has Come Down to Us*

COEUR DE LION" means "heart of a lion," and it was a title which Richard I of England well deserved. He was a mighty warrior, in stature like a giant, cunning in council, and truly lion-hearted in the field. So to his great Moslem enemy Saladin (sa'l'a-din) he was Coeur de Lion (kûr dê lê'ôn').

But his father and his brothers and the other kings who fought with him or against him could tell a different story. He was headstrong and moody and unaccountable as the wind. One moment, with cool head and warm heart, he might generously spare

the life of a fallen enemy. The next, with hot head and cold heart, he might kill a friend. It was folly to depend on his word. He rebelled against his father, fought his brothers, and blew hot and cold with all the crowned heads of Europe. That is why men called him also Richard Yea-and-Nay.

Richard was born in the midst of the warlike twelfth century, in 1157. That was the time when the kings of England held more land in what is now France and Belgium than they did at home, and were always quarreling and fighting about it. When the young prince was only eleven, his father,

RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED



FIGURE RIGHT

Many are the tales that are told of the valor and chivalry of Richard the Lion-hearted on his crusade in Palestine, and just as many are the tales of the generous chivalry of the sultan Saladin, his noble Moslem foe. The two men had a great admiration for each other, and exchanged the most cordial compliments between battles. Once Saladin's brother even sent Richard two magnificent Arab war horses in the midst of a battle! Yet, oddly enough, the men never met. That is, they never met in life, but how often have they met in romance! Perhaps the most

famous story of their meeting is that told by Sir Walter Scott in "The Talisman," and pictured here. Richard lay at death's door with a fever, the story goes, and Saladin came to him disguised as an Arab physician. Richard's advisers feared treachery, but the King seized the Arab's wrist and felt his steady pulse. "His blood beats calm as an infant's," he cried. "So throb not theirs who poison princes." Then he drank the medicine his generous enemy had brought him, and soon after fell into a calm and refreshing sleep.

King Henry II gave him the French duchy of Aquitaine to rule as he would. The old King had never treated his elder sons, Henry and Geoffrey, with such favor. Yet when the elder princes rebelled against their father (1173), sixteen-year-old Richard could not bear to be left out of the fight. King Henry's army swept twice through Aquitaine before the imperious youngster would sue for pardon. The old King's heart was half broken, but he took Richard back into favor and reinstalled him as duke of the fair lands of Aquitaine.

Richard Becomes King

The young duke ruled his duchy with an iron hand. He grew so strong that after a few years his elder brother Henry, jealous of his power, bade him come and do feudal

homage to him. But it irked Richard to swear allegiance to any man. Was it not enough that he was already vassal both to his father and to the king of France? He refused. Then there was war, and the doughty young warrior went forth joyfully to battle. But Prince Henry marched into Aquitaine, and many of Richard's people, weary of his harsh rule, flocked to Henry's standard. Only aid from the old King, his father, saved Richard that time. The war ended suddenly in 1183, when Prince Henry died. Prince Geoffrey too was dead, and Henry's death made Richard heir to the English throne.

But Henry II did not want his son Richard to rule England. Richard was wholly French, and it seemed right that the English throne should go to John, the youngest King.

RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED

Henry therefore asked Richard to yield his right to John. Can the King have believed that the high-spirited and reckless young prince would consent to that? He had fought his father once-- he could do it again. He allied himself with the French king, Philip, and together they chased King Henry nearly across Northern France, and forced him to terms. In his father's very presence, Richard did homage to the King of France. Between grief over Richard's defiance and grief over the treachery of John, who had sought an alliance with Philip, too, the old King's heart was broken. In 1189 he died, and Richard became king in his stead.

At once he forgot his friendship with Philip, and even refused to marry Philip's sister, the Lady Alais (â'lê'), to whom he had been betrothed as a child. Yet it did not come to open war, for both kings had vowed to go on a crusade to the Holy Land, and they would have to go together.

When Knights Were Bold

Those were the days when a Christian knight thought there was nothing so gallant or so worthy in the sight of Heaven as to go on an expedition to win back Palestine from the Turks by force of arms. It was such an expedition that Richard and Philip were to lead. Fighting the Turks in Palestine was much more to Richard's taste than prosaically passing laws at home, and he was determined to go. He had no money, but he squeezed sums from his vassals and sold at auction many of his titles and lands. By 1191 he had four thousand mounted men at arms and as many foot soldiers and a brave fleet of a hundred transports. On his way he stopped in Italy and later conquered the Island of Cyprus. In the spring he joined the other Christian armies which were laying siege to the city of Acre (â'kër).

Richard Coeur de Lion fought in the Holy Land for a year and a half. He was a lion in battle, and even the French knights acknowledged him as leader. But Richard Yea-and-Nay quarreled with all his allies in council. Philip went home in high dudgeon, and Leopold of Austria treasured a deadly

insult against the day of revenge. It was even whispered, though no one could prove it, that the English King had had a hand in the murder of the Italian Duke of Montferrat--so bitterly had the two of them quarreled. Finally Richard heard that his brother John was conspiring against him at home, and quickly patching up a truce with Saladin, he set off for England.

That was in October, 1192. But not till March, 1194, did the King reach his kingdom. Every route was beset with enemies. He decided to go through Austria, and set out in a mean disguise. But the King's great height and haughty air betrayed him. At Vienna he was taken, haled before Leopold, whom he had insulted, and thrust into a strong tower on the Danube. The story goes that his subjects first learned where he was from a faithful old wandering minstrel. At all events, after a weary time, the English paid a heavy ransom and redeemed their captive King.

But Richard did not stay in England. It was true that he was really not English, but French. He left the rule of his island kingdom to one Hubert Walter-- who was much better at such things than he was --and spent the rest of his life in his possessions on the Continent. There he busied himself in interminable wars with his old ally, Philip of France. When the English heard from him it was usually because he wanted more money. In 1199 he heard of a golden treasure in the south, and, groaning in his kingly poverty, set out to get it. Of course this meant more war. But the clash of lances and the ringing of battle-axe on helmet were nearly over for King Richard. As he besieged the castle of Châlus, he was pierced by an arrow from a crossbow, and fell with a mortal wound.

After his death he became a legend. He himself had written graceful lyrics, and the poets and troubadours took him to their hearts. His giant strength, his courage, his very arrogance and rashness, were glorified in song and story. People forgot Richard Yea-and-Nay and remembered only Richard the Lion-hearted.



Who is the hero even more famous for skill at archery than was Robin Hood? It is William Tell, the patriot hero of Switzerland, who was forced by the tyrant to shoot an apple from the head of his own son - and did not miss. In this picture we see the rich trappings of

the indifferent foreigners, the villagers trembling at what Tell has to do, the fearless lad, far away against a blossoming tree, and the steady-armed father himself just drawing his bow. He has hidden a second arrow in his bosom—for the tyrant, if he should miss.

The NATIONAL HERO of the SWISS

Here Follows the Famous Tale of William Tell, the Man Who Shot the Apple from His Boy's Head

A MAN was striding into the public square of the town of Altdorf, in Switzerland, with his little son Strong and handsome, the man was known far and wide for his skill with the bow and arrow. He was now through with his business in the town, and was on his way home to the neighboring village where he lived in peace with his wife and his two little boys. His name was William Tell.

On the way across the square he was greeted by his friends on every side. But suddenly a heavy hand fell on his shoulder, and he found himself surrounded by soldiers. He was under arrest.

Tell was amazed. What had he done?

Had he not seen the silly Austrian hat set on a pole in the middle of the square? Did he not know that the Austrian bailiff Gessler had doomed all men to die if they failed to

bend the knee when they passed that hat? Had he not heard that all the Swiss people must kneel before the hat to acknowledge the rule of the hated Austrians who were oppressing their native land?

In the huge crowd that gathered Tell protested that he was innocent. He had known nothing of the order, he had not even seen the hat. At this moment Gessler himself came riding by. Tell called out to him for justice, and was answered with nothing but a sneer. All the same, Gessler had a quick idea. He had been hearing so much about what Tell could do with an arrow; now he would see for himself! He ruled that Tell might go free if he could shoot an apple off the head of his little boy at a distance of 150 paces.

There was great anger in the crowd, but not a man dared to speak. Tell could only

WILLIAM TELL

refuse the offer. He would not try to save his own life at such a risk to his child's. But the little boy knew no fear. Had he not seen his father hit smaller things than an apple, and farther away? The boy simply ran to the tree where he was to stand and shouted to his father to shoot.

At last the trembling father chose two arrows. As he fitted one into his bow, he slipped the other into his bosom. Then he slowly raised his bow and took aim as the crowd stood breathless. The bow twanged, and the arrow sped through the air and the apple fell from the boy's head, cloven into two clean halves!

The Mysterious Arrow

A shout of joy and admiration rose up from the watchers. Even the amazed Gessler was about to congratulate the brave marksman when he noticed the second arrow. Then he asked why the two arrows had been selected when there was to be only one shot. Tell did not want to answer that question, and he had to be assured that his life would be safe before he would open his mouth. Then he confessed that if his first arrow had done harm to his little boy, the second would have gone straight into the tyrant Gessler's heart. In his new rage Gessler now ordered Tell under arrest again. If he could not put the man to death, on account of his promise, he would throw him into a dungeon that would be worse than death.

Tell's Escape from the Boat

Seized and bound, Tell was thrown into Gessler's waiting boat. But as the boat was rounding the Axenstein, a sudden storm swept over the lake. The men at the oars knew that there was just one man aboard who might possibly bring the boat through such a storm. There was no other man in the land who could handle a rudder like William Tell. At the pleas of the men, and for his own safety, Gessler consented to set Tell free once more, long enough to bring the boat to safety. But the strong Tell

steered for a ledge of rock at the foot of Axenberg. As he passed the ledge he seized his bow and arrows and sprang ashore, leaving the others to save themselves as best they could.

Then Tell hurried over the mountains to a hollow road where Gessler would have to pass if he managed to escape the storm and go home. Before long, the party of the tyrant came along the road, and Tell could hear Gessler swearing that he would have the life of Tell, and of his wife and boys. At that moment the patriot put an arrow through the heart of the foreign tyrant.

Then he sped home. The news of his deeds ran through all the land and made the Swiss come together to defy their tyrant rulers. Before long there was an uprising which drove the Austrians out of the country and left the Swiss free to rule themselves in their mountain home.

The Death of Brave William Tell

As for Tell, he lived in honor for many a year more. One day when he was an old man, as we are told, he plunged into the icy waters of the Schachen to save a child from drowning. But the shock was too much for the old hero, and he died soon afterward.

Such is the famous story of William Tell. It all happened so long ago that we do not know now just how much of it is true and how much is legend. That is the way with the great heroic stories of old. But it does not make very much difference. The story would be just as heroic, and just as inspiring, if there had never been any such real man as Tell. The immortal story has inspired many a patriot and many a poet, in Switzerland and all over the world. In Switzerland there are three churches known as Tell Chapels where services are held every year in honor of the hero, and there is a huge statue of him in Altdorf, at the very spot where he is said to have shot the apple from his boy's head. Best of all, the hero is immortal in the great play written about him by the German poet Schiller.



Photo by Giraudon, Paris

It is not hard to tell which is the royal prisoner in this picture! Servitors and nobles cower before the

curved swords of their Moslem captors, but Louis IX stands fearless - every inch a king!

A SAINT *among the* CRUSADERS

Louis IX of France—St. Louis - Was One of the Holy Warriors and One of the Most Gallant Knights of All the Middle Ages

HE WAS Louis IX of France, well-loved and honored by his people, and a great power in Europe. But, more than that, he was St. Louis, seer and warrior and humble adorer of the cross. To be both a holy man of miracles and every inch a king—perhaps no one else so romantically sums up for us the Middle Ages, those stirring days of faith and chivalry.

Louis was only twelve in 1226, when his royal mother, Blanche of Castile, made her way with him cautiously toward Paris, along roads infested with enemies. The blue-eyed, fair-haired lad was to be crowned king of France, now that his father, whose name he

bore, was dead. Troubled days were ahead, for this Louis VIII, called "the Lion," had left France torn with quarrels and discontent. But the queen mother would rule for little Louis till he was grown; and Blanche of Castile was quite equal to the task. Once in Paris, she rallied faithful subjects around her, urging them to deeds of valor for the sake of their boy king. Within a year or so she had quieted the country and was ruling better than her husband had been able to do.

Louis was his mother's idol, and she was his. She trained him in gentleness and valor and religious devotion. Then, in 1242, a few years after he had reached the age of man-



ILLUSTRATION

Here is Louis as a little lad distributing alms to the poor. This early training in gentleness and compassion

was to bear rich fruit in later years, when the King became a very saint for kindness.

hood and had begun to rule for himself, he put his courage to the test by subduing the nobles, who had again become restless. Next, he drove all foreign soldiers off the soil of France. In two battles he defeated the troops of Henry III of England. Thus he showed that he had taken to heart his mother's lessons of courage.

A Vow to Deliver Jerusalem

But the wars had been very hard, and King Louis fell desperately ill. One day two ladies of the court sat by him disputing as to whether or not the King still breathed. One wished to lay a cloth over his face, saying that surely he was dead. But the other said the soul was in his body still. All this King Louis heard, and at last strength came to him to speak.

"He who dwelleth on high and watcheth over His people hath been beside me," he

said. "He hath led me out from among the dead."

Then he called for the cross—"the Cross of the voyage beyond the sea." When it had been laid upon him, he swore a vow to lead a crusade to the Holy Land, and there to deliver the sacred places from the hands of the infidel Mohammedans. When his mother heard that he had spoken at last, she rejoiced. But when she heard further of his vow, "she made as great mourning as if she had seen him dead."

Nothing could keep the King from fulfilling his vow. In 1248, fully recovered from his sickness, he left his mother to rule in his absence and took ship for Palestine.

The crusaders overcame the Saracens at a battle near Damietta, in Egypt. But soon the King and almost the whole army were stricken with disease, and the enemy fell upon them, slaying them or taking them

prisoners. The King himself was taken, and more than once he thought his captors would kill him. But after five weary years in captivity, he was ransomed. The nobles of France had got together some five million dollars, a tremendous sum in those days, to buy the freedom of their beloved King.

Even then, Louis would not go back to France, hoping still to fight in Palestine. But before he had got beyond the coast cities, he received word that the Queen Regent, his mother, was dead.

There was nothing to do but to go home and rule his troubled kingdom. So, sorrowing for his loss and for his hopeless dream of taking Jerusalem, he returned to France. With the strong Queen dead, the country had fallen once more into disorder, and Louis had to set things right again. Then for many years he ruled France like a saint and a true king. The poorest petitioner at his courts of justice was sure of a hearing. The King himself visited the sick,

and often gave food and drink to the needy with his own hand. Every day broken old men would be fed with the same meats that the King ate, and would be given money before they went away. Many were the hospitals and monasteries built by the royal saint. Yet always he kept his kingly state, and his court was more magnificent than any French court before it.

The King himself, however, did not dress in magnificent state nor eat of the splendid banquets. His garments were not trimmed with the fashionable beaver or squirrel, nor made of scarlet, nor decked in gold; they were plain gray or blue cloth, with deer's

hide or lambskin trimmings. Many of his courtiers went more gayly dressed than he. At table he ate whatever was set before him without question, and put water always into his wine. He rose at midnight for prayers, and every day he heard two Masses and all the services of the day. When he traveled, priests rode with him on horseback to chant

the hours according to the ritual of the church.

The time came at last when the warrior-saint could not longer resist his wish to set out on another crusade. Though he was none too strong in body, and though all his counselors urged him not to go, set out he would. Early in July, 1270, he landed in Tunis, on the northern coast of Africa, at the head of a small band of crusaders, again on the way to the Holy Land. But even before they had fought a battle, the crusaders once more fell prey to disease. Louis himself was seized with the dread plague, and within a month he was lying dead. He had caused

himself to be laid on a bed of ashes, and had crossed his hands upon his breast and given up the ghost. "And it was at the same hour," adds a pious chronicler, "that the Son of God died upon the cross for the world's salvation."

Louis Becomes a Saint

Thus died Louis IX, flower of the faith and chivalry of France. Twenty-seven years after his death he was formally made a saint of the church; shrines were built to him, and prayers offered for his intercession, and long afterward a great city was named for him in far-off America, which had not even been discovered when he died.



Photo, Pantheon, Paris

Here is Saint Louis among the Saracens. Joinville (zhwāN'vél'), a chronicler of the Middle Ages and a devoted friend of Louis IX, gives us a very human account of this, the most perfect knight of the age of chivalry and the strongest king of his time. Louis was a head taller than any of his knights, Joinville says, and his saintliness did not keep him from being as brave as a lion, or from having an excellent sense of humor!



Suppose that just as you were hauling in the last of a day's catch of fine fish, some insolent foreign soldiers should come up and demand the whole lot of them.

How should you feel? William Wallace was so enraged that he struck out with his fishing pole—and so started on his career as a rebel hero.

A BRAVE HERO *of* OLD SCOTLAND

William Wallace Is a Name to Rouse the Blood of Every Loyal Scot to This Day

ALL through this story you must do your best to remember that seven hundred years ago the land of Scotland, now the home of a sturdy and very peaceful people, was one of the most blood-soaked countries that the world has ever seen. There was constant war among its many clans, sometimes in open battle and sometimes in sly fighting within its mountain forests, and there was constant conflict of all or many of the Scots with the Englishmen who claimed to own and rule the land. And whenever the hardy Scots went to war they did it thoroughly; no American Indian ever fought more furiously.

All these things will help us to understand the tale of the great Scottish hero of whom we are now going to tell. His name is William Wallace.

Now there is a great deal of his story of which we are none too certain. All the part of it that is real history is sure enough, and that is sufficient to make him a great hero. But all the rest has come down to us in poetry and legend, and while we can hardly say that any of it is mere fiction, we are not quite sure how much of it is actual fact. We shall tell the story as the world will always tell it, and the surest thing about it is that it will show the *kind* of man that Wallace was, even when we are not certain about every single incident in his life.

William Wallace was born about 1270. He was not a lord of the land, as any great hero of those days was expected to be. He was only a knight. Of his childhood we know next to nothing. We are certain that he grew up into a tall and very powerful

WILLIAM WALLACE



The English could capture Wallace only through the treachery of one he thought his friend. When the traitor had done his black deed, soldiers came and

man, and a dashing and inspiring leader. No other sort of man could have done what he did in those days. Those were not the days when a man a little over five feet tall could be a Napoleon. And we may also be pretty sure that from his childhood up the boy was bred to hate the Englishmen who were oppressing his land.

Wallace's First Battle

The story goes that it was a fishing trip which started him on his career as an avenging hero. A party of English soldiers had stopped him and demanded his day's catch of wriggling beauties. The youth said they might have a share of his prize if they would ask politely. Then a soldier's hand flew to his sword. But before he could draw it, the young man's stout fishing pole came down over his head, and the soldier never spoke again.

We are not sure whether that really happened. We are only sure that twenty things like it must have happened.

Then we are told that one day Wallace went out for a walk in a fine green suit, with a sword at his side, and that an Englishman who met him told him no Scot had any business strutting around in such fine

surrounded Wallace as he slept. How terrible an awakening that would be—to open your eyes on a ring of foes and feel in vain for your sword!

clothes. In a moment there was another Englishman whose lips were sealed.

Of course a man who did this sort of thing had to get away. Wallace is said to have rushed home to tell his wife farewell, and then to have made off for the woods. And we are told that the soldiers dashed into the house and seized the wife whom he had left behind him—and that when she would not tell where he had gone, they stabbed her to death.

Wallace Becomes an Outlaw

Certainly Wallace was now an outlaw in the woods. He was joined by a band of the humbler Scots—for the nobles would seldom follow him, because he was not a man of high birth—and he and all of his men were thirsting for vengeance on their oppressors. The band marched on the town and burst into the house of the man who had killed Lady Wallace. They slew him as he lay asleep. In the uproar that followed the people of the town rose to the aid of Wallace against the English who were trying to seize him. In the morning there were many dead, and Wallace was the master of the place.

Very soon the brave outlaw, still a very

WILLIAM WALLACE

young man, had gathered a large force round him, and the English were doing all they could to entrap him. They tried in many ways to do it. Among other things they called a meeting at the town of Ayr, claiming that they wanted to make peace. Then they seized and hanged every Scot who came

rebel, and the two armies met in deadly battle at Stirling.

Wallace had the fewer soldiers, but the better position. He had taken up his stand on one side of a river across which there was only one narrow bridge; and since many of his men were hidden, the English com-



When his captors had taken Wallace to London, they set him on a scaffold in the Great Hall of Westminster, to stand his trial. On his head they put a crown of

laurel, mocking him because they said he had boasted that some day he would wear a crown in that very place. Then they condemned him to death.

o the meeting. Wallace was late for the meeting, and was warned in time. He gathered his men, came into the town by night, and put a mark on every house in which an Englishman was sleeping. And every house was set on fire, while Wallace and his men stood by to see that none escaped the flames alive. That was called the 'Black Parliament of Ayr.'

The Battle of Stirling

By this time we are well on the ground of known history, for the deeds of Wallace had stirred up the English king, Edward I, to send a great army against him. Wallace had been taking one castle after another in Scotland, holding them when he could and destroying them when he did not have men enough to leave as a guard over them. The King sent a large army to put a stop to the

commander could not tell how strong the hostile force was. The commander first offered peace to Wallace; he received the haughty reply that Wallace had come for war, and would have nothing else. Then the English commander began to send his men in a thin line over the bridge. Not a Scot moved until about half the English troops had come across. Then they dashed down from their hill above, seized the end of the bridge to keep back all the other Englishmen, and fell upon all those who were already over. The result was a terrible slaughter and rout.

Scotland rang with joy. The power of the English was broken. Wallace was made the guardian of his country, and for the brief time he remained in power he ruled it wisely. But though he was the hero of the people, he was never the man for most of the nobles, who were jealous of him. And

now King Edward was heading north in person, with another great army to overthrow him.

With all the forces he could gather, Wallace knew he could not match the formidable English troops that were now coming. He harried them here and there in little skirmishes; but without risking a pitched battle, he retired slowly before them, leaving not a morsel for them to eat in the lands he gave up. He hoped to starve them out and to worry them till they were heartily tired of pursuing a man whom they could never catch. And he almost succeeded. The King of England was just about to give up the hopeless chase, when some jealous enemies of Wallace came and told him how he could reach the great leader. The result was the Battle of Falkirk.

The Scots fought fiercely, but the battle was hopeless for them from the start. The nobles on their side had deserted, leaving only the foot soldiers to oppose the British horsemen.

All of these things had taken only a very

short time. The battle at Stirling had been fought on September 11, 1297, and the one at Falkirk on July 22, 1298. So Wallace was still less than thirty years old when he resigned as guardian of his country, and with the remnant of his troops went once more into a wild life in the woods. He still made such trouble as he could, in raids from time to time upon the English; and though there was a price upon his head, he was too clever to be captured by any fair means.

At last one of his trusted friends seems to have betrayed his hiding place. He awoke one night to find that he was surrounded by armed men, and his sword and dagger gone. By a lonely way he was led out of the country, in order that no band of friends might rise up and set him free, and was taken to London. There he was at once tried as a traitor. He replied that he could not be a traitor to a king whom he had never promised to serve or obey. But no such answer was likely to delay the cruel death awaiting him on that very day.

August 23, 1305.

The GREATEST HERO of the SCOTS

The Noble Tale of Robert the Bruce, Greatest of Scotland's Kings

IN A little hut hidden away in a dark forest a young man lay down in despair. He had done all he could to set his land of Scotland free from its English foes. But he had been beaten by the English armies in six different battles, and now he had very nearly lost hope.

In this mood he caught sight of a spider above his head, doing its best to swing by its thread from one rafter to another. Six times the little creature swung and missed. Six times—just the number of his battles! If that little insect can try again, the young man thought, then surely so can I. And even as he made the vow, the spider swung once more—and won. The young man rose up to renew the fight, and so to become the greatest hero of his land.

Now Bruce had not always fought for Scotland. Born in 1274, he had seemingly been brought up at the English court of

King Edward I, and as a youth he had certainly not always stood against the claims of Edward in Scotland. At times he had even fought on the English side. But at the age of thirty-two, inspired by the great fight against the English that had been waged by William Wallace, the next greatest hero of his land, and by the wrongs that his country was suffering, Bruce decided to press his good claim to the Scottish throne and to fight the English.

Bruce Is Crowned King of Scotland

But it was a long way to victory. Soon after Bruce laid his secret plans, in 1304, to free his country, his enemy Red Comyn reported the plans to the English king; and when Bruce slew Comyn in revenge, the war with England burst into open flame. Many of the Scots, especially the humbler people, rallied to the new leader who had



What! thought Bruce was that patient little spider going to try again to swing her strand from beam to beam? Six times she had tried already, and six times

she had failed. But she did try a seventh time and succeeded. Might not he too succeed if he tried once more, though he had tried six times and failed?

risen in the place of Wallace, but some of the most powerful nobles were so hostile to Bruce, or so much afraid of the English armies, that they fortified their strong castles against the new champion of the land. So Bruce was far from having a united country behind him. But he was not to be daunted by that. He marched his men to Scone in 1306 and was there crowned king of Scotland.

Bruce Becomes a Lone Outlaw

Then came one defeat after another at the hands of the armies which the furious Edward sent up from England. Beginning with the battle at Methven, three months after he was crowned, the cause of Bruce kept sinking until in less than three years he was almost a lone outlaw.

This is about where the story of the spider comes in. But the really important thing that now happened for Bruce was the death in 1307 of the warlike Edward I, to be succeeded by his worthless heir, Edward II. The fortune of Bruce took a happier turn as soon as he had a foe who was so much weaker. Gathering all the forces he could, he came forth to the fight again, and now his

triumphant men marched from victory to victory. Much of this was due to the skill and courage of his two able generals, Douglas and Randolph, much to the devotion of his men, who knew full well that they were fighting the death battle for the homes and firesides of their beloved land; but most of all was due to the superb military genius of the hero who was in supreme command.

Tales of Valor

Of that hero's own bravery and prowess many a fine story has been told. Once he was attacked by three armed men together, and easily put them all down. Once his little band of only sixty men were resting on the bank of a river when the English force appeared on the other side. Only in one place could the river be forded, and there only in single file. And the story tells us that Bruce did not disturb his men, but stood guard alone over the ford on his side of the river. The English saw a single man, and started over; but as fast as they climbed up the bank, one by one, they fell under the battle-axe of the Bruce. After a while they stopped trying to cross.

When stories are as old as this, we are

never any too sure how much to believe of them. But at any rate such stories do not gather around anybody but a hero, and there is quite enough to prove the heroism of Bruce without these tales. There is the succession of victories—Linlithgow, Dumbarton, Perth, Roxburgh, Edinburgh, and many more—which by 1314 had brought nearly all Scotland into the hands of Bruce. And then came the great battle of Bannockburn—a word that makes the heart of every Scot leap in his breast to this day, a battle that set his land free from the English for all the centuries until she finally united in good will with her southern neighbors.

In the face of his supreme battle, Bruce laid his plans with great care and skill. He took up a strong position. Between him and the English ran the little stream called the Bannock, with its high banks and miry marshes. Wherever the ground was firm, Bruce had his men dig deep pits and plant sharp spikes, all carefully covered over, to take the English horsemen by surprise. When all was ready, he sent all the servants and camp followers, who were not expected to take any part in the fighting, out of the way to a neighboring hill.

On the day before the battle Bruce rode up and down the lines of his men on a little pony. On his helmet was a golden crown and in his hand a battle-axe. In a skirmish at the moment, an English warrior named Bohun seized the chance to rush through the lines upon Bruce. He fell with one blow of the battle-axe. And we are told that when Bruce's leaders begged him not to risk the fate of Scotland again in such a personal encounter, his only reply was, "I have broken my good axe."

When Servants Turned a Fight into a Rout

Next day the battle broke. The English archers came forward only to be scattered as the Scots poured forth upon them. The horsemen dashed out to the fray and found all sorts of trouble in the marshes, and among the pits and spikes. The field was choked with the men and horses in front, and those in the rear could not make their

way forward into the fight. In the confusion the lines began to waver. At this moment the frightened English saw a whole new army of Scots begin to pour over the brow of the hill. And then their lines broke and they fled for life. The fight turned into a rout, and Scotland was at last free.

That new army that the English had seen dashing down the hill was only the servants and camp followers who had been sent out of the way, but who had grown tired of waiting and had come into the fray armed with any poles and pikes they could find.

The Last Days of Bruce

Even though this battle sealed the fate of the war and made Scotland a free land with Bruce as its king, the hero went on fighting England for nearly all the remaining fifteen years of his life. For the independence of Scotland was not finally settled until the treaty of Northampton in 1328, just one year before the death of Bruce. In the meanwhile, however, Bruce had shown that he was as wise in ruling as he had been brave in fighting.

Three names above all do the Scots utter with love: that of Bruce, their hero-king, and of Wallace, his great exemplar; and that of Burns, their ploughboy-poet. And in that love they show their own fine character, for no nation has more reverence for a brave deed or for a fine book.

The story of Bruce does not quite close with his death from the dread disease of leprosy, taken in the hardships of his wars. He had made a pious promise to visit the Holy Land; and when he knew that he could never go, he asked his friend Douglas to take his heart there after his death. On the way Douglas carried the heart of his fallen leader in a silver casket. In the midst of a battle with the Moors in Spain, when he saw his end approaching, he threw the casket into the thickest of the fight with the words, "Go first in death as in life!" Then he sprang after it. When the fight was over, he was found dead on the field, with the heart of Bruce beneath him. It was piously carried back to Scotland, to rest in Melrose Abbey.

JOAN OF ARC



Illustration of Joan of Arc

The name of Joan of Arc is now loved and honored over all the world, but when she was alive she had to do her task among thronging enemies. She was hated not only by the English, whom she defeated in battle, but by the Burgundians, enemies of Joan's lord, the king of France, and by certain churchmen, who thought

the visions she had were from Satan rather than God. So all too soon the noble Maid was betrayed to her enemies, and led away to a long, cruel trial and a cruel death. Yet these things too she bore heroically, and surely the painter of this picture of her capture is right in showing her with head held high.

The MIRACULOUS MAID of ORLEANS

This Is the Famous Story of Joan of Arc, Who Was Sent by Heavenly Voices to Save the Land of France

THIS is the story of the most famous girl who ever lived, and it is one of the strangest stories in all history. It is so strange that several parts of it are very hard to believe. But since we are going to leave out all the parts of the story that may be only legend, we may start by saying that all the things we are going to tell are true to history. The girl of whom we are talking was Jeanne d'Arc (zhān' dark'), the Maid of Orléans, whom in English we call Joan of Arc.

Joan of Arc was born in 1411, and she was only twenty years old when she died. She grew up as a healthy child, full of play, in the little French town of Domremy (dōn're-mē'). As a little girl she would dance and

sing at the village fairs or under the old fairy tree—in ancient tree on which she and the other children used to hang garlands for the furies who in their fancy came to play under it. Little Joan never learned her letters, for very few girls could read or write in those days, but she became very skillful in spinning and sewing, in taking care of the modest hut which was her home, and in occasionally tending the sheep on the hills around Domremy. That was the sort of education any of the village girls would have.

But at about the age of twelve, when Joan was sitting busy with her needle one day in the garden, a very strange and eventful thing happened to her. She seemed to hear the angelus bell ring out from the church

JOAN OF ARC



It was probably the happiest moment in Joan's life when her king was crowned at last, with all due pomp, in the cathedral of Rheims. No wonder she was glad, for it was all her own doing. Charles himself though loyal Joan would not have admitted it—was a poor,

mean-spirited thing. Left to himself, he would never have struck out strongly for his crown. And later he was to desert his rescuer in her great need. But Joan does not know that just now, as she stands holding her king's banner in this glorious hour.

steeple and to see a great beam of light fall into the shady garden, and she believed a divine voice spoke to her. In fear and wonder she listened to the voice from heaven. It told her to be unafraid, to be good and wise, for she had been chosen of heaven for a great mission. She was to be the person who would set France free and seat the king on his throne.

To understand all that this meant we must know a little of what was going on in the land at that time. For many a year the French had been fighting against one another, and at the same time the English king, who laid claim to the French throne, had sent armies into France which had overrun a large part of the country. The young

king of France, Charles VII, had been driven from his capital and had never worn the crown.

Spellbound the Maid of France listened to the voices that kept coming to her. For four years the voices continued, and visions of saints came with them. They were preparing her for the great work she was to do. Joan began to cease from being a care-free girl. She began to pray rather than to dance, and to spend long hours alone in thought and prayer over her mission. All this while she kept her secret locked in her heart—until she was seventeen years of age. Then the voices told her it was time to go to the aid of the King.

In the next three years this simple peasant girl had taken her place at the head of an

JOAN OF ARC



What were those visions which called the peasant girl to become the warrior-saint of France? We do not know. But many an artist has tried to picture what they must have seemed like to Joan herself, and has shown us how the light of those sacred visions must

have glowed in Joan's kindling eyes. Again and again they appeared, the miraculous forms and voices. Then one day, after four years had passed, the voices told her that the time had come when she must set out from her tiny village and go to the aid of France.

JOAN OF ARC



"Go, and happen what may!" With these words the Governor of Vaucouleurs, one of the earliest friends of Joan and her mission, gave the valiant Maid a sword. Already her uncle and another countryman had bought her a horse. Now, seated upon it in her shining armor, she takes the sword and departs to seek the King. But to get there was not so simple as it sounds. The roads in this unsettled time were dangerous to travel.

So Joan was given a king's messenger and archer to take her to the palace at Chinon. She arrived there in the evening, when the great hall was dimly lit by a few candles and crowded with knights and nobles. Charles VI, the uncrowned king, was hidden in the throng and more poorly dressed than most of his courtiers, but it is said that Joan walked directly to him, although she had never seen him before.

JOAN OF ARC



Joan of Arc was not the sort of warrior who sits safely in the rear and sends others out to fight. She was always herself in the thick of the fray. In this picture she is leading a charge at the siege of Orléans. This was the most famous of her victories—so famous, indeed, that we still speak of her as the Maid of Orléans. To understand the significance of the raising of this siege, you must understand that the city was next in

importance to Paris and Rouen. It could not have held out much longer, and at any moment might have fallen into the hands of the English. If that had happened, all would have been lost, and the King would have had to flee from France. Only a miracle could have saved the situation. And the miracle came—in the shape of a poor peasant girl clad in white armor and bearing a white banner sown with lilies.

JOAN OF ARC

army, had routed the English, crowned the king of France, been taken prisoner, and had finally been burned at the stake. Those bare facts are one of the prime marvels of all history.

In the first place, how was the unknown girl to get to the King? Who would believe her when she said she had a mission from heaven to save the King and to set free her country? Her own family had no faith in her story. The King's advisers thought she was only a silly girl, and probably a crazy one; and it was a hard thing to get into the King's presence. But Joan managed it. She convinced enough people by her story of the voices and visions; and she soon convinced the King, who had first refused to see her, that she had a mission from on high.

The King put her at the head of an army, where she rode in her white armor, with a proud and holy standard, and carried a great sword. She led her army to victory after victory

in a rapid succession of triumphs. She drove the English from their siege of Orléans and pursued them in one victorious battle after another. She marched with Charles to the city of Rheims (rāNs) and there stood at his side as he was crowned king of France. Then she wanted to go back home in peace, but the King would not hear of it; she must stay till Paris and every other French city was free of the enemy. So she

stayed in the army. For herself she refused any sort of honor, though her family was ennobled. But she asked that her town of Domremy be set free from taxation—and the town remained free for nearly four hundred years, until the Revolution.



The simple peasant girl had accomplished all that her "voices" had told her to do; and she wanted very much to return to her little village, never again to take a part in the affairs of the world. Instead, she had to meet this last and greatest ordeal. But the girl who had rescued France never faltered. The last word she spoke was "Jesus"—and one man was so affected by the scene that he said, "We are all lost; we have burned a saint!"

other country has or ever had a heroine to equal her. She has inspired thousands of pictures and thousands of poems and plays in many languages. She has fascinated the critics and historians who have spent long years in the search of the truth about her, in the effort to explain how she came to be able to do the things she did. And by the church she has been declared a saint.

But the glory of the Maid was soon over. In a battle at Compiègne (kōN'-pyēn'y') she was taken prisoner. The pitiful king whom she had crowned did nothing to ransom her, and she was left to the brutality of the enemy. So amazing was her fame that her captors could not believe her exploits possible for anyone but a witch. So her various enemies put her to cruel trial as a heretic and a witch. Nothing in history is more noble or more simple than the conduct of the girl during that trial. It ended in conviction. Joan of Arc went to the stake in 1431.

From that day to this her fame has grown steadily greater and brighter. She is the heroine of her country, and of the world; and no



Catherine of Aragon, the proud Spanish princess who was the first of Henry VIII's six wives, had no mind to give up being queen without a struggle. But no matter how much she might plead—as she is pleading here—

she could get nowhere with the King so long as he wanted to marry Anne Boleyn. Yet even so, she was luckier than Anne herself was to be in the end, or Catherine Howard after her.

BLUEBEARD *on the* THRONE of BRITAIN

Because of His Adventures with His Six Wives, Henry VIII Is the Most Easily Remembered of English Kings

ABOUT the year 1520 the headstrong and passionate King Henry VIII fell head over heels in love with a slip of a girl, and all Europe was turned pretty much topsy-turvy as a consequence. Kings had as much power as that in the sixteenth century.

But that is really to begin with the climax of the story. It had been back in 1500 that this Henry Tudor, then a handsome, likable, auburn-haired lad of eighteen, had succeeded his spare and miserly father Henry VII on the throne. He could sing and play the lute, dance all night, and tire out ten horses in a day's hunting. He was popular with everybody, from the little apprentice boys in London to the great scholars Thomas More

and Erasmus (ê-râz'mûs), who were bringing back to Europe the love of learning which it had forgotten for so long. And Henry really was good-natured and genial—so long as he was getting exactly what he wanted at exactly the time he wanted it, and no fuss about it, please! England, and indeed all Europe, was to discover that when opposed he was a very terrible creature.

At first what he wanted suited everybody well enough. With special permission from the Pope—for it was against the rules of the church to do it—he married his elder brother's widow, Catherine of Aragon, daughter of the Ferdinand and Isabella who gave Columbus money to sail to the New World. Catherine

HENRY VIII

was a grave and conscientious young woman, not much like her dashing young husband. But they got on well enough so long as there was no one else he wanted to marry.

Meanwhile the King and his shrewd and powerful adviser, Wolsey, were playing a wily game in European politics.

Henry had two chief rivals, the handsome and gallant young Francis I of France and the stolid, efficient Charles V, emperor of the Holy Roman Empire—which meant mostly Germany—and king of Spain. All his life the English king played a game of balancing one of these monarchs against the other, giving his friendship now to one, now to the other, trying to use them both as levers to lift up the power of England. For the sixteenth century was a crude and brutal time. In this game of politics the kings thought of the treasure and lives of their people merely as helpless pawns in the chess game of their constant wars.

A good example of the way Henry and Wolsey managed these things is the story of the famous Field of the Cloth of Gold (1520). This was a "love feast" between Henry and Francis. The name comes from the extravagant amount of cloth of gold and brocade of silver and other sumptuous trappings with which the kings and their knights glittered. The hungry populace stared open-mouthed at the thousands of white tents, the spangled pavilions, the fluttering pennons and standards, the flash everywhere of silver and jewels and gold. The two young kings met and kissed, and, going arm-in-arm into a rich pavilion, swore eternal friendship. Nevertheless Henry had arranged with Francis's enemy Charles to meet him in England when he returned, for a quiet little love feast of their own. The splendid pageant had, as a matter of fact, been only the prelude to a European war which raged off and on for something like thirty-eight years!

But as it turned out, Anne Boleyn (bōl'yn) was as important to England as the European

wars. For Henry by 1526 had grown definitely tired of his wife, and thought of nothing but how he could make the black-eyed Anne his queen. Wanting to get rid of Catherine, he began to develop a bad conscience. In spite of the Pope's permission, he was sure he ought not to have married his brother's widow. He

insisted that the only way to quiet his conscience was to get a divorce. The Pope hesitated, and both Henry and Anne got more and more impatient. At last Henry decided that if the Pope would not give him what he wanted, he would take it anyway. He forced the English church to break away from the Pope and acknowledge the king only as its supreme head. He got his divorce from the English church, and married Anne.

The great minister, Wolsey, had held back about the divorce, and Henry was through with him.

He turned to Thomas Cromwell, a coarse and powerful man. Cromwell filled the King's pockets by shutting up the old monasteries, scattering or putting to death the monks, and turning the money over to Henry. But he did not like the new Queen, and determined to destroy her. Besides, Henry was a thoroughly fickle man and had already fallen in love with another girl. He was angry with Anne, too—as if it were her fault that their only child was a girl when he wanted above all things to have a son! What would he have thought, do you suppose, if he had known that the baby Elizabeth would one day be an even greater English ruler than he was himself?

However that may be, Cromwell worked up a case against Anne which made it appear that she had been unfaithful to the King, and the King in the violence of his anger caused her to be beheaded. On the very day she died, Henry was betrothed to the gentle girl he had been longing for as a relief from the imperious Anne. This was Jane Seymour. While she was queen, the King knew the greatest joy of his life—at



Photo by National Portrait Gallery

As Henry VIII grew older his body grew more and more enormous, his face more gross and arrogant. Yet he managed always to look what he was, a mighty king.

HENRY VIII

last he had a son. But he knew also his greatest sorrow, for the Queen died.

For a whole year the royal widower lived without a queen. Then Cromwell arranged a diplomatic marriage for him with a stolid and sensible German princess, Anne of Cleves. Henry was used to beautiful women, and when he saw his intended bride he groaned and squirmed and tried to get out of marrying her. He did marry her finally, but divorced her as soon as he could think of some more conscientious scruples like those he had had before. Cromwell, who had shown such bad judgment in picking the lady, lost his head.

Then Henry married a charming eighteen-year-old girl who was as indiscreet as she was pretty. But it is better to be wise and well-behaved if you intend to marry a headstrong king. Catherine Howard lost her head, too.

The King was fifty now. He overate, and had become gross and fat. He was not well, but suffered almost constantly from an infected leg. He was older than he should have been at that age. He had lost much of the beauty and popularity of his youth. But he was full of force and willful life. He had learned to manage both Francis and Charles and had quarreled successfully with the Pope. He had lorded it over parliament until he could do almost anything he wanted to with it. He had forced the leaders of the Church to obey his lightest word and believe whatever he found it convenient for them to believe. Anyone who made slighting remarks

about the way he got rid of his wives was likely to be hanged or beheaded as a traitor. Anyone who presumed to have a religious idea of his own was likely to be beheaded or burned alive. Even the great and noble Sir Thomas More had been beheaded for refusing to admit that Henry was rightful head of the church. The King's word was law.

So when he asked the calm and wise widow Catherine Parr to marry him, there was nothing for her to do but accept. Yet with all her wisdom, this third Catherine barely managed to escape going to the block like Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard. She had dared to argue with the head of the Church about theology! However, she was finally forgiven, and outlived the King. He died in 1547.

A ruthless, terrifying sort of figure, this Henry VIII, rather like the car of the Juggernaut which crushes worshipers and onlookers in its path. Everything he did was for Henry Tudor rather than for England. Yet he somehow managed to make England great and powerful in making himself so, although he brought her much unnecessary suffering and oppression too. And on the foundation which he laid, the little daughter of the hapless Anne Boleyn was to rear one of the proudest states the world has seen.

The main reason why Henry had married so many wives was that he wanted a son to rule the land when he was gone. It would have been remarkable indeed if he had had a son who could match this daughter!

This is how the famous Tower of London looked in the time of Henry VIII. Within its walls the luckless Anne Boleyn awaited trial, and to a scaffold on its green she was led for execution.

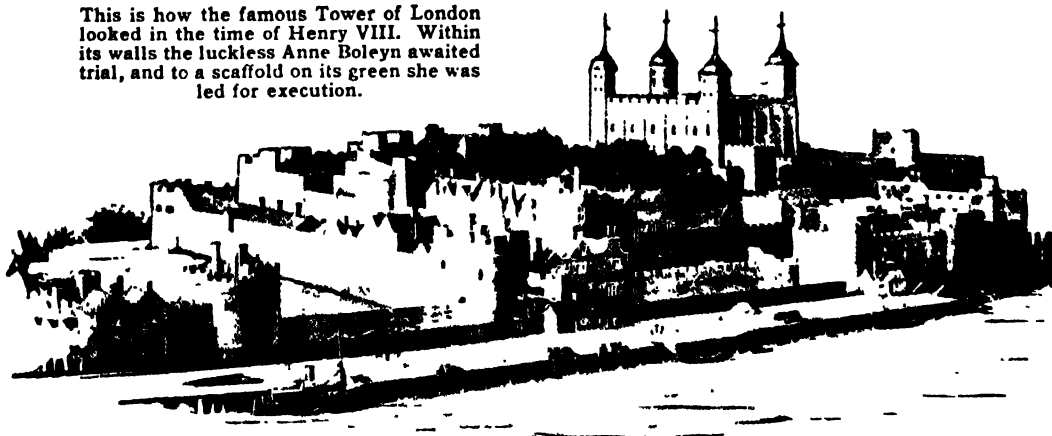


Photo by London Museum

QUEEN ELIZABETH



Photo by Rischgitz

The young Queen Elizabeth was a sprightly and handsome girl, full of the high spirits and good looks she inherited both from her father, Henry VIII, and from her mother, Anne Boleyn, Henry's second queen. She was boisterous enough to slap a courtier in the face,

and gay enough to run about the palace with one of her ladies in waiting. But she never forgot she was the queen. No one dared be familiar with her. She even forbade her ladies to mention affairs of state to her, for she shrewdly suspected them all of plotting.

GLORIANA, QUEEN *of* ENGLAND

*For Her Most Daring Days England Found Her Most Daring Queen
in the Person of the Great Elizabeth, Master of
Craft, Master of Men*

THE spacious days of great Elizabeth! No other time, and no other king or queen, will start quite such a stirring in our blood. We think of the large and adventurous ways of men in the late sixteenth century—of Sir Francis Drake, bold as a pirate, capturing the treasure ships of Spain -- of Shakespeare lustily treading the stage in one of his own tremendous plays—of Sir Walter Raleigh spreading his velvet cloak, with a grand gesture and a sweeping bow, over a mudhole in the path of the Queen. We think of all the color and movement and swirling life of the time called after that queen, the Elizabethan Age.

Queen Elizabeth herself was as strong and alive as any of the subjects who helped make

her reign glorious. Something of her love of life and her imperious ways she inherited from her father, that headstrong Henry VIII who married six wives, of whom he divorced two and beheaded two others. Elizabeth was the daughter of the second of these unfortunate queens, Anne Boleyn (bōō'l'n), who herself was in her own way as headstrong and imperious as the King. When Elizabeth was born (1533) her father was desperately disappointed that she was a girl, for he had then no son to be his heir. She was still very young indeed when her mother was beheaded. After that she was a neglected child, seldom seeing her royal father, with no royal brothers and sisters to play with except the unhappy Princess Mary, her half

QUEEN ELIZABETH

sister, who was no company at all. After a while there was a sickly half brother, Edward, who of course would follow their father as king. The children's last step-mother, Catherine Parr, was a wise and kindly woman who did try to mother the little brood as well as she could

The King saw to it that his clever children, Elizabeth and Edward, had excellent tutors. They learned to speak French, Spanish, Italian, and Latin, and even studied Greek. They wrote so beautifully that their letters were works of art. Later, when she came to be queen, Elizabeth loved to have clever men about her, and she did all she could to encourage poets and other artists.

In 1547, when Elizabeth was fourteen, King Henry died, and little Edward came to the throne of England. But he did not live long, and soon was succeeded by the Princess Mary. The reigns of her brother and sister were difficult times for the Princess Elizabeth. The air was full of plots and counterplots, and no one's life was very safe. During Henry VIII's reign England had changed her religion, and Edward had been brought up as a Protestant. But Mary was a Catholic, and tried to restore the old religion again. Then there was a quarrel over the succession—as to whether Elizabeth should really be the next in line if Mary died. Elizabeth had had to grow up quickly, and was already shrewd and wise in these matters; but even so she spent two months in prison in 1554 because she was accused of being in a plot. She was not beheaded, however, as she probably would have been if she had not had a king for a father. After a while she went to a quiet place in the country, where she studied and planted trees for the rest of Mary's reign.

Queen Mary was very gentle in many ways, but cruel and unjust treatment in her early days made her seek refuge in her religion. The laws for punishing heretics in her reign were severe, and when she died, in 1558, England turned to Elizabeth with relief. The new queen

was now a handsome woman of twenty-five, white-skinned, dark-eyed, with reddish hair. She was as strong and domineering as a man, and already trained for ruling by all the dangers and plottings of her strenuous youth. She professed to be a Catholic, but was not intensely religious like Mary, and soon reestablished the

Protestant faith in England. Best of all, she was not half foreign like Mary, whose mother had been from

Spain. Elizabeth was all English for many generations back—"mere English," as she herself said with pride. No wonder the people welcomed her!

But, English as she was, the Queen had studied the ways of Italian statecraft too, and could be as wily and deceitful as a fox, as slippery as an eel, and as hard to unmask as a good magician. Sometimes she put this subtle diplomacy to very good uses, as when she smoothed over everyone's feelings in religious matters, holding a balance among the quarreling groups, and managing to keep the power largely in the hands of the crown—where she wanted it to be. When she used her wiles in foreign relations, sometimes they worked, sometimes not. But in the end she brought England to a pinnacle of national greatness.

If there was one thing more than another that Elizabeth was wily about, it was her marriage. If she had had her choice, she would doubtless have taken the English Earl of Leicester for a husband. But queens must



Photo by National Portrait Gallery
In this or any other picture of Queen Elizabeth we should not let the gorgeousness of the great queen's headdress and splendid ruff hide from us the strength of her face.

QUEEN ELIZABETH



Photo by H. Schmitt

Many romantic stories are told of the dashing young Essex, Queen Elizabeth's last favorite, and of the love the old Queen had for him, though she sent him to the block. The last scene in one of these tales is pictured here. Essex, the legend goes, leaned from a window in the Tower, where he lay awaiting execution, and gave a page the ring he had received from the Queen. Whenever he showed her this ring, Elizabeth had said, Essex should be forgiven, no matter what he had done. But the page gave the ring by mistake to Lady

Nottingham, one of Essex' bitterest enemies. Lady Nottingham did not show it to the Queen, and Essex went to his death. But when Lady Nottingham lay dying, two years after that, she called the Queen to her bedside, as we see in the picture, confessed all, and gave Elizabeth the ring. The Queen was terrible in her grief and wrath. "May God forgive you," she said, "I never can!" Now though this is a good story, it probably never happened. For Essex had betrayed Elizabeth—a thing the great queen could never forgive.

marry for political purposes rather than for love; so during many years Elizabeth led on one suitor after another—French, Spanish, Austrian, Scotch, Swedish—though she never had the least intention of marrying any of them. She used these "courtships" to keep relations friendly between England and other countries; but she did not want to make enemies of her other suitors by actually accepting any one of them! Besides, she was not only a woman, but a queen, and she did not like to think of any man's trying to do her ruling for her.

For Elizabeth was every inch a queen. "I will have here one Mistress and no Master," she told Leicester once. She was furious when her favorites married, though she would

not marry them herself. When the last of them, the Earl of Essex, headed a rebellion, she signed his death warrant with her own hand. As for her councilors, she listened respectfully to the advice of Lord Burleigh or Walsingham, but if she did not agree with it, she did as she pleased.

Vain Elizabeth

Not only did she love her royal power, but she was a rather vain person, too. She delighted in the flattery of her suitors and of the great poets who crowded her court and dedicated their books to her as Gloriana or Phoebe or the Virgin Queen. She liked being told that no one could look at her because her face shone like the sun. She liked to

QUEEN ELIZABETH

have an admiring crowd of courtiers about her, with whom she could laugh loudly and jest broadly as her father had done, and whose ears she could box when she chose to. She liked, too, to dress herself in great ruffs and fancy headdresses and lord it over the court.

Elizabeth had a cousin, Mary Queen of Scots, a beautiful, self-willed, fascinating woman whom Elizabeth feared as she feared no one else in the world. Mary was next in line to the English throne; in fact, some argued that she had a better right to it than Elizabeth herself. And Mary was always plotting with the French king or the Spanish king or some other of Elizabeth's enemies. So when Mary fled to England from Scotland, having quarreled with her people, Elizabeth put her in prison and kept her there for nineteen years. Even in prison Mary continued to plot. In the end Mary was tried and found guilty of plotting to get the English throne, and Elizabeth had to sign her death warrant. After that, Elizabeth was more secure on her throne.

But Philip, the Spanish king, was still to be reckoned with. He was thoroughly tired of the high-handed ways of English seamen, such as Sir Francis Drake, who were continually overhauling his galleons laden with treasure from Mexico and Peru, and laying their prizes at the willing feet of Elizabeth. He had been protesting about it for thirty years or so, though he was too busy with other matters to do more than protest. Now he fitted out a magnificent fleet and called

it "the invincible Armada" (är-mä'dä). He would show these Protestant dogs what it was to defy the power of Spain!

But instead of triumph, Philip found defeat and disaster. Elizabeth's bold sailors met him in the Channel (1588), and a great storm arose to complete the work of destruction. Never had Englishmen been so proud of their country. Never had England been

so secure and great among the nations of Europe. Elizabeth was now a great queen indeed.

It was after the defeat of the Armada that the greatness of the age of Elizabeth came to flower. Spenser and Sidney were writing their most exquisite verse. Shakespeare and Ben Jonson were hobnobbing at the Mermaid Tavern and writing deathless plays, English "sea dogs" roamed the seven seas, the whole nation was a little drunk with poetry and glory and life in general.

And in the midst of it all, lonely and humorous and dictatorial, moved the woman who had once been that girl baby whom her royal father did not want.

Loneliness fell upon the Queen as she grew old. All her favorites died before her, and she drew a little away from her people. She had no husband, no children about her. She was the last of her race. She had sat upon her throne alone, and alone she would quit it. But the blood of the Tudors still ran strong in her veins, and she never ceased to be a queen. Even when she was dying (1603), she would not lie down on her bed, but wrestled with death on her feet until she fell.



Elizabeth's last days were sad indeed. The Queen, once so gay and spirited, became morose and melancholy. She refused to eat or to rest, but sat day and night propped up with pillows. Yet she was still a queen! The story goes that when Lord Cecil told her that she must go to bed, for a brief flash she was herself again. "Must!" she exclaimed, "Is 'must' a word to be addressed to princes? Little man, little man! Thy father, if he had been alive, durst not have used that word."

THE ROMANCE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS



Photo by Gramstorff Bros

One may still visit the room in Holyrood Palace where Mary Stuart and Rizzio were dining together on the

fatal night when Mary's husband, Darnley, dragged Rizzio away and murdered him just outside the door.

The ROMANCE of MARY QUEEN of SCOTS

Why She Has Fired the Imagination of the Poets and the Novelists More than Any Other British Heroine

SHE was born the queen of Scotland and she was married to the king of France and all her life she wanted to sit on the throne of England too. She was one of the most winsome princesses, and one of the most unhappy women, in all history. She could charm almost any man who saw her, though he knew well enough that she might be planning for his murder the next day. And in those words we have told a great deal about Mary Queen of Scots, the romantic heroine whom the poets will never allow us to forget.

Mary was born in Scotland on a gloomy December day in 1542. Her father was King James V of that land. He was weary with the wars he had had to fight to keep his throne and to hold back the English armies; and he died just seven days after

his little daughter's birth. So when she was just a little baby she was crowned as queen. Her mother was French, and it was planned at once that Mary should marry the heir to the king of France when she grew up. So Mary was sent over to the court of France for her education, while her mother held the throne of Scotland safe for her.

In due time, at the age of fifteen, Mary married the prince who was two years later to become the king of France. That was Francis II. As princess and as queen she won the hearts of all the French. She and her husband laid a claim to the throne of England too, on the ground that Queen Elizabeth had no right to it, and of course this began a lifelong struggle between Mary and Elizabeth. But after about eighteen months King Francis died, and

THE ROMANCE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

Mary's mother died about the same time. So at nineteen Mary came back to rule over her misty land of Scotland.

In the story of the rest of her life we must try to remember that there have been vast changes for the better in the three hundred years since her time. If we find her very brutal, in the midst of all her grace and beauty, we must not forget that in this she was very much like most of the other rulers of her day, especially in the corrupt court of France where she had been brought up. About that we are going to say another word before we are through. And but for that we should be left wondering how the poets could ever have admired such a woman.

Mary had her troubles in Scotland from the very first. She was a Catholic, and Scotland had grown strongly Protestant, under the famous preacher John Knox. But Mary managed to make a sort of peace with the Protestants. Then at twenty-two she married Lord Darnley, who was only nineteen but who was already full of schemes and vices. He was disgruntled at not receiving the crown himself, and he was jealous of Mary's Italian secretary, David Rizzio (rēt'sē-ō). So he had Rizzio torn out of the Queen's very presence and murdered just a little later. Such were the things that could happen at that time.

As a woman Mary was horrified, but as a queen she knew she must be tactful. She managed to make it up with Darnley for a

while, and she bore him the son who afterward became King James VI of Scotland and King James I of England. But half the time the miserable Darnley was at peace with the Queen and the other half he was in rebellion, and a champion of the Queen arose in the person of the Earl of Bothwell.

Like many another man, he was in love with Mary; and he took Darnley prisoner, just two years after the marriage with the Queen. One night there was a terrible explosion in the house where Darnley was being kept. In the morning Darnley was found dead.

Of course the Queen had to join in the outcry against Bothwell. All the same she married Bothwell, her third husband, just three months later. And then the outcry was much louder. There was a rebellion. Bothwell had to fly from

the country, and Mary was taken as a prisoner to an island where she was forced to give up the throne to her little son.

The Queen Becomes a Prisoner

In about a year she escaped—she could always charm people into helping her—and collected an army. When it was beaten, she could only flee; and she fled, of all places, to England, where she threw herself on the mercy of her old rival, the crafty Queen Elizabeth.

For the next nineteen years Elizabeth was often puzzled as to what to do with her. Mary was practically a prisoner, in one



Photo by Rischatta

Queen Mary had a very brilliant mind and lively wit, and she hated to be preached at. But she had to listen to a great many sermons from old John Knox, a famous theologian and the only man who was able to resist her charms. His oft repeated arguments failed to convince her, and since he kept right on, her only means of escape was to take refuge in slumber.

THE ROMANCE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS



Photo by Granatorti Bros

There is a story that Mary Queen of Scots first saw David Rizzio as he lay asleep in the palace. The young Italian had come to Scotland as a humble musician in the train of an ambassador. But the Queen needed a bass to sing in her choir, and appointed him to the post. Later, he was made her private secretary,

and finally became more powerful than any minister of state. It was he who arranged the marriage between her and Darnley; some say that it was performed secretly in his rooms. But prosperity went to his head. He grew so overbearing toward the Scottish nobles that they finally brought about his murder.

THE ROMANCE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

castle after another. She claimed that she had given up all desire of any kingdom except the Kingdom of Heaven, and at times that must surely have been true. Yet her friends were always plotting for her in

mother's death if only he could be sure of coming to be king of England in due time, she signed the warrant. And Mary Queen of Scots went to her death with a more royal nobility than she had ever shown in any



Photo by R. Chazet

Here in the castle of Fotheringay, which has long been her prison, Mary of Scotland is receiving the news that she will be put to death on the morrow. The beautiful and willful queen did not know what fear was, and during her eleven years' imprisonment must

have had a good many hours in which to foresee her end. So she only expressed her joy that her sufferings were soon to be over. She said good-by to her attendants and distributed her jewels among them, and next morning, with calm face, mounted the scaffold.

Scotland and against Elizabeth, and she was often plotting too; and there was the greatest danger, not only of a war at home, but of an invasion from abroad, to put her on the throne of one or both the countries. She was a chief thorn in the side of the wily Queen of England.

Finally in 1587 she was convicted of treason, in a way about which the historians are still in some dispute. For a while Elizabeth was a little afraid to sign the warrant for her death because Mary had so many friends. But when Elizabeth found out that Mary's own son, now on the throne of Scotland, had no great objection to his

action of her life, brave though she had been.

And now for the word that we promised a moment ago. As we read the story of the great heroine that has been told here, we cannot help thinking that many of her acts, and many of the acts of the lords and princes around her, were just about like the acts of the lowest criminals, the very "gangsters," of our own day. And that is true. We have great reason to rejoice in the fact that, with all their faults, the rulers of the earth to-day are far better than the men and women who governed it only a few centuries ago. The student of history has a good deal to make him an optimist.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS



Photo by Hirschgitz

Gustavus Adolphus is not only one of the royal heroes of his native Sweden but the great Protestant hero of

the religious wars. In our picture he stands before his army, asking the blessing of God before battle.

The LION of the NORTH

That Is What We Call the Brave Fighter Gustavus Adolphus

IN OLDEN days a king was often ready to lead his own soldiers into battle and to fight hand to hand like any other man.

That is the kind of king Gustavus Adolphus was. He was the bravest king that Sweden ever had, and wise enough to take up the reins of power at eighteen. He turned out to be a military genius, and he had to fight nearly all his life.

He was born in 1594, when Queen Elizabeth was still on the throne in England and when Philip II of Spain was waging war against the Protestants in Europe. Gustavus played a great part on the side of the Protestants.

But first he inherited a war with Denmark, which he soon settled. Then he had a war with Russia, who was eager for more land along the Baltic. In short order the young king brought Russia to terms.

Then he had a far worse war with Poland. The Polish king was his own cousin, but was laying claim to the throne of Sweden. More than this, the Polish king was Catholic, and so the fight with Poland led Gustavus into

the great religious conflict known as the 'Thirty Years' War, which broke out in Central Europe in 1618.

During his eight years of fighting against Poland, Gustavus gradually built up one of the best armies in Europe. With these seasoned troops he then marched into Germany to help the failing Protestants against their enemies. Of course he had several reasons for this. He wanted to protect his own land, but as a sincere Protestant he also wanted to defend his religion.

In 1631 he gained a brilliant victory over the Austrian general Tilly at Breitenfeld. Gustavus could no longer wear any armor, because of his wounds, but without armor he directed his troops all through the battle, moving them rapidly here and there, in the new light tactics he had developed.

In the next year the young king closed in deadly battle with the great general Wallenstein, the chief Austrian commander. The slaughter was frightful, and in the midst of it Gustavus fell. He was only thirty-eight, but he had already made himself one of the great soldiers of the world.



His Fight

One afternoon in July, 1588, Sir Francis Drake and Lord Howard were playing bowls at Plymouth, while all the Queen's ships lay at anchor waiting for the coming of the Spaniards. Suddenly up dashed Captain Fleming, panting out the tremendous news that the great Armada was heaving into sight. Everyone turned to Drake, commander of the British fleet. He was as

calm as if nothing had happened. "There's time to finish our game and beat the Spaniards too," he said. But just the same he had already whispered a quick, efficient order. He not only made everyone as confident as he was of victory, but he made victory sure by his courage and skill. With him in command, there was indeed time both to play bowls and to win.

The BRAVEST of the SEA DOGS

His Enemies Called Drake a Pirate, but He Broke the Power of Spain and Taught England How to Rule the Waves

IF WAS in late September, 1580, that a battered and worm-eaten little ship, the "Golden Hind," manned by a handful of bronzed sailors, came limping alone into the English harbor of Plymouth. With four others she had sailed away from that port almost three years before. Now she was home again, with immense riches in her hold and with the most glorious record ever made by an English ship. For she was the first British boat to sail all the way around the world. Her captain, a blue-eyed, sturdy little man, was Francis Drake, returning to his native Devonshire after having penetrated that Golden Sea, the Pacific Ocean. For nearly a century Spain

had claimed the ocean as her own, and it had brought her untold wealth. No wonder Queen Elizabeth now sent for Drake to come up to London! There the Queen received him daily, and even attended a banquet given in her honor on board his shabby little ship; and there she made him knight. Jealous enemies saw him with different eyes. "Her Majesty's little pirate," they called the daring sea dog.

Drake was the eldest of twelve brothers. Before he had reached his teens he went to sea as ship's boy on a small vessel trading with France and Holland. Six years later, made strong and sea-wise by hardship and danger, he was skipper of the craft; but he



Photo by Rusehita

Don Pedro de Valdes, the Spanish admiral, would have fought any other Englishman and gone down with flags flying. But as soon as he heard that it was Drake who demanded his surrender, he yielded at once, saying that it was an honor to be taken by the greatest

seaman in the world. Here he is on Drake's flagship, "The Revenge," giving up his sword. So gallant and courteous was he, and so highly did he compliment Drake's courage and skill, that Drake "placed him at his own table and lodged him in his own cabin."

soon sold it and took service with his kinsmen, John and William Hawkins, wealthy shipowners of Plymouth.

When Drake Went Pirating

Under them he first sailed to Spain, then to Africa, the West Indies, and the Spanish Main, as the northern coast of South America was then called. He went home with a flaming hatred of Spain, his country's bitterest enemy; from now on he was going to live and die fighting against her. So in two secret voyages he laid his plans to strike at one of her vital spots, in the Isthmus of Panama, where the riches from the Golden Sea, silver and gold and jewels, poured across by mule train from the city of Panama on the Pacific to King Philip's waiting ships on the Atlantic side.

With only two small ships and seventy-three men, Drake set out in May, 1572, at

the age of thirty-one or two, to rife this treasure chest of the most powerful monarch in Europe. He did it, too, and captured many a rich Spanish ship besides, but only after such struggles and disasters as would have turned back a less dauntless man. When he had finally won and had swept the glittering riches of Spain into his hold, he sped back to England. But he did not start home until, the first of Englishmen to do so, he had seen the mighty Pacific. At sight of its broad waters he fell upon his knees and asked God, "of His goodness to give him life and leave to sail once an English ship in that sea." It was five years later when his prayer was granted.

"Admiral of the Seas"

It was not long after getting home with the "Golden Hind" until the bold captain longed to be at sea again, but the Queen

wanted to keep her daring sailor within reach and refused to let him go. He had to be content to serve his country in parliament and as mayor of Plymouth. That old town, so dear to Americans, still remembers him for the pure water supply he gave it and the flour mills he built there.

Then one day came alarming news! Spain was secretly building an immense fleet—the Invincible Armada (är-mä'dä)—to invade England. And England hurried to get ready a fleet of her own in turn. Drake was made an admiral, and with two battle-ships and eighteen cruisers he at once set forth. First he struck terror along the coasts of Spain. Then he captured and burned Santiago, in the Cape Verde Islands, and the old fortified city of Santo Domingo, in Hispaniola. And he had collected there a ransom equal to about \$250,000, "El Draque"

the "Dragon," as the Spaniards called him—suddenly appeared at Cartagena, one of the richest cities of the Spanish Main. Her strong defenses crumbled before Drake's skill and daring, the city was stripped of her wealth, and paid over a million dollars as ransom. After that Drake touched at Florida, where St. Augustine was plundered and burned, and took aboard Raleigh's discouraged colonists at Virginia, together with the first cargo of tobacco and potatoes that ever crossed the Atlantic. Then he turned toward home. He had struck a deathblow at the power of haughty Spain.

Drake Defeats the Spanish Armada

When Drake reached England the great fleet that the English were gathering was still far from ready; so, as "Admiral of the Seas," with twenty-three ships, he again put forth, this time bound for Spain, to break up the Armada, if he could, before it tumbled. After riding out a fierce seven-day gale, he attacked Cadiz. Twelve thousand

tons of shipping in her harbors went up in flames as a result of his visit, and four vessels loaded with provisions were taken—all without the loss of a single English sailor.

Then the victors were off for Cape St. Vincent, where they captured the castle and forts, watered their ships, and disappeared as fast as they had come. Storms soon scattered their fleet hither and yon, but as a final exploit the greatest of Spanish merchantmen, the "San Felipe," was taken.

She was the richest prize ever brought into an English port, for not only was her cargo worth five million dollars—equal to some forty or fifty million in our day—but the papers she carried laid bare the secrets of Spain's trade with the East Indies.

By this time the Spanish invasion had grown more threatening, and Elizabeth decreed that her fleet should stay at home to defend England instead of boldly seeking out the Armada, as Drake advised. And



Photo by National Portrait Gallery

This is Sir Francis Drake, most famous of the "sea dogs" of Queen Elizabeth.

suddenly the mighty fleet appeared! The English vessels tried to check its progress, but in vain. Day after day it moved steadily up the English Channel and anchored off Calais. There Drake, followed by most of the English fleet, fell upon it at last, and the six-hour battle of Gravelines was fought on July 29, 1588. It left the "Invincible" Armada so badly crippled that a fearful tempest which then broke out completely shattered it. England was saved, and her ships found shelter in Scottish harbors.

The country rang with praise of Drake and of his victory. It was the crowning point of his career. After that, Fortune seemed to turn her back upon him, for his later undertakings met with less success, and on a trip to the New World in 1595 he sickened and died. There, a league out from the eastern shore of Panama, his sorrowing followers left him, at rest beneath the waves he loved so well.

OLIVER CROMWELL



Photo by Rueligita

Suppose that Oliver Cromwell had left England before the Puritan Revolution broke out and had come to live in America. What would have happened? He might have done great things in the colonies; or he might have gone on living quietly as he had lived up to that time in England—and then we should not be writing his story. But whatever might have happened, it is

certain that the history of England would have been very different. Yet there is a story—which may or may not be true—that Cromwell actually wanted to leave distracted England for the New World and was stopped by an order in council. In this picture the artist has imagined the scene—Cromwell and his family ready to embark, and an official barring the way.

“PUT in the WART, SIR!”

Those Were the Words of Cromwell to the Painter Who Wanted to Make His Face a Little Prettier; and They Are a Key to the Mind of a Stern Puritan Who Once Ruled Over Britain

HIS enemies called him “Old Noll, the Roundhead,” because his name was Oliver and he wore his hair cut short, as did all the Puritans, instead of in a long queue after the manner of the aristocratic Cavaliers. Two years after his death his bones were dug up from Westminster Abbey, and his skull stood whitening for twenty years on a pole over Westminster Hall. Not until 1899, when he had been dead nearly two centuries and a half, did parliament see fit to set up a statue of him in the capital. Yet this man was the idol of the army he led to victory, and he is known in all the

books as a great genius and a mighty man. People are still quarreling as to whether he was a saint or a murderer!

For Oliver Cromwell lived in troublous times in England, and was the main figure in a great civil war, the bitterness of which lingered for many generations. So what people think about Cromwell has always depended somewhat on whether they sympathize with the Puritans or with the King's men in this war.

Cromwell himself could hardly have been anything but a Puritan. He came of a Puritan family and sat under Puritan mas-

OLIVER CROMWELL

ters at school. Born in 1599, he grew up in a time when all England was buzzing with talk about religion, and about how the Church should be governed and whether the King was governing it right. The Puritans thought the national Church should be changed or "purified." They got control of parliament, and there was a long quarrel between parliament and the King—over religion and other things. It turned into a question of who was going to rule England—parliament or the King. In this fight Cromwell came to be a leader on the side of parliament.

There is a story—which ought to be true even if it is not—that when both Cromwell and King Charles I were lads, they had a wrestling match at Hinchbrook House, the stately mansion of young Oliver's wealthy uncle. The story goes that Cromwell won. Did Charles remember that boyish tussle when, years later, he lost to Cromwell battle after battle in his war with parliament?

It was not until he was forty-one that Cromwell became prominent in the fight against the King. At seventeen, he began a two-year stay at Cambridge University. In those days he was a strong, rugged lad, with a homely, thick-featured face made still more homely by a number of large warts. At Cambridge he amused himself with many an uncouth prank and practical joke, such as he never ceased to delight in. At twenty-one he married the daughter of a well-to-do fur merchant. Then for the next twenty years he lived quietly, caring for his farm,

rearing his family of nine children, and preaching the Puritan doctrines. For a long inward struggle had ended in triumphant faith, and all his life afterwards Cromwell was deeply religious.

In 1640 he was elected to parliament. It was not the first time he had served in parliament, but this time he took a more active part. And this parliament turned out to be

the most famous in English history. The Long Parliament, it was called; and not only did it sit from 1640 to 1653, but it fought a civil war, beheaded a king, and set up a new constitution. It finally came to an end when Cromwell himself overthrew it and took the power into his own hands—as we shall see.

The Long Parliament was fiercely Puritan, and its quarrel with the King rose angrily until in 1642 it flamed into civil war.

Cromwell at once became a leader in the parliamentary army. As captain of cavalry, he drilled and disciplined his men with an iron hand. His Ironsides soon were known everywhere as the greatest fighting troops on the people's side. They went into battle singing hymns, and Cromwell's motto was "Fear God—and keep your powder dry." But the Cavaliers, on the King's side, were gallant fighters, too. The Puritans could sneer at their curly locks and silken ruffles—but they had to admire them as gentlemen of courage, just the same. The war dragged on for four years before the King surrendered in 1646.

Meanwhile parliament had begun to quar-



Photo by Grausteff Press

Of all his children the dearest to Cromwell was the Lady Elizabeth Claypole, who was loved and honored by all who knew her. But when she was only twenty-nine this beloved daughter fell ill and died. For weeks before the end her father would not leave her bedside, even to attend the state councils; and his grief over her death surely hastened his own, for he died only a month after her. In this picture of their last talk together, Elizabeth is trying to give strength and comfort to her grieving father.

OLIVER CROMWELL



Once Cromwell was reproached because one of his officers was a better preacher than fighter. He replied by declaring that he who prays best fights best. He meant that men who go into battle with strong faith that they are fighting for their God will be lions of

courage and daring. So he built up a great army of "religious men," and led them, singing and praying, to victory after victory. Here he is pictured preaching and reading the Bible to his officers before the Battle of Dunbar, which was a victory for his "Ironsides."

rel with the army. Parliament wanted to keep a single church for all England, only changing the form of it from Episcopal to Presbyterian. It wanted to forbid all sorts of independent churches, and to make peace with the King. The army was much more radical. It wanted toleration for all sorts of churches—that is, it would not try to say what church a man must belong to. And it wanted to fight the war with the King to the bitter end.

Now the King, from the time of his capture in 1646, tried to take advantage of this quarrel; and he was so far successful that parliament actually proposed to send the army



Photo by Anderson, Rome

This is Oliver Cromwell, lord protector of England.

home without its back pay, and to talk things over in a friendly way with Charles. This was too much for Cromwell. He had tried at first to bring parliament and the army together, but now he threw in his lot with his soldiers.

There was more fighting, and when the King was finally at the mercy of the army, the soldiers shouted for his blood. At first Cromwell hesitated. Then, in a burst of rage, he cried, "We will cut off his head with his crown upon it!" Cromwell was a terrible man when he was roused.

In January, 1649, the House of Commons, at the demand of the army, had Charles Stuart, king of

OLIVER CROMWELL

England, tried for treason. On January 30 he was led through a window of the palace at Whitehall and beheaded before the people. He met his death with kingly dignity, but with the severing of that head the theory of the "divine right" of kings to rule disappeared from English politics forever. Had Charles realized that it was already out of date, he could have kept his head on his shoulders. But he could not see the matter clearly. There is a legend that Cromwell came to gaze upon the body and muttered sadly, "Cruel necessity!" He had had as much to do with the King's fate as any man.

And now came Cromwell's time of power.

England had ceased to be a kingdom and had become a Commonwealth. It had a republican constitution, but as a matter of fact, the real power was still the army. Cromwell and another man, on the council of state, served as links between parliament and the army. No man in England had the power that Cromwell had.

His first task was to put down a rebellion in Ireland, and this he did so cruelly that Irish peasants still talk about "the curse of Crommle." Then he turned on the Scots, and the English Royalists with them, and defeated them. With him at its head, the Commonwealth was strong in arms.

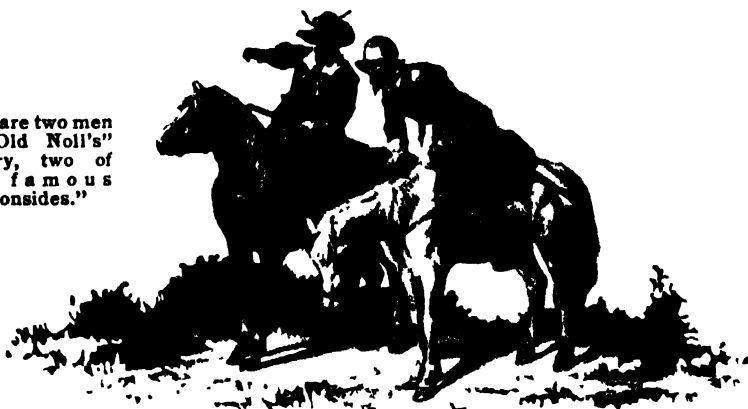
But Cromwell was disgusted with the remnant of the Long Parliament—called the Rump—because it would not dissolve itself. The country wanted new elections, after these thirteen years. It was a time of revolution, and Cromwell was accustomed to force and lawless power. So when parlia-

ment would not bend to his will, his rage broke out and he did as tyrannical a thing as the King had ever thought of doing. One day in 1653 he went to listen to the debate in parliament, and suddenly losing all patience with it, called in the guard, and began to storm up and down the aisles in fury, driving the members out. He saw the mace, the symbol of authority. "What shall we do with this bauble?" he said. "Take it away."

That was the last of constitutional government in England for a while. Cromwell was made lord protector, in all but title a king. He made England feared and respected abroad, but he could not bring quiet to his weary war-torn people at home. He quarreled with his parliaments and was driven to more acts of tyranny. Most of all, perhaps, the people objected to his strict Puritan laws against gambling, racing, and cock-fighting, and against the ancient festivities of Christmas. Cromwell never lost faith that he was following the right, but his strong spirit sank under the strain and struggle. He felt that all his labors for his country and his people were going to fail. In 1658 he sickened and died.

Only his great strength and genius had upheld the new government. His son tried to carry the work on, but could not. In 1660 the people called to the throne the son of the man Cromwell had helped to send to the block. But England could never again be quite as it had been before the great Puritan revolution and the days of Oliver Cromwell.

Here are two men
of "Old Noll's"
cavalry, two of
the famous
"Ironsides."





"I am the state!" So Louis XIV is said to have announced when he took the throne. And ministers, parliaments, and people soon discovered that he meant what he said. In this picture he is putting the Paris parliament in its place. He has been out hunting, but

has hurried back on hearing that the legislators have been interfering with his decrees. Here he stands, very grand in his handsome hunting clothes, with the startled members of the parliament bowing before him. They will think twice before braving him again.

The SPLENDOR of the "SUN KING"

How the Most Brilliant Court of All the Modern World, under Louis XIV, Opened the Road to the Ruin That Had to Follow It

HE WILL set off late, but will go farther than others." This was the prophecy of the great minister Mazarin (mä'-zá'rāN') when people shook their heads over the stupidity of the boy-king, Louis XIV of France. And in truth the prophet was scarcely in his grave before his words began to come true. Louis lived to reign for seventy-two years and to be hailed as the "Grand Monarch," moving spirit of the Golden Age of France.

Born in 1638, Louis had been a mere child of five when he became king. And all through his youth he had been content to let his mother and her chief minister, Cardinal Mazarin, rule for him. He was so submissive

that he would go to call on the great cardinal like a common courtier, and so dull that no one bothered to give him a decent education. Even in the army they thought of him as a handsome young man much more interested in dances and gambling than in military exploits.

Then one day in 1661, when the King was twenty-three years old, Mazarin died. That morning one of the officials came to Louis and asked to whom he was now to look for orders. "To me!" said the young King, sharply and sternly. Then he called all the astonished courtiers and officials together and told them that from that time on he intended to be his own prime minister.

LOUIS XIV

"And," he said very coolly, "I will ask your advice only when I want it. Meanwhile, you are to sign no papers without my orders. You are to seal no letters without my command. I am the state."

One can imagine the ghost of the dictatorial old cardinal smiling at that. "He has in him the stuff of four kings," was another thing the dead Mazarin had said of Louis.

But if you are going to be "four kings," or even one king who chooses to be the whole state, you have to make up your mind to a great deal of hard work. Louis set himself to learn the trade of being a king. For long hours every day he sat at his desk like a common clerk. He presided over every council, decided every matter both great and small, held everybody to a strict accounting for everything that he ordered done. Never did he allow a single paper to leave the palace without his approval. To tell the truth, Louis *was* a trifle stupid, as people had thought, and he loved all these humdrum details for their own sake. But more than that, he loved the sense of power which this sort of ruling gave him. For all through his long life, desire for personal power and glory was at the center of King Louis' thoughts and actions.

Louis Becomes Master of Europe

Fortunately for France, the King's glory for a while brought good to the country. All France had rejoiced when Mazarin died, and looked to young Louis to quiet the civil wars that were raging and to straighten out the tangled finances of the government. The civil wars were quieted; and Louis found a financial genius, Colbert (kôl'bêr'), who did wonders with the finances.

But more and more of the public money was needed for Louis' incessant wars. Under the great general, Prince Condé (kōN'da'), the French armies fought against nearly every nation in Europe—England, Holland, Denmark, the states of Germany, Italy, the Holy Roman Empire, even all-powerful Spain. Spain was crushed completely. By about 1678 Louis of France was acknowledged the most powerful monarch in Europe. He had the biggest and best-drilled army on the Continent. The proud king, who felt himself chosen of God to rule, had surely won his title of the "Grand Monarch."

At home he shone amid a ring of flattering courtiers as the "Sun King" of one of the most brilliant courts of history. Handsome, silent, of graceful and dignified carriage—"every inch a king"—he delighted

in the blind praises of the nobles, whom he forced to stay at court, and of the poets and dramatists who flocked about him for his favors. Every night saw more splendid entertainments, every day some new device to amuse. The King particularly loved pageants and spectacles, and nothing pleased him better than to appear himself as Apollo, god of the sun. After a while he took the image of the sun as his "device," or seal.

He was always building palaces and formal gardens and houses for his favorites. At Versailles (vēr'sa'y'), near Paris, he kept 30,000 men busy for years building as magnificent a palace as the world has ever seen. Its hundreds of rooms were decorated by the best painters and sculptors, by skilled furniture builders, tapestry weavers, artists in bronze and ivory and ebony. And there the palace still stands, gorgeous and grandly ex-



Photo by the Louvre, Paris

This is Louis XIV in the days of his glory, looking every inch his part as Sun King, Grand Monarch, and ruler in the Golden Age of France.

LOUIS XIV



This is only one of Louis XIV's endless battles and sieges. Here his arms are taking Valenciennes, in what is now Northern France. This town had long

been held by the Spaniards, but Louis took it in a fierce eight-day siege. Then he built a strong fort there. The city has ever since been French.

pen-sive, to be stared at by admiring tourists. In its time it was copied by princes all over Europe. Whole industries were started in France in order to equip it and other palaces of the King. And so fashionable were the elegant furnishings of Louis' residences that to this day their style of decoration is called "Louis Quatorze" (lōw'ē' kā'tōrz'), which is French for "Louis the Fourteenth."

The Glamor of the French Court

Like Elizabeth of England a century or so earlier, Louis XIV shone also by the reflected glory of the wit and beauty and artistic genius he gathered about him. Preachers and philosophers, painters and musicians, playwrights and poets—they all came to bask in the favor of the Sun King. There were Molière, Corneille, and Racine, the

greatest dramatists of France, Jean de la Fontaine, master writer of fables, Nicolas Boileau, "father of French poetry", Jacques Bossuet, France's greatest pulpit orator, who preached in the exquisite chapel at Versailles, Jules Mansart, the great architect, who designed the chapel, Nicholas Poussin and Claude Lorrain, painters, Fénelon, Pascal, La Rochefoucauld, distinguished thinkers and writers—all these crowded about the Grand Monarch and flattered him. It was more because of the genius of these men than because of the glitter of the King himself that the Age of Louis XIV is also called the Golden Age of France.

But Louis reigned a long time, and fortune could not be expected to smile on him forever. The tide began to turn against him in the early 1680's. In 1687 he was very ill and

LOUIS XIV

almost died; and when he recovered, it was only to enter on a much less glorious part of his reign.

Half of Europe leagued itself against his pride and power, and in a new series of wars pulled him down from the heights to which he had climbed. He had to give up some of his colonies in the New World to England, though what he had left, at home and abroad, was still enough for any ordinary king.

But things at home were going very badly indeed. When his queen, whom he had shamefully neglected, died, he secretly married Madame de Maintenon (dē mǎN'tē-nōN'), who had so much influence over him that she has been said to have been "for twenty-three years lord of France." She appealed to a narrow and fanatical religious streak in his nature, and stirred him up to make laws against the Protestants. As many of these people were the most thrifty and hard-working in France, it hurt the country to have them ruined or driven away.

Meanwhile over all of France outside the glittering gates of the palaces there had settled down a dead weight of the most desperate suffering. It takes money to build palaces like Versailles and fill them year after year with dancing and feasts and extravagant pageants. It takes even more money to carry on half a century of almost continual war. Colbert had been called the "man of marble" because of his pitiless demands for

money for the King's wars. When he was dead, things only got worse. It was always taxes, taxes, and still more taxes. Trade and agriculture were in ruins. The country people were so desperately poor that for a century afterward artists made the French peasant type gaunt and lantern-jawed and starved-looking. Revolts broke out even among the soldiers. Madame de Maintenon's carriage was mobbed. "Starved skeletons" stormed the very gates of Versailles, and almost made their way into the presence of the Grand Monarch himself.

Louis sat within, eating so much that his courtiers were alarmed for his health.

Some say that in his last days the old King suffered fierce pangs of remorse for all the agony he had brought on France. Others say that there was dignity in his very assurance that he had done right. At all events, his last days were rather pitiful. He had lost his son and his grandsons, and was leaving his throne to a puny child, his great-grandson, who could not be expected to carry on his work. And everyone he loved, including his wife, deserted him and left him to die alone.

So one day in 1715 the long reign came to an end. The Grand Monarch was dead. And all over France there broke out a tumult of rejoicing even greater than that when Mazarin had died and Louis had first become "the state."

This majestic statue shows you the Grand Monarch, Louis XIV, seated upon his horse.



Quite fittingly, this marble sculpture stands at Versailles, where the Sun King built his palace.

PETER THE GREAT



Photo by Ruchgita

Peter the Great of Russia earned his title partly by being willing, when it seemed wise, to act as if he were not "great" at all. He was quite ready to learn from the humblest workman, and expected all Russians

to learn from the people of the rest of Europe. In this picture the great czar is at Deptford, in England, learning how to build ships. When he has mastered it, he will go home and build a navy for Russia.

The FATHER of RUSSIAN POWER

In Bringing Russia into the Family of Western Nations, Peter the Great Was Willing to Work as a Common Laborer to Learn the Arts and Crafts of the West

LESS than a single century ago, when Commodore Perry landed on the coast of Japan to see whether he could make a treaty between that country and the United States, he caught sight of signs that forbade any foreign person to set foot upon those exclusive shores. The Japanese wanted no visitors; they wanted no foreign ways. They expected to go on forever just as they had been going for many a century, untouched by all the inventions and discoveries from the other side of the world.

What has happened in Japan since that time is one of the miracles of history. For in the short period since then Japan has leaped with one great bound out of a medieval and oriental civilization to a place at the very forefront among the modern nations

that are alive to every new idea and new invention of Western culture. It is hardly too much to say that in less than a century Japan has been able to cover as much ground in progress as many a Western nation covered in a thousand years.

Less than three centuries ago a thing of very much the same kind happened in the vast land of Russia. At the very time when Louis XIV of France was setting the fashion for the most splendid court of modern Europe, the Russian land was still sunk in a medieval ignorance, cruelty, barbarism, and corruption that are literally beyond description in any polite circle of our day. Russia too was oriental; her ways were those of Asia, not of Europe, and in the councils of the European states she hardly counted at

PETER THE GREAT

all. She was set apart from the other nations, and shut out from all their new ideas of progress. She was indeed a wretched land, and a land that seemed to have very little hope of change.

Yet in less than half a century Russia turned her face to Europe and learned many of the ways of the West. She became a nation with which the other European powers must henceforth reckon. She learned how to build ships and to operate a great navy; she made herself a path over the sea. She built up an army and learned the military science to use it as the other powers of the West used their troops. She put away many an ancient and outworn oriental custom for a more modern one. In a generation she was made over into a great Western nation--if not fully, at least very largely. For the first time then the name of Russia really begins to appear in the history of the world. And all this was the work of one man mainly.

Peter I, called Peter the Great, czar of Russia from 1689 to 1725.

Russia's Greatest King

This Peter, who began to rule at the early age of seventeen, was a really heroic man. He was huge in evil, huge in good, huge in everything--and there is no understanding him except by thinking of a very big man born to work a revolution for a barbarous, medieval, oriental people. His table manners were disgusting, his idea of a good joke was savage, his morals were often atrocious, his anger and his cruelty were unbelievable. He could do murder and watch horrible torture with the easiest conscience in the world. Yet he was full of great ideas for his country, to make it larger and richer and more influential, and above all to make it more modern and more European. To that end he never spared himself. He would help to build a fleet with his own hands, and to sail the ships in it; he would learn to lead an army like any Western general, and to use all the weapons of the more advanced nations; he would put on workman's clothes and toil with common laborers to learn the secrets of their arts and crafts. He was a terrible despot and yet a wise ruler; for at need he

was very tactful in so rapidly transforming his land from an Asiatic to a European one.

Peter invited many foreigners into Russia to teach the Russians new ideas and inventions, though always with the idea that when once the Russians had learned they would do everything for themselves. He also sent many Russians into Western lands to study. He himself studied just like any other man from the foreigners who came, and was very eager to learn every mechanical secret they could teach. He went on a long trip through Germany, Holland, and England, with his eyes alert for every kind of process in the arts and crafts and his mind awake to many new ideas. It was on this trip that he worked for a while as a common shipwright in Holland. He studied other things as different as artillery and anatomy and engraving, and he went back to Russia full of plans.

It was no easy matter for him to make the Russians give up many of their old ways. Merely to force them to cut off their flowing oriental beards and to put on sensible Western clothes was hard enough, but that was only one of the many reforms that Peter accomplished--even if he had to cut off some of the beards with his own hand. He also made large changes in the operation of the government and of the church. He brought the women out of the secluded life they had been forced to lead in the older Russia, and he reformed the calendar to make it agree with that of the rest of Europe. Among many other deeds, he built the city of St. Petersburg, named after him--though since renamed Petrograd at the beginning of the World War, and then Leningrad after the Russian Revolution.

In a war with Turkey, Peter opened up an outlet for Russian ships on the Black Sea. In another with Sweden he gained a good deal of territory for his land and also free access to the Baltic. A victory over Persia put Russian seamen on the Caspian Sea. The opening of these "windows" across the water, especially toward the West, was one of his great purposes. Yet even so the ideas and the machines he gave to his backward land were probably more important than the land and seas his victories brought her.



Painted by Braun Clennet & Co.

Many were the gay scenes such as this in the luxurious court of Catherine the Great, empress of Russia. The ladies move in billowy silks, the men bow gallantly in their gay-colored clothes and elegant wigs, and the sumptuous furnishings of the palace give just the right

background. How the little German princess who had become the great czarina reveled in it all! But even better than a gorgeous court she loved the mighty power she had as ruler of a mighty nation. The gay court was like frosting on her cake of empire.

The WILY WOMAN of RUSSIA

How a Little German Princess Married a Czar and Became a Great Empress and a Great Murderess

HAVE you ever wondered how it is that some few people manage to be called "the Great"? We say Alexander the Great and Alfred the Great, but we never say Washington the Great or Julius Caesar the Great or Wellington the Great. Who is it that decides who shall be "the Great"? If you will ask your friends you will find out that they . . . do not know.

This is the story of a woman who is called "the Great." She is Catherine the Great, empress of Russia. And great she surely was, though she was as bad and cruel as she was magnificent.

In the days when most kings did exactly as they liked, Catherine was born in 1729 as

a little German princess. Old Frederick the Great of Prussia was looking for a little German princess to marry the Archduke Peter, who was soon going to be the Czar of Russia, for Frederick wanted the two countries to be friendly. He picked on Princess Catherine, aged fourteen, to go off to Russia and marry Peter.

So little Catherine went off bumping over the terrible Russian roads and stopping overnight at inns that she called "pigsties." Finally she came to the grand palace of the Empress at St. Petersburg. She was not certain whether the great Empress would like her and let her marry Peter, but she did everything she could to make sure of it

CATHERINE THE GREAT

and to get all the people on her side. She was sweet to everybody, she studied far into the night to learn Russian, she changed her religion and became a Greek Catholic—which was very easy, because she did not really have any religion at all. Then the Empress liked her, and she married Peter.

How Catherine Won Her Throne

Peter was a pig. He was a very dirty pig, and a great fool too. He used to take his toys to bed with him long after he was grown, and he did all sorts of other silly things. He was a mean fellow, too, a very cruel fellow, who used to beat Catherine about and use his fist and his foot when he was angry with her. So we need not suppose she liked him. But she was going to be empress, so she clung to Peter and meanwhile made great friends with the courtiers and the soldiers. She knew how to do it. She was a very shrewd and witty woman, and she could be most charming when she liked. So for seventeen years she endured her silly brute of a husband and made herself popular with the soldiers. And then —

Then Peter came to the throne. Six months later the soldiers revolted and took him captive. He died at once, and they said it was "apoplexy." To this day we do not know whether Catherine had him killed or not.

Why Catherine Is Called Great

But now she was empress. There is no use in saying she was not a great one, however we may hate her for her treachery and cruelty. She loved Russia and admired the Russians. She wanted to make Russia a great country, strong in war and famous in the arts. She also wanted the most absolute power for herself and she wanted a great deal of luxury. She got it all.

In her diplomacy Catherine outwitted many an older crowned head in Europe. In her alliances with other powers she played a

very skillful hand. In choosing and controlling her captains and her counselors she always showed that she was their superior. In her wars—and there were many—she aimed constantly at the increase of Russian land and power.

Often she was altogether ruthless in all these things. She made war on Turkey in 1770 in the pretense that she was going to set Greece free, and then when it suited her she gave it up and left the poor Greeks to their fate at the hands of the Turks. She joined twice with Austria and Prussia to split up the unhappy land of Poland between the three of them; and that land has only been united once again in our own day. She was ready for almost any act if only Russia could gain by it, but it was for Russia's gain, at least as she saw it, that she always acted.

The Culture at Catherine's Court

She made friends with many famous men, like Voltaire (vôl'têr') and Diderot (dê'dê-rô'), gave them pensions, and invited them to Russia. For she wanted to make her land a home of art and of philosophy as well as a seat of power. Many of these men liked her, in spite of all her cruelty, for she could be very kind to them and she could make them think she had a great love of the arts. She even wrote a good deal with her own pen, and tried to be one of the philosophers herself. So the authors liked her, and praised her to all the world—which was just what she wanted. And then all the more people came to like her.

So she really was a great woman. Yet she could be horribly cruel. She had no sort of self-restraint, and while she was spending a hundred million dollars on her favorites, she could be laying terrible taxes on the poor, or ordering horrible punishments, worse than death, for those who did not give in to her whims. In the end she went nearly mad with alarm and hate, until death came in 1796 to put an end to all her sins and glories.



In this face you may see the clear judgment, the strength of purpose, the power of command, and the ruthlessness which made Frederick the Great the founder of the great military power of Prussia.

The GREATEST of GERMAN SOLDIERS

Frederick II Is Called "Frederick the Great" because His Strength and Wisdom Led Him to Be the Main Maker of Modern Prussia

IN HIS early days the prince who was going to grow into Frederick the Great gave very little sign of being the man who would become the main builder of the powerful state of Prussia. His rough and rugged father wanted the boy to be just like himself—a stern soldier and ruler, and nothing else. But the boy wanted to be a wit and poet and musician, and he gave very little time to business and to soldiering. This enraged his father till the boy was so unhappy that at last he tried to steal out of the country and make his way to England. But he was caught and thrown into prison. Then he was put to hard work of the kind his father thought an heir to the throne ought to do.

At last Frederick really took to the work, though without giving up his interest in books and art. By the time he came to the throne of Prussia, at the age of twenty-eight, in 1740, he was a strong and steady man of affairs, and the whole world was soon to

know that a great new soldier and ruler had arisen. From the first, Frederick set out to give his land a strong and enlightened government, to make it prosperous, to give it a mighty army, and to widen its boundaries.

To that end he first turned his eyes eastward to the Silesian provinces. Without any particular right, and without even declaring war, he led an army into the city of Breslau and tore the country out of the grasp of Maria Teresa, empress of Austria. By this one stroke he added about a third to the territory under his sway; and though he had to fight again to hold it, he kept it as a permanent part of Prussia.

There was plenty of further war in Frederick II's reign to give him the chance to win the title of Frederick the Great by proving that he was one of the very greatest military men of all time. The most important of all the struggles was the Seven Years' War, from 1756 to 1763. It drew in nearly the whole world—not only the conti-

FREDERICK THE GREAT

nent of Europe, but India and the American colonies as well.

In this war nearly all the powers of Europe—France, Austria, Russia, Sweden, Saxony—were banded together against Frederick. For a time it looked as if the new kingdom of Prussia might be literally wiped off the

of his people. But though this liberal view led him to lighten a good many harsh laws and customs, he was still the kind of man who could not help being a great master of his people. He never said, like Louis XIV, "I am the State," but quite the contrary; and yet he could not help being the



A really great conqueror must not be content with the winning of lands. He must win the hearts of his people, or all his hard-earned gains will melt away. Frederick the Great was a statesman as well as a

soldier. He put his war horses to work drawing ploughs, and rebuilt the cities his battles had laid waste. And everywhere he went his subjects greeted him with the affection they are showing him here.

map. But the military genius of Frederick was too much for all his enemies. He won a signal victory at Rossbach (1757) and another a few weeks later at Leuthen. Then England came into the war against France, and a new czar in Russia made his peace with Frederick; and Prussia came out of the struggle, however weakened by it, as a more formidable European power than ever before. A little later, when the unhappy land of Poland was put to death by being divided up among the other powers, Prussia took a slice of that territory too.

But Frederick did far more than merely fight for Prussia and leave her, at his death in 1786, nearly twice as large as when he first mounted her throne. He gave her a rule which, in spite of many of the defects of the times, was as wise as it was firm. From the philosophers of his day, Frederick really took the idea that the king ought not to be the master, but only the chief servant

whole state, even more than Louis himself.

He drained the marshes and made them fertile fields. He reformed the farming of the country, and built up many industries. He reformed the Prussian law, and gave out a great code of it. He gave great encouragement to the growth of art and science, of literature and philosophy. Many of the most famous writers and thinkers of France, with Voltaire at their head, came to visit him or to live with him. So he built up an illustrious court of wits and philosophers. He wrote a good deal himself, both of poetry and prose. And yet the great builder of Prussia was always just as much of a Frenchman as he was able to be. He hated German art and German books. He detested the German language. All the while that he was creating his famous German army, he would never talk any language but the French, and all of his books are written in that tongue, for which he had a deep admiration.



Photo by Kuehigita

Before the famous sea fight of Cape St. Vincent, the British people did not know what a great naval hero they had in Nelson. But that day they found out—and they never forgot. Just as the Spanish fleet was about to escape and take to flight, Nelson swung his

ship about to stop them. He had not waited for orders—if he had, it would have been too late. The men from his ship boarded two ships of the enemy and made them prizes of war. In this picture Nelson is receiving the Spanish captains' swords.

The HERO of TRAFALGAR

In All the Long Story of War on the Sea, There Is No Name More Famous than That of Horatio Nelson

IN THE midst of Trafalgar Square, at the very heart of London, stands the white shaft of the Nelson Monument. Great bronze lions guard its base, and around it sweep always the life and uproar of the city. No one who lives in London or visits it can forget England's greatest naval hero.

This great seaman, who died in the battle after which Trafalgar (tră-făl'gâr) Square itself is named, had a long training in his seamanship. Born in 1758, he was only a puny little lad of twelve when he first became a sailor. His father was poor, and the boy had decided that he ought to learn to shift for himself. That may have been the first time that Horatio Nelson acted from a stern sense of duty, but it was by no means the last.

He had an uncle who took him in hand and made an expert seaman of him before he was out of his teens. But it was not an easy life even for a hearty man, and for a delicate boy it was hard indeed. On his first voyage, to the stormy Falkland Islands, young Nelson nearly died. He was scarcely well again when he was transferred to a ship sailing to the West Indies. At fifteen he suffered the intense cold and hardship of a trip to the Arctic. Almost before he had stopped shivering from that, he was back in the hot Indies again. On this trip he was taken with such a severe fever that he had to be sent home. Ill and discouraged, he pondered his fate. But he decided that if it was his duty to England to bear all this, he

NELSON

would do it cheerfully. "I will be a hero," he cried, "and, confiding in Providence, I will brave every danger!"

So he stuck to the service. At nineteen he was a second lieutenant, and at twenty commander of a ship. In spite of his bad health, he rose rapidly in rank, and was liked and respected by the other officers. Once, when he was twenty-five, he was chosen to instruct the young Duke of Clarence, afterwards King William IV, in naval tactics. His royal pupil was amused at his odd appearance and thought him "the nicest boy of a captain," but he liked the man, and saw that he knew his business.

This happened while Nelson was stationed in the West Indies, where he stayed from 1782 to 1787. While he was there, his sense of duty got him into trouble with his superior officers. Traders from the United States did not like to admit that the fact that their country had just become independent of Great Britain made them foreigners in the British West Indies, at least they kept on bringing in goods without paying any duty to the government—just as if they had been British subjects still. Most of the officers winked at this smuggling, but Nelson insisted on enforcing the law. It made him very unpopular for a while, and he nearly lost his post. But the government backed him in the end.

In the Indies Nelson met and married a young widow. His royal pupil gave the bride away. Soon after that, Nelson returned

to England, and remained quietly at home for a few happy years. Then in 1793 war broke out between England and France.

This was the beginning of Nelson's real career. He was sent to the Mediterranean in command of the warship "Agamemnon." The British were trying to blockade Corsica,

and in a series of battles and sieges Nelson proved himself a wise and decisive commander. His motto was "Strike quickly and home!" In one of the battles, while Nelson stood, as usual, in the thick of the fight, a shot striking near him drove sand and pebbles into his right eye. The eye healed without leaving a scar; but Nelson never saw with it again.

Nelson's first great victory was at the battle of Cape St. Vincent,

off Southern Portugal. For his skill and gallantry in this fight he was made a rear admiral and a knight. But close on the heels of this came a terrible failure at Santa Cruz, in the Canary Islands. In this action the commander lost his right arm. He had been directing the battle from an open boat. When he was struck, he sent his men back into action and pulled himself up to the deck of his warship by a rope grasped with his left hand and his legs.

That wound sent him home for a while, a very sick man. But he was rewarded with the Order of the Bath and with a pension. And in the spring of the next year (1780) he was back in the Mediterranean. That same year he followed the French fleet to the mouth of the Nile, and almost destroyed it



By Rischitz

If ever a leader went into battle with unselfish devotion and a firm belief that he was fighting for the right, it was surely Nelson at Trafalgar. Before the battle he added a few lines to his will, leaving his dear ones to the care of the country for which he was about to die. Then he knelt by his cabin table in prayer.

NELSON

in one of his most famous battles. For that he was made baron of the Nile, and was given another and bigger pension.

In the autumn of that year he was at Naples. At Naples lived the beautiful and accomplished Lady Emma Hamilton, whom Nelson had met five years before, and to whom he ever after gave deepening devotion. He saw a great deal of Lady Hamilton in the months he spent in or near Naples. Just what part she had in the things he did there no one quite knows; people who do not approve of these things like to blame her for them. At all events, hard words have been said of Nelson for the execution of a certain Neapolitan leader, and for his refusal at one time to obey orders to move on. When he arrived in England again in 1800, busy tongues were wagging merrily.

But he was made a vice admiral in 1801, though instead of sending him back to the Mediterranean, the government sent him as second in command to fight in the north. At Copenhagen he destroyed the Dutch fleet. During the battle the British commander ordered a retreat. Nelson, knowing that to stop fighting now would mean disaster, calmly put the telescope to his blind eye. "I really do not see the signal!" he said. This audacity made him immensely popular at home. He was created a viscount, and his children were to have the title after him.

Then he was put in command of the naval defense against the attack everyone thought the French were preparing against England. After a short interval of peace, he spent nearly two years blockading Toulon (too'lon'), in Southern

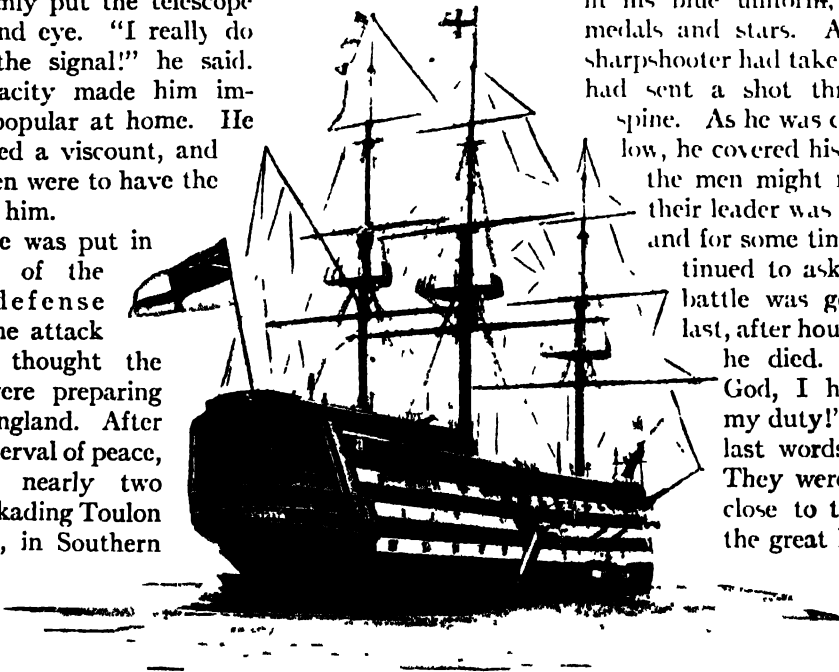
France. In 1805 he chased the French and Spanish fleets clear across the ocean to the West Indies and back—it was one of the most exciting chases in the history of naval warfare. When it was over, he had the unfortunate French commander neatly trapped and afraid to come out and fight.

But the Frenchman had to come out in the end, and Nelson met the combined French and Spanish fleets off Cape Trafalgar, in Southern Spain, in the most famous naval battle of all British history (1805). As the British ships stood waiting for the word to fire, Nelson sent out the signal: "England expects every man to do his duty." Officers and men, they all knew that Lord Nelson had always done his duty as he saw it, they loved and trusted him with rare devotion, and now stood ready to do their duty, and even more—for him as well as for England. They advanced against the enemy, and before the day was over, England was the mistress of the seas.

But the great Admiral, idol of the navy and the nation, was dead.

This is the flagship "Victory." It was in one of the ship's cabins that Nelson knelt to pray before the Battle of Trafalgar, and in its cockpit that the hero of Trafalgar breathed his last.

Through the thick of the fight, he had stood on the deck of the "Victory," a conspicuous figure in his blue uniform, with his medals and stars. An enemy sharpshooter had taken aim and had sent a shot through his spine. As he was carried below, he covered his face that the men might not know their leader was wounded, and for some time he continued to ask how the battle was going. At last, after hours of pain, he died. "Thank God, I have done my duty!" were the last words he said. They were a fitting close to the life of the great hero.



NAPOLEON THE MAN OF DESTINY

This is the portrait of the most famous conqueror of modern times, Napoleon Bonaparte. He was great as soldier and as statesman—but not quite great enough to curb his own ambition.



Below is Napoleon at the height of his power, as he saluted his guard at the moment of victory. But across the page is the famous man at the end of his career, a lonely prisoner on the island of St. Helena.



NAPOLEON *the* MAN of DESTINY

*Here Is the Dramatic Story of the Way One Man Gathered
Half the World under His Sway, Only to Have It
Fall to Pieces Again like a House of Cards*

THE great Napoleon was such a little man that any valiant soldier in his army could have brushed him over with the back of one hand. Yet he had a will so mighty, and a presence of such amazing power, that not only the common soldiers, but their generals and their kings as well, stood speechless and trembling before him. There was not a trace of French blood in the man, and yet he came to be by far the greatest ruler whom the French have ever seen. There was nothing very glorious, or even very promising, in the little boy who was born into a fairly humble family on the island of Corsica in 1769; yet his star was to lead him onward until he had conquered more of the world than any other man since Alexander the Great, had given a wise law and a strong government to millions of men, had wrecked all his own amazing fortunes

through an ambition that was beyond all satisfaction, and had inspired in a host of men a love, and in another host a hatred, such as few human beings have ever known.

Here is the story of the vast drama that made up his life.

About a year before his birth the island of Corsica had fallen into the hands of the French. His ambitious Italian father therefore sent Napoleon Bonaparte (bō'ná-part), just a little under ten years of age, to a school at Brienne (brē'n'), far up in the eastern part of France. The little boy was not very happy at school. He spoke French with an accent, and was often in quarrels and fights with the proud boys who spoke it better. He grew up as a quiet and gloomy lad; and even after he had gone to another military school in Paris and had been graduated into the French army, he was still a

NAPOLEON THE MAN OF DESTINY

good deal of a dreamer, just as he had been all through his youth.

His main dream in these early days was one of setting Corsica free again from the French yoke. It might have landed him in plenty of trouble if he had ever really tried to realize it; indeed, Napoleon was often under suspicion, and once or twice under arrest, during this period. But the greatest event in



French history, or in all modern history, now came to shape his life: the vast French Revolution broke out in 1789, when he was twenty years of age. From the first Napoleon took the side of the men who were beginning to set up a republic in France. He was soon disappointed at the turn of affairs in Corsica, and from that moment he was a Frenchman through and through, constantly lending the support of his mighty genius to the varying forms of the new republic—until the time when he himself felt strong enough to put the republic to death and stand out in its place as the emperor of the French.

He first came into notice in 1793. The city of Toulon (tōō'lōN'), in Southern

France, was standing out stubbornly against the revolutionists who were making a new France. In charge of the artillery sent against the city, Napoleon gave the first sign of his military genius when he brought the town to terms. Two years later he grew much more famous. The formidable Paris mob had risen against the government in power; the streets were full of rioters. Napoleon gave them their first taste of grape-shot, and soon cleared the streets of all disturbance. From that moment the

nation began to look to him as the man to meet a dangerous emergency. There were plenty of emergencies coming upon him, for during the next twenty years France was in almost continuous war with some part of Europe, and often with nearly all of it.

The first great emergency came in Italy. Napoleon was put in command of the small and ragged French army sent there in 1796 to deal with some of the Italian states and with their powerful Austrian invaders. He gained a series of victories so rapid and so brilliant as to show the whole world that one of the great generals of all

Here is the victorious Napoleon at the Battle of Rivoli, the decisive engagement of his great Italian campaign. Those successes showed him his power, and he said, "The future hides much greater victories. The goddess of fortune has not smiled on me that I may scorn her. The more she favors me, the greater shall be my demands."

time had arisen. After a set of brilliant actions which have few parallels in history, he drove the Austrians far back into their own territory, and forced them to the famous treaty of Campo

Formio. The treaty gave to Austria some of the lands to which she laid claim, and in particular handed over to her the rule of the proud and ancient republic of Venice, whose rights Napoleon now flouted with the disdain of a conqueror. But the treaty gave far more to France. It carried her boundaries to the Rhine, brought the land of Belgium under her sway, and set up a re-

NAPOLEON THE MAN OF DESTINY



“E. L. by Grantmiller”

After five unhappy years at school, the surly little Napoleon went for a year to this military academy in Paris. There things were little better. He hated the French boys, who repaid his unfriendliness by reminding him that he was “only a Corsican.” His teachers

found him “reserved and diligent . . . taciturn, with a love of solitude; moody, overbearing, and extremely egotistical.” And they add that he had “much self-love, and overweening ambition.” At the age of sixteen he became an officer in the French army.



For three days the French had tried to storm the bridge across the river Adige at the little Italian village of Arcola, and for three days its Austrian defenders had stood fast. Then Napoleon sent a few trumpeters to sound an attack at the enemy's rear. Thinking another army was upon them, the Austrians fell back

in panic. That was all that was necessary to hearten the French. In the picture above you may see Napoleon seizing the standard and leading his army across the bridge to victory. It was a famous victory, but he lost a devoted lieutenant when the brave Muiron interposed his own body to save his general's life.

NAPOLEON THE MAN OF DESTINY

public under French influence in Northern Italy. And it added great wealth to France, both in money and in works of art that were torn away from Italy.

No campaign of Napoleon's was more astonishing than this one in Italy. He came back from it as the great hero of his nation.

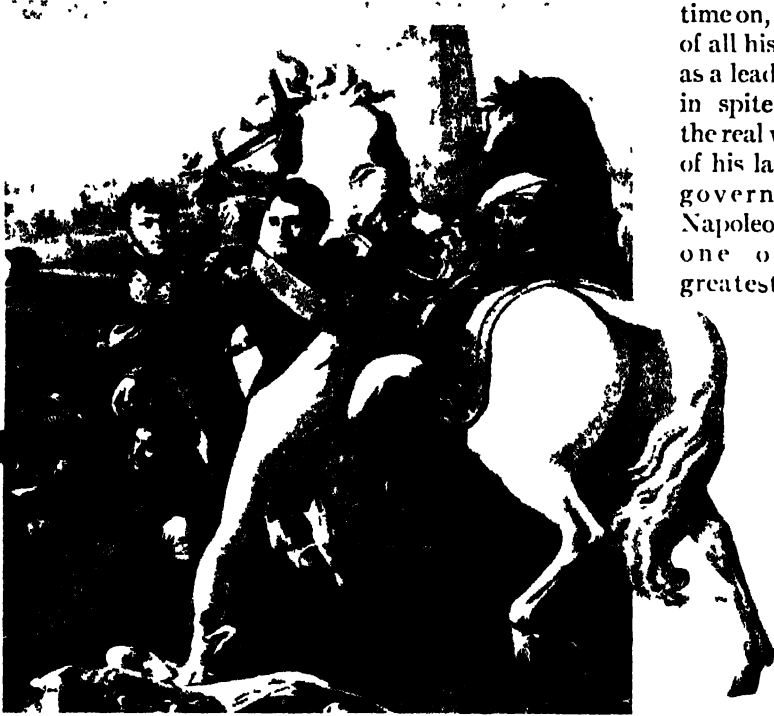
And now his head began to turn; from this time his ambition and his lust for personal power grew on until they knew no bound whatever. To be sure, he was not yet strong enough to overthrow the government. He first sought to multiply his glory by humbling England as he had humbled Italy. He led an army into Egypt to plunder and subdue the neighboring lands and to strike a blow at England's trade with India.

But in spite of some great victories, notably in the Battle of the Pyramids (1798), the Egyptian expedition was a failure. His fleet was ruined by Nelson in the Battle of the Nile, and his army was actually beaten at Acre. The hero had to slip back to France as quietly as he could, and for a time at least his credit there might have gone down fairly low if the French public had been allowed to know all the real facts about the Egyptian campaign.

In the meantime the English had learned that the great French Achilles was not invulnerable. The English never forget a

thing like that, and they never give up a cause until they are beaten to the ground. In the sixteen years to come England was to go on fighting the new Alexander, with one ally or another, and sometimes against almost hopeless odds, until she finally overcame him and rid the world of his menace.

For from this time on, in spite of all his genius as a leader, and in spite of all the real wisdom of his laws and government, Napoleon was one of the greatest men-



Wherever Napoleon sent his men he was always willing to go himself, for not one of them could outdo him in courage. Because they knew his bravery and stern power they looked upon him with awe, and worshiped him as almost more than human. In the picture above they are helping him to his horse when he has been wounded—for the only time in his life—at the Battle of Ratisbonne.

self he wanted an absolute power, and so he grew into a mighty tyrant. For his country he wanted a vast empire stretching through Europe, and that led to incessant war.

Soon after his return from Egypt he brushed aside the Directory which was governing France and set up three consuls in its place. He was himself the First Consul (1799), and very soon, of course, he was the only one. In 1802 he was made the First Consul for his lifetime. In 1804 he threw aside all pretense and made himself emperor of the French. The little Corsican had risen to the peak of power and glory.

aces the world has ever seen to the liberties of men and to the peace of nations. For him-

NAPOLEON THE MAN OF DESTINY



Napoleon receiving the keys of Vienna, in 1805. After defeating the Austrians at Austerlitz, he said to his troops, "Soldiers, I am pleased with you. Name your children after me, and if one of them should

prove worthy of us, I will make him my own son and appoint him my successor!" But from now on the conqueror was to fall more and more a victim to his own self-will, unable to see what he did not wish to see.



Once again we meet the victorious Napoleon at Friedland, where he overcame the Russians but only after a three-months' wait that got sadly on his nerves. It should have warned him of what he was to meet in

Russia later. Here too an illness led him to say, "I bear within me the germs of an early death." It was a pity that his soldier's judgment did not also point out to him the germs of the defeat he was to suffer.

NAPOLEON THE MAN OF DESTINY



Napoleon is receiving Louise, the beautiful and greatly beloved queen of Prussia, who has come to Tilsit to plead with him on behalf of her people. But her tears

were useless. In the treaty which was soon made, her country was cut in two. Queen Louise was grandmother to Kaiser Wilhelm II of Germany.

He was the mightiest monarch Europe had seen since the days of Rome, or possibly since the days of Alexander.

Of course he now wanted a son to succeed him on the throne. To that end he heartlessly put away the childless wife, Josephine, whom he had wed in the days when he was first rising into fame, and married the young archduchess Marie Louise of Austria. She bore him a son, but the son was never to be an emperor.

It would take a long time to tell about all the wars and battles of Napoleon during the remaining years of his rule. He had to go into Italy again, when a band of the



Josephine Bonaparte, the beautiful wife whom Napoleon divorced in order to marry the Austrian princess Marie Louise.

had undone the work of his first campaign there. Like Hannibal of old, he crossed the Alps and took the Austrian army by surprise in the rear. After the famous Battle of Marengo he set up anew the republic in Northern Italy. For a very brief time his victories led to a general peace, even with England, and the treaty of Amiens (1802) left France with a vast empire and influence. But no peace could last with Napoleon. He said himself that there could be no peace in Europe until he ruled it all. In the next year war broke out again, and for the remaining twelve years of his reign Napoleon was in strife with a changing

NAPOLÉON THE MAN OF DESTINY



Napoleon's thirst for power has united his enemies against him throughout Europe. And at home his merciless slaughter of Frenchmen on the battlefield has drained France of men. French mothers now refer to him as "the Ogre," and on all sides thinking people are denouncing him. More than that, his own minister, Talleyrand, has betrayed him, and his gen-

erals and the men he has put in power have turned upon him, hoping to profit by his downfall. But more important still, the very temper of the world is changing. Despots are going out of fashion, and the tide of republicanism is rising. So after the defeat of his army and the capture of Paris by the enemy, Napoleon at last is signing his abdication at Fontainebleau in 1814.



After his abdication Napoleon is bidding farewell to his Old Guard that has followed him through so many battles. Bareheaded and overcome with emotion, the

officers watch the departure of that commanding presence, whose fascination few people were able to resist, even while they feared and hated the man.

NAPOLEON THE MAN OF DESTINY



Photo by the Louvre

This is the beginning of the end for the man who has sat astride the world. In the course of this heart-breaking retreat from Russia Napoleon had plenty of time to see where his mistakes had lain and to map

out a wise plan of action. But he was not great enough for that. So he went stubbornly ahead sowing the seeds of his downfall, and in the end he had to reap the bitter fruits of his ambition and self-will.

and ever growing band of enemy nations.

He gained many a mighty victory, but he suffered a few horrible disasters as the end drew near. In 1805, with England, Austria, and Russia leagued against him, he gave up his threat of invading England and marched to the east. He captured a whole Austrian army at Ulm, and gave a terrible defeat to another one at Austerlitz. In the ensuing Treaty of Pressburg he put an end to the ancient Holy Roman Empire. The next year he lured Prussia into war and wrecked her power in the Battle of Jena (yā'na). Then he pushed on into Poland, and after a great victory at Friedland (1807) signed the treaties of Tilsit with Russia and Prussia.

A Man Napoleon Could Not Defeat

In the meanwhile the English admiral Nelson had ruined Napoleon's fleet in 1805 in the Battle of Trafalgar (trā-fal'gār), and England still stood out as the unconquered foe. Napoleon proclaimed a blockade against all English ships in the harbors of Europe, hoping in this way to reduce a country which his armies could not reach. But the English fought on.

And now, with the eastern lands subdued, Napoleon turned his eyes on Spain. By 1808 that whole land was under his control, with his brother Joseph on its throne. The main part of the map of Europe was now in his hands, and a man could travel from Gibraltar or from Naples to Hamburg without leaving the lands of Napoleon.

But the vast empire lasted only for a few years. It is a pitiful thing to think that now and then half the nations of the earth can be forced into an empire by some man of might who comes at the right moment, only to fall in pieces again like a house of cards. It did not take Napoleon much longer to build up his empire than it takes a good manager to build up a fine baseball team, and it did not take any longer for the whole work to collapse.

In 1812 Napoleon started on his great campaign into Russia. It was to have been a crowning glory for his mighty arms; it ended in one of the great disasters of history. The Russian army knew better than to fight. It kept falling backward, leading Napoleon ever farther and farther into a barren, wintry land, far from his supplies. At last it gave battle, and of course it lost.

NAPOLEON THE MAN OF DESTINY



The power of the old name and the charm of the old presence drew his army to him as if by magic when Napoleon escaped from Elba for his final Hundred

Days of power. Here he has met a French army sent to oppose him, but when he offers to let them shoot him down, they rush to him with rapture.



Photo by Walker Art Gallery

The victor of many battles has met decisive defeat, and is about to leave the battlefield at Waterloo. He will go back to Paris, and will for three days refuse to

accept facts. But when everyone deserts him he will at last sign his final abdication and will receive an order from the government to quit France.

NAPOLEON THE MAN OF DESTINY

But Napoleon drove on to Moscow only to find the city in flames, and no quarters for his men, with the winter coming on. There was nothing for him but to begin a heart-breaking retreat through the snow, with his hungry army. Of the 400,000 men

warship, and threw himself on the mercy of the British people.

They sent him to the island of St. Helena, far out in the South Atlantic Ocean. There he lived for six more years, meditating his by-gone glory and writing an account of his



Napoleon had been ordered to leave France, where certain death awaited him. Where could he go? There was only one hope. So he boarded this English ship.

the "Bellerophon," and threw himself on the mercy of the English, "the most powerful, the most unwavering and the most generous of his foes." They kept him safe

who had gone into Russia a bare 20,000 managed to straggle out again.

That was the sign of the end. To be sure, for two more years Napoleon led a magnificent fight against his banded enemies, with Prussia and England at their head. But the fight was hopeless. After the Battle of Leipzig, the mighty emperor gave up his throne, and was sent under a guard to the little island of Elba, in the Mediterranean. In less than a year he escaped to France once more. A vast army rose around his magic figure. Even the troops that were sent out to arrest him fell into line behind his heels as he marched triumphantly to Paris. For a famous "Hundred Days" France was his once more. But it all ended in 1815 with the Battle of Waterloo, where the English under Wellington and the Prussians under Blucher (blu'Kër) put an end to the career of the magnificent tyrant. Napoleon sought a refuge on an English

life. And there he died of cancer in 1821.

With all his cruelty, with all his meanness, he was a very great man. There is no other man who shows us better how petty a great man may sometimes be. When his own ambition was at stake, there was no action too revolting for him. For that ambition he would sacrifice another man, or a hundred thousand men, with a wave of his hand. Yet where his own ambition did not interfere, or where it was at one with the interest of the nation, he was a ruler of very deep wisdom. He was not only one of the two or three great soldiers of all time, but also one of the greatest statesmen of all time. In his organization of the French government, and in his famous "Code Napoleon," he gave to France very much of the system and the law under which she still lives. And in so doing he had a vast share in creating the new world that came into being after the French Revolution.



The army of the Duke of Wellington is on the march to Waterloo. In the forefront rides the great duke himself, lifting his hat to the salutes of his men. Everyone must know that the battle to which they are going will go far toward settling the fate of Europe.

Against them is ranged Napoleon, whom it seems impossible to defeat for even his island prison of Elba could not hold him. But Napoleon is to meet his match at last. All day Wellington's army will stand against him, and the allies will win the victory.

The MAN WHO BEAT NAPOLEON

How the "Iron Duke" of Wellington Finally Put Down the Greatest Conqueror the World Had Seen since Julius Caesar

THAT was my Waterloo," you have heard people say, or "I knew some day he must meet his Waterloo." They are remembering the great battle in which the conqueror Napoleon at last met his match and went down to defeat. This is the story of the man before whom Napoleon fell.

Arthur Wellesley, who would some day become the duke of Wellington and the victor of Waterloo, was born in 1769, without any title at all or any expectation of ever getting one; for though his father was not only a talented musician but an earl, Arthur was a younger son, and it was his elder brother who became Lord Mornington. Arthur was sent to the famous old school of Eton, and then, like so many younger sons of titled

British families, he went into the army.

For several years he seemed very much like other young officers. He inherited some of his father's love of music, and liked to play the fiddle, he would stay away from drill whenever he could for music or for cards. Yet during the five years he spent in his native country of Ireland, he rose in rank until by the time he was twenty he had become, with his brother's help, a lieutenant colonel in charge of a regiment. His first taste of active service was in a disastrous campaign in Holland (1794-5). There he had plenty of chances to see that the British army was in rather woeful plight, and that the common soldiers had a very hard time of it.

When he was twenty-seven he was sent to India. There it was that he ceased to be an

ordinary young officer and became a power in the army. He set himself to study the science of war, and he learned also the even more difficult art of dealing with the native rulers. They soon found that he was merciless in battle, but that if he said a thing he meant it, and that if he made a promise he would keep it.

His soldiers, too, came to be better supplied, more strictly disciplined, quicker on the march, than any British army in India had ever been before. With this army he marched back and forth over nearly all the southern half of India, and put down many native uprisings. Soon after he had arrived, his brother had come out to be governor-general, and the two aided each other as usual.

Lord Mornington gave young Wellesley ample chance to show his mettle,

and Wellesley in turn became Lord Mornington's trusted officer and adviser.

In 1805, when Wellesley came back to England, all Europe was aflame with war. Napoleon's armies seemed in a fair way to conquer the whole continent, and even over England hung a nightmare fear of invasion. Yet for a year and a half Wellesley kept for the most part out of the fight. He married during this time, and served for a while in parliament, defending his brother's actions

as governor in India. Then in 1808 he was ordered to take his regiment to Portugal, where Spaniards, Portuguese, and British were allied against the French.

Most of the time for the next five years Wellesley was engaged on this front, in what came to be called the Peninsular War. It

was not long before he was in sole command of the allied troops, and the credit for the final victory was his. He went into the campaign a young officer known only for far-away colonial fighting in India; he came out of it the great Duke of Wellington, whose name was on everyone's lips.

This war was not easily won. Wellington had hordes of raw Spanish and Portuguese volunteers to train. He was far from his base of supplies, and most of the time outnumbered by the enemy.

Sometimes it was impossible to keep order and discipline among his own suffering men. On one terrible retreat he complained that the disorder and confusion were worse than anything he had ever seen before. The tide of conflict swept back and forth, with advance and retreat—and always terrible suffering and loss on both sides. But finally, in 1813, he began a victorious advance which swept the worn-out enemy back across Spain, across the Pyrenees, and into France itself.



Photo by Hirschitz

Two of the greatest of England's war heroes were living and fighting at the same time, but only once did they ever meet. That one meeting of Admiral Nelson and the Duke of Wellington, shown in this picture, took place in September, 1805, at the Colonial Office in Downing Street, London. The Duke of Wellington is the figure at the left.

WELLINGTON



Paint by Victoria & Albert Museum

Over the sodden fields of wheat, heaped with dying horses and wounded men, marches the army of Wellington to victory! For this is the famous battle of

Waterloo, in which rain, incompetent underlings, the combined forces of Wellington and Blücher—and perhaps of Destiny—defeated the great Napoleon.

Peace came at last, and the mighty Napoleon had to give up his throne and go to live on the island of Elba. For his victory, Wellesley was created duke of Wellington.

Wellington was sent to Paris as British ambassador to the new French government. But the peace did not last long. In 1815 came the fearful and incredible tidings that Napoleon had escaped from Elba and was again at the head of an army in France—and taking on his old airs as a conqueror.

Wellington and the Prussian commander, Blücher (blu'ker), met him in Belgium. Napoleon wanted to fight them separately, and when he attacked at Waterloo, on June 18, 1815, he hoped to defeat the British before the Prussians could arrive. But he waited too long for the ground to dry so that his cavalry could charge; and the British infantry stood too staunchly—under the eye of their great leader, who rode up and down the lines all day in a rain of shot and shell. In the late afternoon, Blücher's column swept upon the field, Wellington ordered a counter-charge—and the day was won for the allies. Napoleon had met his Waterloo.

Now there was no one in all Europe so famous or so powerful as the Duke of Wellington. Napoleon was again in exile—this time to stay. Wellington was at the head

of the army of occupation in France, and no voice commanded such instant attention as his on all matters concerning the peace. He saved France from being cut up into small states. He decided without consulting anyone that the Bourbon (boor'bün) kings should come back to the French throne. He was just and reasonably generous, but at the same time cold and aloof, and much too English to understand the French people. So it is not very strange that they did not like him, and that there were even two attempts to assassinate him while he was in France.

When he returned to England, the great man found himself almost worshiped by his countrymen. He served England for many more years, sometimes as soldier, sometimes as diplomat though he was not very good at that—and sometimes as statesman. He brought his honesty and his stern justice to his work as cabinet member or prime minister. At one time he made himself so unpopular by his conservative ideas that he was hooted by a crowd on the anniversary of Waterloo. But that passed, and his old age was calm and full of honor. When he died in 1852, at eighty-four, all England mourned her "Iron Duke," the victor of Waterloo.



In a war that swept over half a continent Simon Bolivar, San Martin, and other patriots led the revolutionists to victory and freed South America from Spain. This was very different from the fighting in France during World War I, when men dug themselves in and shot over

the tops of trenches. Here, on the contrary, were mountains to scale and vast plains to sweep over with the rush and slash of cavalry charges. In this picture Bolivar himself is seen in the hottest of the fray, earning well his title of Liberator.

WHO WAS *the* GREATEST SOUTH AMERICAN?

He Is the Man for Whom Bolivia Is Named, and He May Be Called the Father of Freedom on His Continent

FIVE nations bestowed on him the proud title of Liberator. In Colombia a department bears his name, in Venezuela a state, and in Bolivia the nation itself. In Venezuela money is counted in "bolivars" in honor of his memory. The Old World and the New looked on in amazement as he marched and fought over half of South America, from the seacoast to the Andes, from Panama to Peru. It is a tale to stretch

the imagination, this life of Simon Bolivar (böl'í-vár).

No one would have supposed when Bolivar was a lad that he would turn out to be one of the world's great liberators. He was born in 1783, in Caracas (kä-rä'käs), Venezuela, of a family of aristocrats. Spain still ruled from Mexico to Peru, and Bolivar was brought up like a Spanish grandee. He was slim and handsome and dapper, and very

rich with the vast lands granted by Spain to his ancestors. At fifteen he went to Europe to travel and to finish his law studies—in Spain. In Spain he made many friends at the royal court, and he married a Spanish girl from Madrid. Young Bolivar's thoughts were far from revolution when he returned with his bride to Venezuela in 1801.

But after a few happy months on his broad estates, the young wife died; and Bolivar, now twenty-one, returned to Europe. There he began to meditate on his country's plight. He considered the weakness of Spain, the tyranny of her rule in America. He remembered that for much less cause thirteen of the English colonies had revolted and set up a new nation, and that France had since then risen in revolt against her unjust rulers. Finally, in Rome, he took a solemn vow to devote the rest of his life to winning freedom from Spanish rule for South America. He spent all his great wealth and his fine talents as soldier and statesman in faithfully carrying out that vow.

The Beginning of a Great Career

Home again, in 1810, he found other young aristocrats to share his dream. They plotted in secret, and bided their time. Then they heard that the people of Spain had risen in revolt against the new king put upon their throne by the great Napoleon. It was the moment to strike. Soon Venezuelan patriots had banded together under the leadership of Bolivar and his cousin Rivas (ré'väs). They forced the Spanish governor out of office. Bolivar proclaimed defiance to the power of Spain. "What does care if Spain submits to Napoleon Bonaparte, if we decide to be free? Let us without fear lay the corner stone of South American freedom. To hesitate is to die."

On July 5, 1811, Venezuela declared her independence.

But the people of Venezuela were divided. Many of them still clung to Spain. These joined the Spanish troops to attack and defeat the patriots in the first battle of the revolutionary war. Shortly afterward an earthquake shook the country and destroyed many towns. In Caracas a



Photo by G. A. P. P.

Here is the lean, aristocratic face of Simon Bolivar, with its firm-set mouth and steady eyes. Those qualities of courage and determination went far in making him the Liberator of South America.

church was shaken down—all but one pillar, which bore the coat of arms of Spain. People said it was God's warning, and almost in a moment Bolivar lost most of his followers. Although he collected a new army, his untrained men were no match for the Spanish veterans. He had to flee for safety to the island of Curaçao (kū'rā-sō').

Yet he fled only to plan new revolutions. By 1813 he was back on the mainland, heading a war of liberation in New Granada, now Colombia. His plan was to unite Colombia and Venezuela in one strong republic. He took city after city, and reported his progress, "Merida liberated"—"Trujillo liberated"—"Cartagena liberated." From the manner of these reports, Bolivar took his proudest title of "liberator."

In a whirlwind campaign Bolivar swept down from Colombia on Venezuela, gathering men and supplies as he came. After three months of marching and fighting, he entered Caracas in triumph, announcing that the Venezuelan republic was born again. He was loaded with honors and officially granted the title of Liberator. But he would take no other reward, "except the post of danger at the head of his soldiers."

At that post he stayed during the terrible months of fighting that followed. The Spanish armies knew no mercy, and once Bolivar himself, in a ghastly reprisal, massacred

BOLIVAR

nearly nine hundred Spanish prisoners in cold blood. Later a Spanish general killed thirty-five hundred rebel prisoners at once. At first the rebels were successful, but later the war moved back across Venezuela into Colombia again, and in 1815 Bolivar had to take flight to Jamaica, leaving independence still unwon.

Bolivar's Dream of South America

During the years he spent in exile, Bolivar was befriended by the President of Haiti, who persuaded him to give up the cruel "war to the death" in which he had massacred those prisoners, and to promise to free the slaves. In 1817 Bolivar returned to the fight, undaunted, made wise by his many failures. He knew that strength lay only in union, and hoped to draw together all of the northern half of South America, to form a federation like the United States.

He gathered around him a new "Army of Liberation," with a "foreign legion" of English and Irish veterans. In a year he had won back Venezuela. At once he started for Colombia. His route lay through the Orinoco Valley and across the towering Andes. The rainy season had swollen the river to an inland sea, through which the soldiers floundered in misery—only to come to the mountains, where the blazing sun scorched them and the wind from the snow peaks froze their bones in turn. Many never reached the battlefield at all.

Victory and Fame

Yet those who did reach it had to meet the enemy almost at once. By some miracle they won. Bolivar followed this great victory of Boyacá (bō'yā-kā') with other triumphs, and by 1820 he had united Colombia and Venezuela as he dreamed. He became President Liberator of the new state.

But that was not enough for Bolivar. When he had secured the independence of Greater Colombia, he headed south to

"liberate" Peru. The fighting lasted two years. Then, victorious, he was made Supreme Dictator and offered a great sum of money as reward. The money Bolivar declined, although his own fortune was gone—swallowed in his many wars. In 1825 the southern part of Peru drew away and formed the republic of Bolivia, named after the Liberator. Bolivar wrote the constitution for the new state.

A King without a Crown

Meanwhile jealousy had arisen at home, and in 1826 he hurried back to quiet matters. Soon trouble flamed up a second time; and, in his impatience at this wasting civil war, Bolivar put himself at the head of an army and made himself dictator. His enemies said, and still say, that he longed for power for himself alone; his friends declare that he intended only to hold the power till he could bring quiet to the war-torn country.

The Father of Five Countries

But neither quiet nor union came. At length (1830), in danger and discouragement, Bolivar left Venezuela, intending to go to Europe. The man who had once been a wealthy grandee was now too poor to buy his passage, and had to wait at the seaport for money. While he was there news came of revolutions in Peru and Ecuador, and of the separation of Greater Colombia into two states again. Though freedom had been won, all his labor for peace and union seemed swallowed up in civil war. Weary and broken-hearted, he sank under the strain. He was only forty-seven when he died. But his fame was secure for all time.

Bolivar has been called "the Washington of South America." But though he would have been happier if the little nations had all united into one state, fate decreed that he should become the father not of one country only, but of five: Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Bolivia, and Peru.



Photo by Warner Bros

Witty and gallant as he was, Disraeli was ever a social favorite. And as for him, he loved gayety and color, whether in the romantic East or at home in England. This scene from a famous moving picture

of which he was the hero shows him in the midst of a brilliant reception given in his honor. The part of Disraeli is being impersonated by Mr. George Arliss, one of the most gifted actors of our day.

The WILDEST of PRIME MINISTERS

No One Could Be Sure Just What Disraeli Would Do Next, or Just How He Would Get His Way, for He Was a Master in the Game of Keeping a Whole Nation Guessing

BEWARE of endeavoring to become a great man in a hurry, my dear boy," Isaac Disraeli (diz-rā'li) had warned his brilliant young son. But Benjamin was so bubbling over with life and ambition, and there were so many things he did well, that the advice was hard to follow. In the end he certainly became a great man—one of the most powerful of British statesmen, and a very good novelist as well.

The Disraelis were an ancient Jewish family which had known power and riches on the Continent. After coming to England, Benjamin's father had become an unbeliever in religion, but he had had his children christened in the Church of England in order that they might have all the advantages which this would bring them. But

for that, the laws of the time would never have allowed Benjamin to go into politics. The pride of his ancient race was always strong in Disraeli, however. It became a part of his ambition; he would become not only a great man, but a great Jew, one of the illustrious Jews of the world.

He made a good many false starts. At one time he fancied himself a great scholar, and for months dug deep into his father's wonderful library. Later he decided to be a great lawyer. But it was not long before he felt himself stifled in an office. Then, forgetting his father's excellent advice about not being in a hurry, he plunged into business speculation. He bought mining stock in South America, and managed to get himself several thousand pounds in debt. He started

DISRAELI

a grand scheme for a daily paper which was hardly begun before it failed. He was poorer than ever, deep in debt, and no nearer to being a great man than before.

His next venture was more successful. He had been on the fringe of smart society in London for some

time. He was, in fact, quite a young dandy, with glossy black hair in curls, his fingers sparkling with rings, and his elegant perfume. London society thought all this was in bad taste, but liked his clear dark skin, fine eyes, and brilliant wit. Now Disraeli turned his knowledge of society to account in a clever satirical novel called "Vivian Grey," in which he presented real people in flimsy disguise. The story made quite a stir at first. Later,

when people found out who had written it, they turned on him with brutal sarcasm. He was discouraged for a while—both with that and by his debts—but a few years later he wrote another society novel and made enough money by it to fulfil a cherished dream.

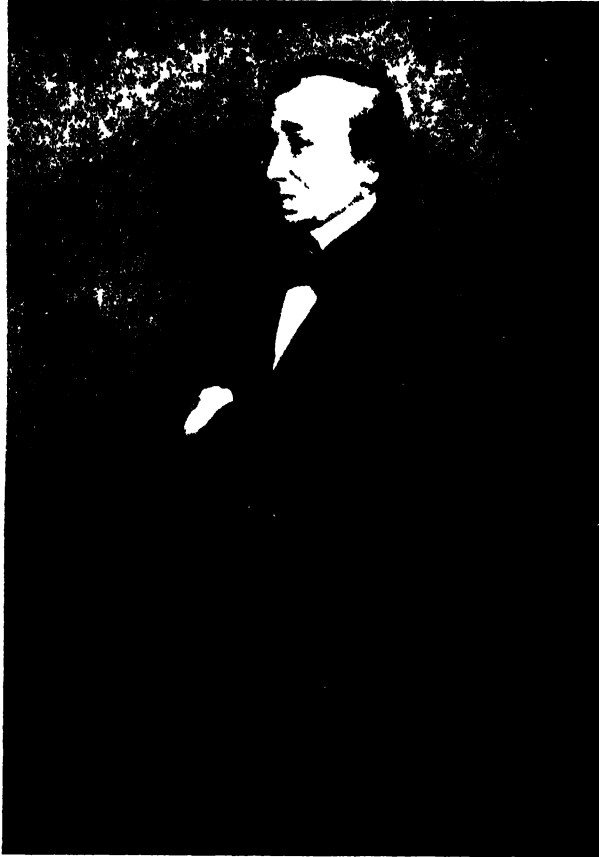
This dream was to visit the East, whence his people had come. He went first to Spain, where his own family had lived, then to Malta, Greece, Turkey, Palestine, and Egypt. He was enchanted with them all. Being a romantic and theatrical person, he delighted

in dressing up in the costumes of the lands he visited. Now he was a Spanish peasant, now a Greek pirate, and now a turbaned Turk, lounging among cushions and smoking a six-foot pipe. When he returned, the spell of the ancient East was still upon him. All

his days he took especial interest in Eastern affairs. And in time that was to be a thing of importance to England.

Back in England, he was torn between the two strongest of his ambitions—the ambition to write and the ambition to go seriously into politics. He never quite made a definite choice, but more and more the writing lost ground to the politics. In 1837 he had a small triumph in each; he published one of his better-known novels, and was at last elected to parliament.

His first speech in parliament was a dismal failure—or rather an hilarious one. For the witty dandy, now the darling of London smart society, rose up to speak dressed in extravagant clothing, and talked to the House in the informal language of the drawing-room. Of course his amused colleagues howled him down with roars of laughter—but not before he had time to warn them that one day they would have to listen to him. It was a boast which he presently made good.



Picture National Portrait Gallery

Here is the brilliant Disraeli in serious mood. He looks as though he might be pondering the quarrel between Turkey and Russia or planning to extend British influence in Egypt. Or is it a new novel, whose characters are acting out their parts in his busy brain?

For at last Disraeli had both feet firmly planted on the right path, the path which would lead him to the greatness he had wished for. He soon learned the language and ways of the House, and became the most important of the Tory orators. By 1845 he had succeeded Sir Robert Peel, who had gone over to the Whigs, as Tory leader. After that, whichever party was in power, he and the great Whig leader, Gladstone, faced each other like two giants on almost every issue.

In 1844-5 Disraeli wrote the two most famous of his novels, and in them he tells us very clearly what his political ideas are. The novels are "Coningsby" and "Sybil." "Coningsby" is a witty tale about the ideas of "young England," a group of young men of whom Disraeli was leader. They believed that all the Whigs' talk about democracy and the rule of the people meant really only the rule of rich men in the trading middle classes, and that the real friends of the laboring poor were the nobles and the Queen. In the other novel, "Sybil," he told something of the terrible suffering of the poor in those times, and showed how his theory could work out in practice. So, though he was a Tory, or Conservative, Disraeli really wanted to help the people in his own way, and to improve the condition of the poor.

It was by proposing reforms even more sweeping than those put forward by the Whigs or Liberals, who were supposed to be the party of reform, that Disraeli finally became prime minister—the goal of his ambition. He held this office for a while in 1868,

and for a longer time between 1874 and 1880.

Queen Victoria liked him much better than the energetic and businesslike Gladstone. Gallant courtier that he was, he flattered her and confided in her. He wrote her interesting reports, and put color into the dreary business of ruling. He called her his "faery" and he was "dear Dizzy" to her. It was very charming and romantic.

But Disraeli was a strong premier. His sympathy for the poor led him to bring about reforms in the labor laws; though his chief interest was in foreign affairs. And here he was true to his old love of the East, for it was the affairs of the East which held his attention. He was even willing to run the risk of bringing England into a war with Russia in behalf of Turkey, whose civilization had charmed him long before. His greatest triumph was to secure control in the Suez (sōō-ēz') Canal—a mighty weapon in England's hand for Eastern influence, since it connects the East and West. The romantic gesture which most pleased the Queen was his causing her to be crowned empress of India.

For that the Queen made him earl of Beaconsfield. He had a last triumph when he took his part in the making of peace after the war between Russia and Turkey. Then his party fell into difficulties, and in 1880 he had to retire leaving the field once more to his old rival, Gladstone. Not long after, in 1881, he died, at the age of seventy-six.

The Queen herself went to his grave, with an offering of primroses—"his favorite flower," she said.

This scene from the motion picture "Disraeli" shows Lord and Lady Beaconsfield together in the garden. George Arliss plays the part of the great statesman and his wife, Florence Arliss, impersonates Lady Beaconsfield.



Photo by Warner Bros

WHO WAS *the* "GRAND OLD MAN"?

It Was Gladstone, Four Times Prime Minister, and the Main Support of the Whole British Empire for Half a Century

WHEN William Ewart Gladstone first took his seat in parliament, in 1833, he was only twenty-four. But before a year was out, his brilliant oratory, his genius in finance, and his amazing energy had made him a marked man. With a few short interruptions, he was to be the greatest man in English politics for sixty years.

Gladstone was born in 1809, at Liverpool, of a family whose sturdy ancestors had fought in the old border wars. He went to Eton, and then to Oxford. At the university he made so brilliant a record as a scholar and debater that he was no sooner graduated than he was sent to parliament. He had already read and thought more about his darling subjects—religion and politics—than most men of middle age. Now he threw himself vigorously into problem after problem, fighting his way to the top by sheer force of brains and of work. He had perfect health and an untiring brain. We are told that he worked sixteen hours a day, and in every one of the sixteen hours did as much work as other men do in four.

He was to have not only health and success, but a happy and prosperous home. In 1839 he married, very happily, and went to live with his wife on her beautiful old family estate of Hawarden (här'dēn), near Chester. This was a home for the rest of his long life. Surrounded by a growing and devoted family, he was a monarch among his children, his admirers, and his books.

But the pleasant, busy life he led at Hawarden, studying and writing, though it would have been enough to keep many a

clever man fully occupied, filled only a small part of Gladstone's days. His real place was in parliament. There his fine upstanding figure and pale intellectual face drew all eyes. When he spoke his deep eyes flashed fire, his arms swept out in generous gestures, and his magnificent voice filled the house. Everyone, friend and foe alike, knew that when Gladstone rose to speak, there would be a good speech, perhaps even a great one, full to the brim with facts and thought, and given with an enthusiasm that set a listener on fire.

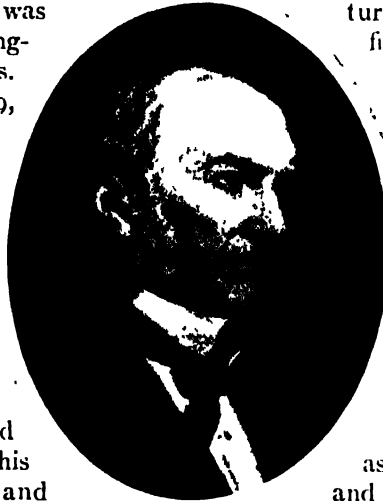


Photo by the National Gallery

In his face we can see something of the strength and courage which made people call William Ewart Gladstone the "grand old man."

It was as a master of government finances that Gladstone first showed his great powers. He served first as member of the board of trade and later as chancellor of the exchequer, which is about the same as being secretary of the treasury in the United States. He wanted to bring down the cost of living, which had been so high since the recent wars that there was great suffering among the poor. Especially he wanted to do away with the hated Corn Laws, those high tariffs on grain from the Continent which pushed up prices still higher and left thousands of people on the edge of starvation. So he worked out financial budgets so skillful that there was no need of the income from the Corn Laws to make them balance. Year after year he lopped off tax after tax, making the tariffs lower and lower. And each year the surplus in the treasury grew. It was a marvel of the kind that people like to see. No wonder Gladstone became undisputed leader of the Liberal party, and in 1868 was chosen prime minister.

Gladstone's great influence was always thrown on the side of people who were down-trodden and oppressed. During his first term as prime minister he began his work on behalf of the Irish, who for centuries had known nothing but oppression and misrule. He put through a bill which made it unnecessary for the Irish, who were mostly Catholics, to support the Church of England, as they had been forced to do. He also put through a Land Bill, to protect Irish peasants from being turned out of house and home at the will of an absent landlord. It was not as much as the Irish had hoped from him, but it was something.

Gladstone's Way of Settling Disputes

Another cause in which Gladstone was always active was the cause of peace. During this period of power he brought about one of the first important settlements of a dispute between nations by arbitration, or peaceful discussion, instead of by war. This was in connection with some claims which the United States held against England for help given to Confederate war vessels during the Civil War.

At home Gladstone pushed so many liberal measures through parliament that his term of power has been called the "reform administration." Before he became prime minister, he had had much to do with passing the great Reform Bill of 1867, which gave the vote to about two million more men, mostly of the laboring class, and made other changes in the election laws. Now he followed that success by other reforms. Men could now write their ballots in secret instead of having to give their votes by word of mouth. A law was passed for the opening of new free schools for the poor.

Two Great Rivals

But you cannot make so many changes without making enemies too, and in 1874 Gladstone had to resign his post to his old rival, Disraeli (dīz-rā'li). He intended to withdraw from public life and enjoy himself

at Hawarden. He had hardly retired, however, before he found himself so violently at odds with Disraeli's ideas about the quarrel which had broken out between Turkey and Russia that he could not keep quiet. He made a great tour of Scotland, pleading in ringing speeches against Disraeli's policy of defending the Turks even at the risk of war. Almost single-handed, he roused the country, and in 1880 once more became prime minister.

He was seventy years old, but as much of a whirlwind of energy as ever. This second administration lasted five years, and was marked by all sorts of troubles in Ireland and the colonies, and with what he himself called "a wild romance of politics" at home. There was another Reform Bill (1884), which gave the vote to almost all the grown men in England.

The Last Years of a Great Statesman

Gladstone had not been out of office long when he was called back (1886), at seventy-six, to be premier for a third time. Hale and vigorous as ever, he threw himself into fighting for Irish Home Rule. But he had only slowly come to believe that Ireland must be ruled from Ireland, not from England through parliament; and now he could not convince enough of his followers to get the law passed.

After that Gladstone stayed out of office for six years. But at eighty-three (1892) he became prime minister for the fourth and last time. There was magnificence in the strength of the old statesman. His deep voice had not lost its power. His handsome face and great lionlike head had gained strength with the years. His purpose was unshaken. This time he actually succeeded in passing the Home Rule Bill through the Commons; but it was lost in the House of Lords.

His eyes and ears were failing him at last, and he felt he could do no more. So he went back to Hawarden, to his adoring family and his beloved studies. There he died in 1898, when he was nearly ninety—strong in mind and courage to the last.



Photo by Itachgita

There was a magic about Garibaldi which made men willing to follow him on the most desperate campaigns, and to stick to him come what might. With a thousand volunteers and far from enough ammunition, he brought both Sicily and the kingdom of Naples into

the new Italian nation. He won Palermo by sheer daring, when he had scarcely enough shot left for a single round. After that, more volunteers flocked to him, and he met the army of Naples at Milazzo, in the battle pictured here. He won the desperate fight.

The SINGING SOLDIER of ITALY

Just Thirty-one Years after Our Own Independence Day, a Boy Was Born in Italy Who Was to Strike for the Freedom of His Country and Make of It a Modern Nation

ANYONE passing might have seen the boy who sat so often on the wharfs of Nice (nēs), gazing out over the sea; the sun glinting on his fair hair, and his eyes the same deep blue as the water itself; his head full of the sailors' stories he had heard of the lands beyond the horizon.

His parents were doing their best to make this boy, Giuseppe Garibaldi (jōō-sēp'pē gā'rē-bāl'dē), a solid, respectable landsman, and a learned gentleman. But little Giuseppe did not like to study. His father was a sailor, and the sea was in his blood; and though the boy loved poetry and music, books seemed rather a waste of time. He slipped away from school whenever he could, to spend his days roaming the mountains

behind the town or watching the ships of many nations come and go in the harbor. Once he sailed away with two other boys in a borrowed ship; but they did not go far, for a priest was sent to bring them back. At last his parents saw that Garibaldi—as he is known to the world—would never be a scholar. So away he went to sea, working up from cabin boy to captain in ten years.

The sea was his school. His body was hardened by wind and rain. He grew quick in thought and action. In those days life on the deep was full of adventure. Three times Garibaldi was captured by pirates and escaped. His crew of strong, liberty-loving men early convinced him that it was better to die for freedom than to live a slave. He

GARIBALDI

met exiled patriots and realized what his country needed of him—and from that time on to the day of his death, it was "Italy first, Italy last, and always Italy."

His country was at that time divided into a number of little quarreling states, mainly ruled by Austria. A young patriot named Mazzini (măt-sē'nē) had founded a society called "Young Italy." It was formed of bold young Italian rebels who were determined to defy Austria and fight for the freedom of their country. Garibaldi joined the society eagerly, and became a close friend of Mazzini. But his exploits were so bold that he soon had to flee (1836) to South America to escape death.

There he formed an Italian Legion and threw himself into various struggles for freedom in South America. In one battle after another he developed into a brilliant general. His friends at home in Italy watched his every move with interest, and when Uruguay won freedom from Argentina, largely through his own leadership, he was hailed as the idol of the South Americans as well as of many of his own people. Buccaneer, soldier, and hero, he was known on land and sea for his daring generalship.

Gifted with a fine voice, Garibaldi would often sing to his men in battle, never failing to cheer them to new courage. And his voice,

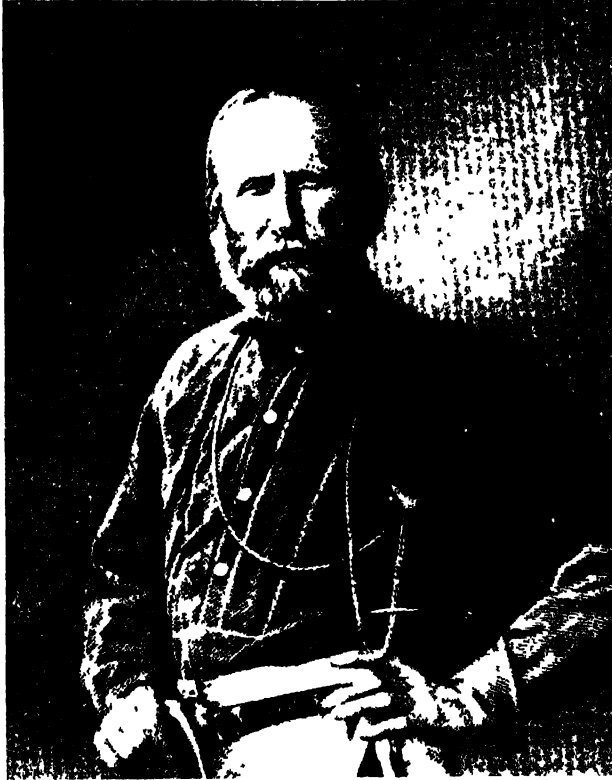
added to his dashing manner, proved irresistible to the woman he married after a whirlwind courtship of a few hours, even though she did not know his language and could hardly understand a word he said. For one day when the hero was putting out

to sea, he spied the figure of a girl on shore. Quickly he ordered the ship about and rushed ashore to search for her. At last he found her. Anita was her name—only to learn that she was promised to another man, whom she did not love.

It was love at first sight for Garibaldi and Anita. But the young lovers were in despair, for they could not obtain the consent of Anita's father. During the night they fled to the ship and sailed away—spending their honeymoon on

desperate battlefields, where Garibaldi was leading his men. Anita's health was undermined by the wild life she led at the side of her adored husband, and ten years after their marriage she died of marsh fever. She had been the perfect mate for Garibaldi—filled with the same courage and love of adventure that fired his own heart.

Stirred by rumors of revolt in Northern Italy, Garibaldi returned to his own land. But after a heroic struggle the revolution failed, and he was obliged to flee to America. He supported himself in New York by be-



Three men divide among them the honor of being chief creators of modern Italy. They are Cavour, the shrewd statesman; Mazzini, the golden orator; and Garibaldi, the singing soldier, whose face we see here. He was the most impetuous and romantic of them all, and not even Mazzini was fired with a greater love of freedom and of democracy.

GARIBALDI

coming a chandler. Then he served for a time as a sea captain. At the end of five years he had enough money to go back to Italy. There he built himself a home on Caprera (kā-prā'rii)—an island in the Mediterranean Sea—where he retired for several years.

Each year the Italians' burdens grew heavier under the foreign monarchs, until in 1859 the people were again ready to strike for liberty. Garibaldi returned to Italy amid popular acclaim and fought desperately to drive out the foreign rulers and make Italy's many little states into one strong nation.

Time and again he formed new armies of volunteers. They were poorly armed and had little food, but Garibaldi's own daring inspired them to fight till they dropped. Often he had to flee the country to escape death—once he retreated to America. But as soon as it was safe, he returned to Italy and started his work with the old zeal.

Few men would have dared to face an enemy with such a ragged, ill-armed little band of men, but Garibaldi could make a little army do the work of a big one. He rallied his men again and again, fighting like a demon, winning incredible victories from the foreign armies. Once he retreated through Central Italy, with the armies of France, Austria, Spain, and Naples all after him at once. Sometimes his army was so far outnumbered, and victory seemed so hopeless, that almost any other man would have given up. But Garibaldi kept filling his men with new courage and stirring them to great deeds. Once he captured a garrison of 24,000 well-armed soldiers with his little army of a thousand volunteers.

He often did things like that. And all the time he was "making Italy," forming one nation out of the pieces he won. So it was not very long before the Austrian army was driven out of Italy and the quarreling little states were united into one nation—the Italy we know to-day.

Then Garibaldi began to reap his reward. Italy proclaimed him her hero and protector. Everywhere he was greeted with wild acclaim. He sailed in glory to Marsala under British protection, and was proclaimed dictator of the new Italy. Proudly he escorted Victor Emmanuel, king of Sardinia—one of the small Italian states—into Naples to be crowned king of united Italy. And then Garibaldi modestly retired to his home on Caprera.

But his career was not yet over, for Rome—one of the remaining states—was not yet included in the new nation. Garibaldi could not rest until this state was added and Rome was made the capital of his country. Failing in his attempts at Rome, he rallied fresh troops and went to the aid of France, who was now fighting against Germany. For this service he was made a member of the French cabinet, but he withdrew almost immediately to his island home. The Italian government offered him a large sum of money and a pension in appreciation of what he had done. He refused this gift at first, but later accepted it.

A short time afterward, when Rome yielded and came into the union, Garibaldi saw his dream come true—Italy had come to be one great nation. Conscious that his work was well done, he died at Caprera in 1882, at the age of seventy-five.

This is the meeting of two famous men, Garibaldi and King Victor Emmanuel, who have come to confer together.



The liberator of Italy handed over his conquests to the King of Sardinia, who soon after was made ruler of the new Italy.

Bismarck fully looks the "Man of Iron" as he here dictates terms of peace to the defeated French delegates at Versailles. It was the birthday of Germany's brief glory as a military empire.



WHO WAS *the* "MAN of IRON"?

He Was the Maker of Modern Germany, and His Story Will Show All the Reasons Why He Bears That Title

IT WAS a scandal, people said, for the Prussian king to appoint a man with no experience at all to such an important post. Was not the Diet of Frankfurt the governing body for all the states and principalities of Germany? And was it not most important that Prussia should be represented in this assembly by a strong and experienced man? How could this Bismarck be expected to make a success of it? But then, they added, he would try anything, whether he really knew how to do it or not. One newspaper sarcastically remarked that if he were asked to command a warship or perform a surgical operation, he would blithely admit that he had had no experience in such things—and then add that he would gladly try to do it anyway, since it seemed to be expected of him.

Of course Otto Edward Leopold von

Bismarck-Schönhausen (bīz'märk-shūn'hau'-zēn) had had some experience in politics, though not in the diplomatic work which this post would require. He had been born of a well-to-do Prussian family, near Magdeburg (mag'dē-bōrk), in 1815. He had gone to the University of Göttingen (gūt'ing-ēn) and then had studied in Berlin. After that, he worked for some years in government offices, then managed his father's estate, and finally entered politics. By 1848 he was in the Prussian Diet, or legislature. Here he stood for the king against those who wanted more power for the people, and he argued strongly that Prussia should make herself the leader among the German states. You must remember that this was in the days before Germany was a united country; indeed, Bismarck's story is the story of the founding of the German empire.

1871



After their terrible defeat at Sedan the French knew that they had lost the Franco-Prussian War. This

picture shows the meeting of the victorious Bismarck with his defeated enemy, Napoleon III of France.

It was probably those speeches in the Prussian Diet which made the King decide to send this promising young man to Frankfurt in 1851, in spite of what people might say. And never did a king make a luckier decision. Bismarck learned all about the politics of the different German states during the eight years he spent at Frankfurt, and later he made full use of all he had found out. He learned, in particular, to hate and fear Austria, who was always trying to manage the German Confederation for her own ends. Bismarck fought staunchly for Prussia's leadership against Austria. In these years he made many gains, and later he completed what he had begun.

But first he was to spend three years in Russia as Prussian ambassador, "sent to cool on the banks of the river Neva, like champagne for future use," as he said. Then there were a few months in France. In 1862 he was called home to be minister to the new king, William I. It was the beginning of his great power.

The Man of Iron

They called him a "man of iron." Nothing could discourage him, or bend him. He had found the new king almost ready to step

down from his trembling throne, for his people, his ministers, even his own wife and son were against him. But Bismarck said that his sovereign must never give up. Then he turned, almost alone, to fight the ministers and the Diet. He told the newspapers just what they might say and what they might not. He reorganized the army, making it into a strong fighting machine. He was hated, but he did not care. He cared nothing for liberty, nothing for peace; his mind was set on making the Prussian king the head of a strong state, and on making that state the strong head of all Germany. "The great questions of the day," he said, "are not decided by speeches and majority votes, but by blood and iron."

Bismarck Conquers All Germany

It was by blood and iron that he gained his end. He intended to destroy the power of Austria, but first he would use Austria to build the power of Prussia. So the two rivals became allies in a war against Denmark to compel her to give up the provinces of Schleswig and Holstein, whose people were mostly of German blood. Then he insisted that the provinces should be made a part of Prussia. Just as Bismarck had expected, Austria

BISMARCK

would not agree to this. And since an excuse for fighting Austria was exactly what Bismarck wanted, he waited only long enough to persuade France and Italy to take his part. Italy actually joined in the war, and Austria was soon defeated. Indeed, when the war was over (1866) all Germany lay at Prussia's feet.

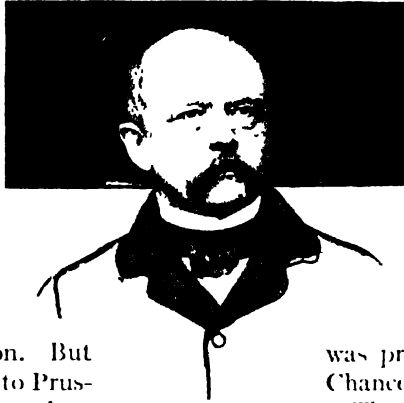
But Bismarck knew that it was too soon to try to make Prussia the ruler of all Germany. His idea was to make Austria an ally again—now that she knew her place and would not try to tell Prussia what to do. All North Germany he united in a new and stronger confederation, of which Prussia was the head.

The next step was to persuade the south of Germany to come under the rule of Prussia willingly, for if it did not come willingly he would have a hard time making a united nation. But France would never consent to Prussia's becoming so powerful as that. So Bismarck wanted to have a war with France. In that way he thought he could kill two birds with one stone: the German states would all unite against the common enemy, and France, defeated, would not be able to object to anything Prussia chose to do. Once more the Man of Iron had his wish.

It has never been very clear just how the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 was actually started; the French may have wanted it nearly as much as Bismarck did. In the end Bismarck seems to have tricked the people into a fever of excitement by publishing some telegrams between the two governments and making them seem worse than they were by cutting out parts of them. At all events, the war came, and France was badly beaten; she had not realized how strong

the new Prussian army was, or how enthusiastic all the little German states had suddenly become for a strong and united Germany. When the war was over, all the states of South Germany except Austria joined with the North. And the new union was not a confederation, but an empire. Bismarck and the King followed the army to France, and the empire was proclaimed at Versailles.

Bismarck had done everything he set out to do. The king of Prussia had become the emperor of Germany.



Here is Otto von Bismarck, Germany's "Iron Chancellor."

It was really Bismarck himself who ruled the new empire during its first twenty years. The King made him a prince, and appointed him chancellor, or first minister of state. So powerful was he that to tell the story of his life would be to write a history of Germany during those years. The German empire

was practically made by its "Iron Chancellor."

Three emperors came and went while Bismarck ruled. Then, in 1888, William II, who turned out to be the last of them all, came to the throne. This emperor wanted to do all his own ruling. He and his chancellor quarreled, and finally Bismarck resigned. In bitterness and sorrow the old man went to his estate at Friedrichsruh (frēd'riks-rōō), not far from Hamburg. There he lived quietly until 1898, when he died.

Bismarck was a great statesman. He saw far ahead, and knowing what he wanted, knew also how to set about getting it. He had marvelous courage and an iron will. If it is hard for most of us to like him, or even to admire him very generously, it is simply because we do not agree with him. Most of us think that there are better ways of ruling the world than by blood and iron.

WINSTON CHURCHILL

Unlike many politicians Winston Churchill, though in public life for nearly half a century, has constantly held to the highest standards of personal honor. Lord Birkenhead, another distinguished British statesman and Churchill's close friend, said of him: "He is almost the only man I have ever known who simply could not speak or acquiesce in an untruth in a matter great or small, however inconvenient it might be."



Photo by Acme

With fine wisdom Churchill once said: "In life the only wise course is to follow the course of duty and not of interest. Every man knows what his duty is. But it is not given to many to know their true interest." Such an utterance explains why Churchill, though long out of popular favor, finally came to an eminence reached by no other Briton of his day.

The MAN WHO SAVED ENGLAND

Belittled and Derided for Many Years, Winston Churchill Was Called to Lead His Country in Her Hour of Greatest Danger and Brought Her Safe to Victory

TO AMERICANS Winston Churchill does not seem like a foreign statesman. He is almost one of us. To begin with, he has a number of qualities that Americans understand. He likes excitement, and must always be stirring about. Whatever he does he does with his might, and is never so happy as when he has a good hard job—something that will give him a tussle. He will go about it boldly, and does not mind much what others say—just so he can show them in the end that he was right. He likes to startle people just a little, too, and he loves to make them laugh, but he is not ashamed to speak with warm emotion or to feel deeply about a cause. We like him for all these traits but most of all, perhaps, we understand him because his life has not been easy. It has been full of ups and downs, with years of heavy toil and painful experience before he reached his final shining achievement. That is the kind of man Americans love and admire.

It was not that Churchill had a hard time in the ordinary sense. He was born (Novem-

ber 30, 1874) to rank and fortune at famous Blenheim (blē'nēm) Palace—a country seat of 21,000 acres that Queen Anne had presented (1705) to the great first Duke of Marlborough (marl'bo-rū), the famous British general from whom Churchill is directly descended. Churchill's father, a younger son of the eighth Duke of Marlborough, was Lord Randolph Churchill, a famous and dashing figure in his day. His charm and brilliant talents carried him to the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer, the second highest political position in England. On his mother's side Churchill was American. For one evening at a ball young Lord Randolph had met the famous and spirited American beauty Jennie Jerome, and had fallen so tempestuously in love that three days later he asked her to marry him. She was one of three beautiful daughters of Leonard Jerome, a wealthy New York sportsman and financier.

At the age of seven Winston was sent away to school. For some reason the red-haired, freckle-faced little boy—of course he was

called "Carrots"—found it hard to learn. He was very bright, but he could never master Latin and Greek, which were then the mainstay of an English education. Also, his teachers found him too talkative. His dancing teacher even complained that he was very naughty. But he loved to read and learned reams of poetry by heart. At twelve he was sent to the great English school at Harrow, but had no better luck there. Because it had been decided that he was to enter the Army—which offered an honorable career to young men of good birth—he was finally sent to Sandhurst, the West Point of Great Britain. There his interest was fired at last, and the youth who as a little lad had loved to marshal his 1,500 lead soldiers on the nursery floor, now led his class in tactics and fortifications.

Churchill's Career as a Soldier

At twenty he was commissioned lieutenant in a fashionable cavalry regiment, and in the next five years managed to see a good deal of action—in Cuba as a military observer, on India's disorderly northwest frontier, in Lord Kitchener's expedition to Egypt, and finally in the Boer (bōor) War (1899), a revolt of the Dutch settlers in South Africa. There he was taken prisoner, managed to escape, and with a price of twenty-five pounds on his head made his adventurous way to neutral territory and fame. In all these actions, save the one in Cuba, he served as war correspondent, for correspondents were regular soldiers in those days. Before he was twenty-six he had published four books on his military experiences and a novel besides.

Churchill had come back from Egypt with political ambitions, and naturally was thoroughly uneasy over the gaps in his education. He had all along been doing his best to fill them in. Never a man to sit cooling his heels around military barracks he had used his spare time in the Army in playing violent—and very good—polo and in reading widely in many fields. Especially he had devoured that great work of English prose, "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" by Edward Gibbon. And his reading of the great prose stylist was to good pur-

pose. Many of the listeners who during World War II heard his fine voice come booming over the radio in noble utterances of courage and patriotism knew that those resounding sentences, with their fine sweep and rhythmic flow, must have been formed on the pattern of some great eighteenth-century writer. For Churchill is a superb orator, master of a grand and compelling oratorical style which never fails to bring to attention his restless colleagues in the House of Commons.

But home from the war in Egypt he was conscious of his handicaps, and decided to enter Oxford. His lack of Greek was fatal to that plan. Then he stood—in America we say "ran"—for parliament, but here too luck was against him. When he came back from South Africa the tide had turned. Now he was famous, and the city of Oldham, which had defeated him before, in 1900 elected him to parliament. Churchill entered the House of Commons as a Conservative—or Tory—but he found it hard to hold to the party line. He differed with his party on several points, but especially he believed in free trade at a time when the Tories were coming out for a protective tariff. Being the man he was, he said what he thought. The party leaders began to eye him darkly. Was he going to be unreliable? Finally, as he began to speak in the House of Commons one evening in 1904 the Conservatives rose as one man and under the leadership of Arthur Balfour, the prime minister, walked out of the Chamber.

Churchill Leaves the Tory Party

It was a cruel blow. But Churchill was not made of the stuff that is vanquished by an insult. The Liberals promptly asked him to stand for election in a district in the great manufacturing city of Manchester—in England it is not necessary to be a resident of the district one represents. He already agreed with many of the Liberal principles. So it was not long until, when he entered the Commons one day, he crossed the aisle that divides the two major political parties and sat down beside a little dark-haired Welshman. He had taken a momentous step. He had turned from Tory to Liberal—and the

WINSTON CHURCHILL

little Welshman he had sat down beside was David Lloyd George. They became warm and lasting friends.

There is no need to follow all the ups and downs in Churchill's political career. As a conscientious Liberal he worked hard to get a long list of reforms for the benefit of the workingman. In speaking of the poor he once said, "I would give my life to see them placed on a right footing in regard to their lives and means of living. . . I would really give my life." It was natural that a man of those sentiments, even though he was a member of one of England's proudest noble families, should have helped pass the bill that destroyed the power of the House of Lords.

The Man Who Saw the Coming Storm

Meanwhile Churchill was growing more and more dismayed at the sight of Germany's preparations for war. He talked about it early and late, with the result that he was finally made First Lord of the Admiralty (1911), a position corresponding to our Secretary of the Navy. Now he began to build up the Navy, he started an air force and during the war began an armored force.

But luck turned against him when his own cherished plan of taking Gallipoli (gă-lîp'ô-lē), the peninsula guarding the Dardanelles, failed by a hair's breadth and with dismal loss of life. The attack would have succeeded brilliantly if it had been properly backed in other quarters, but people unjustly blamed Churchill. When the project began to go badly the cabinet fell and Churchill finally was out. The unpopularity of the affair dogged him for years. As for Churchill, by way of digesting his bitterness he learned to paint, and in a few months was in the Army fighting in the trenches in France. Then Lloyd George became Prime Minister and called his old friend back to the cabinet as Minister of Munitions (1917).

Churchill's strong feeling against socialism finally led to his defeat for parliament (1922). By now the Liberal Party was going to pieces before the rise of the Laborites. For Churchill it was impossible to turn any farther to the left—and the Liberal Party was all but dead. So when the Conserva-

tives offered him a seat in parliament he went back into the Tory fold and became Chancellor of the Exchequer in the cabinet of Stanley Baldwin—whom he detested and referred to as "that epileptic corpse." Of course the Tories never loved him. When the Laborites won and Ramsay MacDonald—to Churchill "the Boneless Wonder"—came into power (1929) Churchill vanished from government altogether, though he kept his seat in parliament.

The next ten years were unhappy ones for this statesman without a following. He wrote a great deal, earning as much as \$100,000 a year with his pen, but he could not save his country from the mistakes he saw the Tory party making. He busied himself by writing a fourteen-volume life of the great Duke of Marlborough—he had already written an excellent life of his own father and he painted a great deal. But the heart had gone out of him.

Of course war came. And then there was only one man who could step into the breach and save England. Churchill was first asked to join the cabinet in his old post as First Lord of the Admiralty—and worked like a demon. Then one day in May, 1940, after the cabinet had been forced to resign, the King sent for him to head a coalition cabinet, in which all parties should be represented.

And now it was Churchill's task to be a leader indeed. He must manufacture victory when he had only defeat to work with. The story of his efforts we have told on other pages. In untiring energy he was still a young man and could wear out all his colleagues. He put heart into his countrymen and fear into the enemy. He was cheerful, humorous, belligerent, and brisk. And when he spoke across the great spaces of the air, all the world listened. He was the idol of his countrymen and their savior as well.

In the election that followed the defeat of Germany (1945) the Tory party was defeated by a Labor landslide, and Churchill was out of power. But he could have felt no personal wound and no bitterness. His place in the hearts of Englishmen is enduring and secure. And he is enough of an historian to know it beyond all shadow of doubt.

JOSEPH STALIN

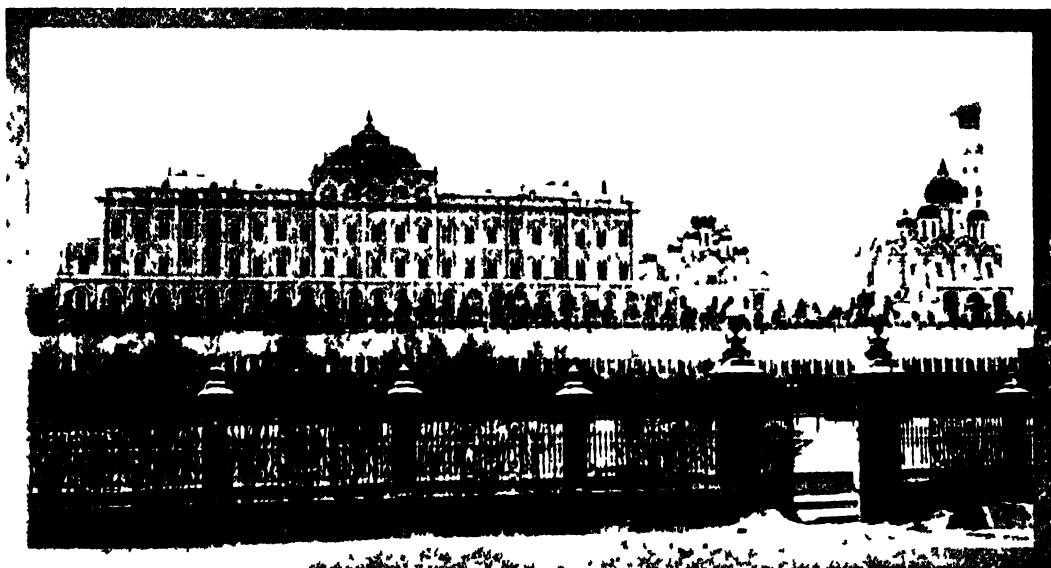


Illustration by Aimee

In the heart of Moscow stands the old fortress of the Kremlin, a 100-acre inclosure surrounded by a high battlemented stone wall. Inside is the former palace of the czars, now the seat of the Soviet government.

above left—and many other public buildings. Most venerated of all is the 15th-century Ouspensky Cathedral, above center, where the czars were crowned. Beside it is the church of Ivan the Terrible.

MAN OF MYSTERY AND POWER

What Kind of Man Is Stalin? Few People Really Know, but Here Are a Few Facts About This Puzzling Personality

TO MILLIONS of Russians, Joseph Stalin has been little less than a god. To millions outside Russia, he has been little less than a demon. And to nearly everyone, Russian and non-Russian, he is probably the most mysterious and certainly the most powerful figure in recent history. Yet in spite of all this, there are a certain number of facts that we can be sure of in Joseph Stalin's (stá'lén) life. We know that his real name is Joseph Vissarionovich Djugashvili (vēs'sa iē ōn'ō vīch jōō'gash-vē'le), and that he was born (December 21, 1879) in a miserable hovel in the little town of Gori, not far from Tiflis (tīe fles'), capital city of what had formerly been the ancient kingdom of Georgia, down in the Caucasus between the Black and Caspian seas. It was an untamed land of gigantic mountains and dark valleys, of swift streams and sudden

avalanches, of brigands and outlaws and hungry peasants, of wild singing and dancing and romance, of suffering and frequent crime.

Joseph's parents were peasants and desperately poor. The father, Vissarion, was a cobbler who later went to work in a shoe factory. He is said to have been a drunkard, and to have beaten his son cruelly. Catherine, the mother, had come from a family of former serfs—workers on the land who were practically slaves, forbidden by law to leave the land to which they were attached. When Joseph was born, she had already lost three children, though she was still under twenty. Since she was very devout, she prayed earnestly that this child might live. He lived, but when he was born, she discovered that his left arm was partially paralyzed. Since he was handicapped for

JOSEPH STALIN

manual labor his mother soon developed large ambitions for him. So she took in sewing and washing, and when he was eight she was able to send him to a school maintained in Gori by the Russian church—a branch of the so-called Orthodox Catholic church, to which the Greeks and other Eastern European peoples belong.

At home the family always spoke the Georgian tongue, but at school the boy learned Russian also—though he would never be able to speak it without an accent. At seven Soso—as he was, and still is, affectionately called—had an attack of smallpox which left his face pitted for life. When he was eleven his father died. But Catherine worked hard and at last realized her heart's deep desire when the boy got a scholarship (1894) in the Theological Seminary in Tiflis. Now, she thought, Soso will grow up to be a priest.

But Fate had other plans. At that time the backward land of the Caucasus was beginning to take its riches of oil and ore out of the earth. Railroads were coming in and factories were springing up. Along with these industrial stirrings came the revolutionary movement, which was fast spreading over Russia. The seminary in Tiflis was full of boys who hated the far-off czar with bitter hatred, and at

the age of fifteen Koba—as Joseph was now called, after a hero of Caucasian romance—joined one of their secret revolutionary societies and began to conduct under-cover study circles in the teaching of Karl Marx, founder of modern communism. In 1898 he joined the Social Democratic Labor Party, an organization of revolutionists who wanted to turn the despotic czarist government into a democracy. The next year he was expelled from the seminary on account of these political activities.

Meanwhile, it is said, the youth was giving himself a sound education by reading widely in economics, history, philosophy, science, and classical literature, but especially in radical revolutionary literature. He worked hard to spread his beliefs among the workingmen in Tiflis, and in that way got an experience in revolt that he would put to good use as the years went by. By way of earning a living he for a time took pupils to tutor and then got a job at the Tiflis Observatory, where it was his duty to watch and read certain of the scientific instruments.

In 1901 Stalin, now wanted by the police for his revolutionary activities,

left Tiflis to go to Batum (bà-tòom'), famous oil city of the Caucasus. From that time on, he was to be a full-fledged revolutionary, carrying on his dangerous underground work



Photo by Acme

A cruel spider, a merciless ogre, a monster bloated with power and conscienceless in grasping and holding it? Or a determined, purposeful, shrewd, and calculating ruler, hard as steel in putting down the enemies of the government that he believes to be the best the world has seen? Which man would you take Joseph Stalin to be if you judged by this picture alone? His biographer Leon Trotsky paints him as stupid but unscrupulous and relentless in worming his way to power. His admirers say he is wise, modest, selfless, and humane in his devotion to the Russian people. Can you form an estimate of your own?

JOSEPH STALIN

with tongue and pen, always active, always courageous, and always merciless toward the enemies of the revolution that he believed in as deeply as if it were a religion. Between 1902 and 1913 he was thrown into prison eight times and seven times he was sent into exile in Siberia. They might as well have tried to shut up the wind. Six times he escaped from exile and made his way back to Russia and his dangerous revolutionary work. The seventh time, when he had been sent to live under conditions of terrible hardship in a village just below the Arctic Circle, he was at last released by the Revolution itself (1917).

Much of his work in these hard years was centered in the Caucasian oil city of Baku (bā-kōō'), but as time went on he played a larger and larger part in the councils of the party and traveled more widely. When the Bolshevik (bōl'shē-vīst), or Communist, party was established, Stalin was made a member of its Central Committee, and helped found the party newspaper, "Pravda" (prāv'dā). It was about that time that he took the name of Stalin—"steel" for better than any other it expressed his will to be hard and unyielding in mowing down everything that stood in the way of the great revolution that he was working to bring about. Like other revolutionaries he had taken many names as he slipped in and out of the police net during the years of bitter underground struggle, but this one he has always kept, and "Stalin" he is to this day.

When the Bolsheviks finally got control of the government (October, 1917) they set up a dictatorship of the working people with Lenin (lĕn'in) at its head. Stalin was active in putting down all efforts to overthrow the new government at home and helped direct the resistance of the Red forces when foreign nations sent in armies to crush it. The foreign attack was organized by Winston Churchill, a member of the British cabinet—a fact that naturally did not help Churchill and Stalin to reach an understanding when they had to fight side by side against Nazi Germany.

As member of the Political Bureau of the Central Committee of the Communist Party

Stalin held a position of great power. When he became Secretary General of the Central Committee (1922) he gathered still more of the reins into his hands, and with the illness of Lenin shortly after, he was able gradually to take complete control. When Lenin died (1924) it was Stalin who took his place as ruler of the Communist Party and therefore dictator over the whole of the Soviet Union, which covers a sixth of the habitable surface of the globe. That position he has held ever since, though in title he still is merely the Secretary General of the party's Central Committee.

After Lenin's death the history of Stalin is the history of Russia—which we have told on other pages. Gradually, as time passed, the world changed some of the details in its picture of the quiet man in the old Russian palace of the Kremlin, the seat of the Russian government. Now he was not so much a monster who cared only for cruelty and bloodshed, but rather a man of steel—powerful, despotic, able, shrewd—a man whose first idea was the welfare of Russia, and one to whom no vengeance was too terrible to be visited upon Russia's foes.

Because the Russian revolutionaries believed they should sink themselves entirely in their cause, and scorned to discuss or record the details of their own private lives and personalities, we have for Stalin none of the little sidelights and anecdotes that make other historical characters come alive. But the few foreigners who have seen him have brought back a surprising report. Even some of those who hated him most found him "a thoroughly likable person"—very quiet, very calm, and very slow, but straightforward, earnest, simple, and friendly, temperate and unpretentious in his private life, and devoted to the memory of the frail girl-wife whom he married late in life after the early death of his first wife. Perhaps some day history will be able to throw further light on the puzzle that is Joseph Stalin, but for our own day he is a strange and shadowy figure—just how good and just how bad we do not really know. We have not enough evidence to form a clear picture.

THE MEN WHO HELPED TO SET US FREE



Photo by the Knapp Co.

It was on May 2, 1778, that word came to the grim, suffering little army at Valley Forge that France had made an alliance with the colonies to help them win their independence. How the news must have stirred the hearts not only of the Americans but of young Lafayette, too! For had he not done much to bring this about? And had he not served loyally through all that terrible winter, his gay wit the life of the officers'

mess, his gallantry an inspiration to them all? Early the next year Lafayette set out to visit his native land, intent on urging that more help be sent to the American allies. Our picture shows his return to America. He is coming jubilantly to his friend, General Washington, to report that six ships, six thousand men, and three million livres or money are on their way. That was a great moment for everyone concerned.

The MEN WHO HELPED to SET US FREE

What Would Have Happened after '76 if Lafayette Had Not Brought Us an Army and if Steuben Had Not Come to Drill Our Troops?

IN A famous day in 1776 a lusty infant was born into the world's family of nations. It was the United States of America. There were plenty of people to shake their heads and say that the child could come to no good end; but there were others who welcomed it as being a youngster of rare promise, which, given a fair chance, would grow up to make its mark in the world. But a fair chance it had to have! For strange as it may seem, its mother was bent on wringing its neck if she possibly could, and she almost certainly would have succeeded if there had not been a number of persons to come running to the rescue.

Now it is about those persons that we are going to talk—persons whose names are now loved by over a hundred million people, and will be loved by thousands of millions still to come. For if there had been no men like the gallant Lafayette and good old Baron von Steuben, there might very well be no United States of America to-day, and there would probably be a good deal less liberty in the world.

It was in 1777 that a charming, red-headed young Frenchman of only nineteen left his pretty young wife and baby, his handsome estates and position at court, to come over and help us fight England. There were

THE MEN WHO HELPED TO SET US FREE

plenty of reasons why he should stay at home, as all of his friends and even the King—forcefully pointed out to him. But generosity and bravery ran in the family, which had supplied its country with knights for seven hundred years. So when Marie Joseph Paul Yves Roch Gilbert du Motier, Marquis de Lafayette (mâr'ke' dè lâ'fi'êt'), found that there was a sword to be drawn in the cause of liberty, he left his thirteen titles and all his fine prospects and paid his own expenses to go on what a good many felt was nothing but a wild-goose chase. "At the first news of this quarrel," he said later, "my heart was enrolled in it."

And he was by no means the only Frenchman who felt that way. No love had been lost between the French and the English for a good many centuries past, and every Frenchman took a healthy delight in seeing Great Britain worsted. But it was not only that. Frenchmen always have a great admiration for any gallant act, and the pluck of the handful of colonists who were not afraid to challenge the mistress of the seas was a thing they all admired.

The Torch of Liberty

And we may be sure that our own tactful and shrewd Ben Franklin did nothing to hinder our cause. Already there burned in France—and in England too, for that matter—a flame of liberty from which our own torch on this side of the water had at first been lighted. Only a decade later, with the help of this very Lafayette, it was to burst into a conflagration in France which would sweep away thrones and crowns and all the heavy lumber of tyranny, and run through all the earth. Our fight, you see, was not merely a struggle of a group of colonies against a mother country. It was part of the struggle of liberty against oppression, of the new against the old—and there were plenty of people both in England and in France who saw that it was so.

Among them was Lafayette, always an ardent lover of the new ideas of liberty. And when the clash between the new and the old came in his own country, at the time of what we call the French Revolution, he almost lost his head for taking so large a part in the fray. He was all his life long a friend of the downtrodden and the oppressed.

Now the dashing Beaumarchais (bō'mâr'shê') did not care a fig about the cause of the downtrodden. He was an author of lively French plays that we read in school to this day. He was fond of money, and his Frenchman's dislike of the English had not been softened during a number of trips across the Channel as a secret-service agent. So when he saw a chance to do a good stroke of business for himself, and to do England a bad turn at the same time, he was glad enough to advance the colonists a million dollars of his own money to send them supplies—

and to keep on advancing the money until the French government at last took up one end of the load, when the American cause began to look brighter. As an investment the enterprise was a failure, for Beaumarchais was never entirely repaid. But to the desperate colonists he was of the greatest assistance. He gave their cause his time and his influence and his capital, and he kept a fleet of forty vessels coming and going to carry them supplies.

When France Took Up Our Cause

It was a great moment for us when, one day in December, 1777, as the gay and audacious playwright was dining with Benjamin Franklin, a special messenger from across the sea came clattering into the courtyard bearing the news that General Burgoyne had surrendered at Saratoga two months before. Beaumarchais would not have been a Frenchman if he had let the grass spring up under his feet. Instantly he dashed off to the King at Versailles—in such a tremen-



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art
This is the face of the greatest of "the men who helped to set us free"—the Marquis de Lafayette.

THE MEN WHO HELPED TO SET US FREE



Photo by U. S. War Department

Lafayette and Washington were not only cordial allies—they were true friends also. Washington was always happy when his gallant young friend could visit him at Mount Vernon, as he is doing in this picture. At Mount Vernon to this day we may see fine trees planted there not only by Jefferson and Franklin and

Washington himself, but by Lafayette, too. And in the main hall of the historic house still hangs the enormous key to the French prison of the Bastille sent in triumph, when that old fortress of tyranny fell, by Lafayette, one of the leaders of the French Revolution, to Washington, the ally and captain of his youth.

dous hurry that his coach was upset and his arm dislocated. But that did not prevent the enthusiastic gentleman from convincing the King that the time had come for France to give us open aid and make a treaty of alliance—and to pay Beaumarchais part of the money that he had advanced in our cause.

The Adventure of Lafayette and De Kalb

And then there was the brave Jean De Kalb (1721-1780), a German by birth, who had served for some thirty-five years in the French army and as a spy for France. It was he who aided and abetted Lafayette when the boy's relatives tried to keep the lad at home. Together the middle-aged De Kalb (kälb) and the young Lafayette secretly fitted out a ship, at Lafayette's expense. And when, at the request of Lafayette's relatives, the King forbade the boy to leave the country, the headstrong pair, equally young in heart, slipped off in disguise to a port in Spain where their boat

was to meet them, and sailed to the land of adventure

They and their ten companions had two tiresome, stormy months of it on board their little boat. Lafayette put the time to good use by beginning the study of English and making excellent progress in it. Finally, in spite of the fact that two British cruisers were chasing them all the way, in July of 1777 they landed safely in South Carolina—and swore, as their feet first touched the soil, to conquer or die in the cause they had adopted.

Brave De Kalb at Camden

It was Lafayette who conquered—and the brave De Kalb who died. The sturdy German was given the rank of major general (1777), and the next year, at the Battle of Camden, received eleven wounds as he fought in the thick of the battle. He was taken prisoner, and in 1780 he died at Camden. And there, forty-five years later, Lafayette himself, now an old man loaded

THE MEN WHO HELPED TO SET US FREE

with years, laid the cornerstone of a monument to that brave friend of his youth.

Lafayette's first conquests were not on the battlefield. He had come over with the promise of one of our agents in Paris that he should be appointed second in command under General Washington. But when he got here he found that Congress did not see any reason why an unknown French lad should have that lofty post. So he did not debate the matter. Instead, he sent a gallant note asking only that he be allowed to fight as a volunteer and at his own expense. Nothing he could have done would have recommended him more highly. At once Congress gave him the rank of major general. And when, the very next day, he was presented to General Washington at a banquet in Philadelphia, the commander in chief, who knew a man when he saw one, was so taken with the young marquis that he made the boy a member of his staff and asked him to consider himself at all times a member of Washington's own family. The friendship begun at that moment lasted for life, and grew always warmer and deeper.

It was some six weeks later, at the bloody battle on the Brandywine, that Lafayette showed his commander the stuff that was in him. He was wounded there, but his soldierly qualities led to his being put in command of a division—on Washington's recommendation.

Lafayette was to need all his gayety during the days to come. The army went into winter quarters at terrible Valley Forge. And during those tragic months of cold and starvation, when the men went doggedly about with bleeding feet in the snow, the young nobleman shared the common lot of the soldiers. He lived as his men lived, dressed as they dressed, ate what they ate.

He even tried to live more simply and with more self-denial than the Americans themselves. And many a time the anxious Washington must have blessed his young friend for his jaunty courage and youthful spirits. The American cause looked very black indeed.

But just at this point another friend came to help save the life of the infant nation. He too was a nobleman, and like Jean De Kalb, a German of middle age. He had seen years of service in the armies of Prussia, but his friend, the French minister of war, had persuaded him to come to America and help train our army. It was in December, 1777, that Frederick William Augustus Henry Ferdinand, Baron von Steuben (fōn stū'bēn), landed at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, a hot-tempered, soft-hearted warrior who, like a severe old nurse, was going to teach our raw young army just how an army should behave.

And what a task he had! He was received with honor by the gentlemen in Congress, who had made an agreement with him that he should go into the army as a volunteer. If his services were not satisfactory or if we lost the war, he was to have nothing for his pains; but if all went well, he was to be repaid the money he had spent in our cause, and to receive a "fair compensation" for his services. It did not seem so bad until the Baron began to look around him.

The Army Steuben Found

But when he did, what a sight he saw! The principal American cities were in the strong hands of the enemy. The national coffers were empty. Shivering in crazy huts in the Pennsylvania wilderness was a ragged mob of untrained farmers and tradesmen—and that was the army which had to meet some of the proudest troops in the



Photo by Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts
Baron von Steuben, with his warm-hearted leadership and his great knowledge of military science, did much to make the raw recruits of the Revolutionary armies into more efficient fighters.

THE MEN WHO HELPED TO SET US FREE



Photo by Curtis & Cameron

Here is Baron von Steuben drilling his ragged soldiers in the snow at Valley Forge. These men, many of them sturdy farmers and backwoodsmen, knew a great deal about shooting, and were used to the outdoors

world. When one of the soldiers got tired, he just picked up and went home. And as to maneuvering, those troops "could not even change front in battle without being thrown into disorder." What a sight for a seasoned soldier!

But the staunch old baron went to work. That "fair compensation" must have looked very far away, but he was not the man to go home on that account. The troops were clumsy beyond anything he had ever imagined; and when he had exhausted his own soldier's vocabulary he would call in his aide to express himself further in the matter. But the men worked their hardest for him, for they knew that here was a man indeed, and already they had had a glimpse of his absurdly tender heart. He was always in and out of their huts, taking care of those in distress. And the discipline he laid upon his men, he laid in stern measure on himself. Every morning he rose at three, in time to dress and smoke and take a cup of coffee before vaulting into the saddle to inspect his troops at sunrise.

"We Are Beginning to Walk"

Washington saw the results of the Baron's hard labors and had him made inspector general of all our forces. And the whole

and the forest; but they knew nothing at all about obeying orders and acting together and many other things a soldier has to know. So the service of this staunch ally in teaching them such things was very great.

world saw the results when at the Battle of Monmouth he was able, with Washington and Lafayette, to rally General Lee's retreating forces. In a temperature of 90° in the shade, the Americans that day took two objectives at the point of the bayonet without firing a single shot. The good old baron was as proud as a hen with a brood of chicks. "We are beginning to walk!" he said of his infant army.

A Great Soldier with a Big Heart

Of course everyone loved him. People told countless stories of his generosity. Once on a trip by boat from New York down to Virginia he was disturbed by the constant sobbing of a little colored boy. When he found that the child had been torn from his parents and sold as a slave to a Southern gentleman, he bought the little fellow himself and sent him back to his home. When General North was left ill in Virginia, General Steuben turned his own sulky over to him, and gave him a sum of money which was half of all Steuben possessed in the world. And after the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, he sold his own horse in order to give a dinner to the defeated British officers.

It was a host of such acts that made him

THE MEN WHO HELPED TO SET US FREE

loved by the nation he was helping; and when the war was over they gave him, as "fair compensation," grants of land in New York, Virginia, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey. Congress gave him a vote of thanks, together with a gold-hilted sword and, later, a good-sized pension. He never deserted the land he had helped to found, but lived on here, in Steubenville, New York, until he died in 1794, at the age of sixty-four.

There were other generous foreign officers here to help us in those hard years. One of them was Thaddeus Kosciuszko (kōs'f-ūs'kō), and another was Casimir Pulaski (pū-lās'ki). Both of these were Poles, both of them gallant fighters, and both of them fugitives from their own land, which had been robbed of her independence earlier in the century. Of course they sympathized with the American cause.

Kosciuszko (1746-1817) was an engineer, and he it was who chose the spot for West Point and built its defenses. He worked out the protection of Philadelphia against the British fleet, and threw up the fortifications that saved Saratoga. In a number of engagements he fought brilliantly, and General Greene, who loved him dearly, said there never was another public servant like Kosciuszko—so modest, so generous, so unselfish, so altogether unconscious that he was doing anything out of the ordinary. He asked nothing for himself, and never lost a chance to praise the worth of another. When you add to these shining virtues the charm of a magnetic personality,

you will see why he was as much an idol here as he was in his native land, which he later fought so hard, though unsuccessfully, to free from Russian tyranny.



After failing in a brave attempt to help his native Poland gain her freedom, Count Casimir Pulaski came to America and gave his life to help set us free. A memorial to him is the Pulaski Skyway in Newark.

Count Pulaski (1748-1779) was more restless and impatient than his fellow countryman, but he was just as brave. After brilliant action as a volunteer at the Brandywine he was put in charge of the American cavalry, and later raised the famous Pulaski Legion. In command of it he defended Charleston (1776) for five long days against impossible odds. In the same year he was badly wounded when he helped to lead an attack on Savannah, and died two days later as he was being borne on a boat down the river.

But of course none of these men were in so good a position to help the American cause as was Lafayette. He fought brilliantly in various engagements. But better than that, he had influence at home, and could use it to bring France to our side. In fact, when his country's treaty of alliance with us in 1778 brought her into war against England, he went home for six months (1779), and was never tired of pushing our cause and urging the French to send us men. Congress knew how much we owed him, and at this time gave him a vote of thanks and presented him with a handsome sword, decorated with scenes from the battles in which he had fought.



After helping the United States to win her independence, Thaddeus Kosciuszko returned to Poland, where he led a hopeless revolt against Russia.

You can imagine the welcome he got in Boston when he landed there on his return. Already, the year before, the French had

THE MEN WHO HELPED TO SET US FREE

sent us a fleet of sixteen vessels under Count d'Estaing (dēs'tāN'). Now Lafayette brought the news that six more vessels were coming in the spring, and six thousand troops with supplies. How the tired Washington's eyes must have lighted at that news. Together he and the buoyant Lafayette planned a great attack on New York that should bring the war to a close.

But wars are not brought to a close so easily as that! And meanwhile there were some wearisome problems ahead. Already, in 1778, young Lafayette's wisdom had been taxed to the uttermost in trying to keep in check the many ill-judged notions of the surprising Count d'Estaing.

But d'Estaing was a very different type of man from the sagacious Lafayette. He was ill-balanced and unstable. And daring as he was, he showed a great unwillingness to attack the British fleet, even when he had a decided advantage in numbers. He quarreled freely with his allies, and it took all Lafayette's tact to smooth things over at all. The young man must have breathed a sigh of relief when, after various unsuccessful engagements, the admiral in 1780 sailed back to France—there, poor fellow, to lose his head in the Revolution.

The Arrival of Rochambeau

But meanwhile another set of French reinforcements had arrived (1780) under the Count de Rochambeau (dē rô'shōN'bō'), and Lafayette again had the rôle of go-between for the French and the Americans. Only part of the promised troops had arrived with the French general. The rest had been bottled up by the British in the French harbor of Brest. That, and a British fleet, spoiled the famous plans for an attack on New York. So while Rochambeau remained inactive for a year, waiting for reinforcements, Lafayette asked to be given something to do in the South.

There he was put in command of a handful of half-clothed, dissatisfied troops, who must have looked unpromising even to the ardent Frenchman. But he gave them fresh faith and courage, and for the time being clothed them out of his own pocket. And soon they

were capable, disciplined soldiers again, charged with the defense of Virginia. Then he joined forces with Steuben in a futile pursuit of the traitor Benedict Arnold.

The End of a Great War

But the two worthy generals were soon provided with higher entertainment, for with the arrival of Cornwallis to command the British army in Virginia, things took on a serious turn. Admiral de Grasse (dē gräs) had also arrived with more French reinforcements. So while pretending to carry out his old plan for an attack on New York, Washington was carefully marshaling his forces to hem in Cornwallis at Yorktown. And when the English general surrendered (1781), virtually ending the war, de Grasse and Rochambeau, Steuben and Lafayette, were present.

It was Lafayette who sent to Washington the first news of the treaty of peace after it was signed in Paris in 1783. How his heart must have leaped to send that word to the friend whose toils and anxieties he had shared during those troublous years! Did he, at that moment, remember the night they had snatched some sleep on the blood-soaked field of Monmouth, lying side by side on the ground under the General's great coat? The heir to his own age-old name, Lafayette had christened "George Washington." And when, in 1792, the Marquis was thrown into prison for five years because he had been so active in the cause of French freedom, it must have lightened his heart to receive a large sum of money from our Congress in recognition of his services in helping to found our land.

Later, in happier days, he came back (1824) to visit our growing young nation. He was overwhelmed with attentions, for people could not devise enough ways to show him their love and respect. And in the years to come, the number of elderly ladies who stoutly maintained that as tiny girls they had been kissed at that time by the great Lafayette, was only to be equaled by the number of family heirlooms that are believed by their proud owners to have come over in the "Mayflower."

AMERICAN HISTORICAL BIOGRAPHIES

Reading Unit

No. 2

OUR COUNTRY'S PRESIDENTS AND VICE PRESIDENTS

*Note: For basic information
not found on this page, consult
the general Index, Vol. 15.*

*For statistical and current facts,
consult the Richards Year Book
Index.*

Interesting Facts Explained

- | | |
|---|--|
| The Dred Scott decision, 12 456B | The Gadsden Purchase, 12-456D |
| The Interstate Commerce Act, 12 456B | The Ostend Manifesto, 12 456E |
| The Washington Conference on Naval Disarmament, 12 456C | Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, 12-456E |
| We build a great navy, 12 456C | A general in the Mexican War, 12 456E |
| The McKinley Tariff Act, 12 456C | The Webster-Ashburton Treaty, 12 456E |
| The hero of Tippecanoe, 12 456C | The Confederate secretary of war, 12 456F |
| The Monroe Doctrine and Panama, 12 456C | Who killed Alexander Hamilton? 12-456F |
| An engineer in the presidency, 12 456C | A famous statesman becomes vice president, 12 456F |
| A president who was impeached, 12 456D | A vice president who was half Indian, 12 456F |
| "The Father of the Constitution," 12 456D | Honored by the Nobel Peace Prize, 12 456F |
| A gold basis for coinage, 12 456D | A signer of the Declaration, 12-456F |
| The Steamboat Case, 12 456D | A man who helped build West Point, 12 456G |
| The author of the Monroe Doctrine, 12 456D | F. D. Roosevelt, 12-456E |

Related Material

- | | |
|---|---|
| The greatest president, 12 524-29 | A warrior in the White House, 12 532-35 |
| The father of our country, 12 473-78 | A strenuous president, 12-542-47 |
| Famous father and famous son, 12 479-81 | A wartime president, 12-548-53 |
| A believer in democracy, 12-503-6 | The famous Monroe Doctrine, 7-211 |
| "Old Hickory," 12 511-13 | A great statesman from the South, 12-517-19 |

Summary Statement

No matter what may have been the failures of the men who have headed our government,

there is no man among them of whom it could be said that he was willfully false to his great trust.

PRESIDENTS

ADAMS, JOHN

John Adams (Oct 30, 1735-July 4, 1826), a Federalist, was born in Quincy, Massachusetts, the son of John Adams and Susanna Boylston. He married Abigail Smith. John Adams was our country's second president (1797-1801). For his complete biography see the Index.

ADAMS, JOHN QUINCY

John Quincy Adams (July 11, 1767-Feb 23, 1848), a Democratic-Republican and sixth president of the United States, was born in Quincy, Massachusetts, the son of John Adams, second president of the United States, and of Abigail Smith. He married Louisa Catherine Johnson. He was a member of the state legislature and of the Congress, and was secretary of state under Monroe. In that office he negotiated the purchase of Florida, helped draw up the "Monroe Doctrine," and was sent to Ghent to conclude the treaty with England at the end of the War of 1812. During his term as president (1825-1829) he tried to buy Texas from Mexico but failed. Many commercial treaties were signed and industries flourished. In 1826 he sent two delegates to a Pan-American Congress in Panama. He was an opponent of slavery and fought against the "gag" resolutions providing that antislavery petitions should not be read or acted upon. In his administration the "Tariff of Abominations" was passed.

ARTHUR, CHESTER ALAN

Chester A. Arthur (Oct 5, 1830-Nov 18, 1886) a Republican and twenty-first president of the United States, was born in Fairfield, Franklin County, Vermont, the son of William Arthur and Malvina Stone. He married Ellen Lewis Herndon. During the Civil War he was quartermaster-general of the Union forces. President Grant appointed him collector of the Port of New York, but President Hayes removed him for political reasons. He was elected vice president of the United States in 1880, and became president upon the death of President Garfield in September, 1881. Because the country had been aroused by Garfield's assassination, Congress passed (1883) the Pendleton Act, providing for competitive examinations to determine the fitness of applicants for office. The consular service was reorganized during Arthur's administration (1881-1885), acts were passed to help our merchant marine, and the navy was greatly improved by the construction of new and up-to-date ships. Republican leaders made a very slight reduction in tariff rates in 1883. Treaties were made with South American countries, and the meridian of Greenwich was internationally recognized as the first meridian as a result of a conference initiated by the United States. President Arthur vetoed a Chinese exclusion bill which he maintained violated a treaty with China, made an agreement with Mexico for relocating the boundary between that country and the United States from the Rio Grande to the Pacific, and prevented war between Mexico and Guatemala by settling a boundary dispute.

BUCHANAN, JAMES

James Buchanan (April 23, 1791-June 1, 1868), a Democrat and fifteenth president of the United States, was born near Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, the son of James Buchanan and Elizabeth Speer. He remained unmarried. Buchanan was a member of his state legislature and then of Congress, was minister to Russia, United States senator, and secretary of state under Polk. Sent as minister to Great Britain by President Pierce, he helped draw up the Ostend Manifesto. During his administration (1857-1861) the first successful Atlantic cable was laid (1858), Minnesota and Oregon were admitted to the Union,

and a second attempt was made to buy Cuba. Buchanan recommended to Congress the acceptance of the Lecompton Constitution, which made it possible for slavery to exist in Kansas. The Supreme Court, in the Dred Scott decision, stated that slaves were property, not citizens, and that Congress could not regulate slavery in national territory. John Brown's raid at Harper's Ferry took place, and many southern states, led by South Carolina, seceded from the Union. After Lincoln's election Buchanan supported the Union.

CLEVELAND, (STEPHEN) GROVER

Grover Cleveland (Mar 18, 1837-June 24, 1908), a Democrat and twenty-second and twenty-fourth president of the United States, was born at Caldwell, New Jersey, the son of Richard Cleveland and Anne Neal. He married Frances Folsom. Cleveland was mayor of Buffalo and then governor of New York State. During his first administration (1885-1889) the Tenure of Office Act was repealed, and the Presidential Succession Act was passed, as well as the Interstate Commerce Act giving Congress power to regulate commerce among the states. Cleveland vetoed many pension bills and gave support to the work of the Civil Service Commission. Large corporations developed at this time, and the workers formed organizations of their own, with the result that there were many strikes. Cleveland recommended forming a national commission of labor but Congress rejected the measure. Congress also rejected Cleveland's efforts to reduce the tariff, and he was defeated in the election of 1888 on this question. During Cleveland's second term (1893-1897) the country faced an economic crisis, and to meet it Cleveland called upon J. Pierpont Morgan, New York banker and financier, to lend gold to the treasury. He also called upon Congress to repeal the Sherman Silver Purchase Act passed during the intervening administration. The Wilson-Gorman Tariff Bill with many protected items became a law without the President's consent, and the Supreme Court declared an income tax illegal. Coxey's army of unemployed marched on Washington, and there were serious strikes in Chicago on the part of the Pullman Company's employees. Federal troops sent there by the President fired on the strikers. Cleveland made peace with Hawaii after American citizens had set up a government there but firmly upheld the Monroe Doctrine in the British Guiana-Venezuela boundary dispute.

COOLIDGE, CALVIN

Calvin Coolidge (July 4, 1872-Jan 5, 1933), a Republican and thirtieth president of the United States, was born at Plymouth, Vermont, the son of John Calvin Coolidge and Victoria Moor. He married Grace Goodhue. Coolidge served in the Massachusetts legislature in both houses, was elected governor of the state in 1919, and gained recognition for himself by the manner in which he put down Boston's police strike. In 1920 he was elected vice president, and became president when President Harding died in August, 1923. He was reelected in 1924, and served until 1929. Taxes were reduced at this time, and the government followed a policy of economy. The president vetoed the soldiers' bonus bill and also the McNary-Haugen Farm Bill providing for a Farm Board financed by the federal government and authorized to buy up the surplus of certain farm products. During his second administration the bonus bill was passed over his veto, and the Kellogg Peace Pact was ratified.

FILLMORE, MILLARD

Millard Fillmore (Jan 7, 1800-Mar 7, 1874), a Whig, became thirteenth president of the United States upon the death of Zachary Taylor, the president. He was born in the township of Locke (now Summerhill),

PRESIDENTS—Continued

Cayuga County, New York, the son of Nathaniel Fillmore and Phoebe Millard. He married Abigail Powers, and, upon her death, Caroline Carmichael. He served in his state legislature and then in Congress, and was author of the tariff of 1842. In 1849 he was elected vice president, and became president in July, 1850. During his administration (1850-1853) the Omnibus Bill (Clay's Compromise), dealing with the extension of slavery in the new territories, was passed, and also the Fugitive Slave Bill, which aroused the enmity of the antislavery forces. Cheap postage was established, and Japan was opened to Western trade by the Perry expedition. Fillmore repressed filibustering that is the delay of action in an assembly by incessant talking to keep the floor or by the use of some similar device.

GARFIELD, JAMES ABRAHAM

James A. Garfield (Nov. 19, 1831-Sept. 19, 1881), a Republican and twentieth president of the United States, was born at Orange, Ohio, the son of Abram Garfield and Eliza Ballou. He married Lucretia Rudolph. He was elected to the senate of his state by the antislavery vote, and fought in the Civil War. Later he sat in Congress, where he defended President Hayes against attempts to limit the executive's powers. In 1880 he was elected United States senator. He was greatly interested in education in the South and was in favor of sound money. Garfield was elected president in 1880, but shortly after taking office was shot (July, 1881) by Guiteau, a disappointed office seeker. He died of the wounds.

GRANT, ULYSSES SIMPSON

Ulysses S. Grant (April 27, 1822-July 23, 1885), a Republican and eighteenth president of the United States, was born at Point Grant, Ohio, the son of Jesse Grant and Hannah Simpson. He married Julia Dent. Grant was president from 1869 to 1873. For his complete biography see the Index.

HARDING, WARREN GAMALIEL

Warren G. Harding (Nov. 2, 1865-Aug. 2, 1923), a Republican and twenty-ninth president of the United States, was born at Caledonia, now Blooming Grove, Morrow County, Ohio, the son of George Harding and Phoebe Dickerson. He married Florence Kling DeWolfe. Harding served in his state senate, was lieutenant governor of his state, and then a member of the United States Senate. During his administration, which began in 1921 and ended with his death in 1923, the extreme Fordney-McCumber Tariff Act was passed. This act had a "flexible" provision giving the president power to raise or lower duties. The National Budget Act of 1921 was passed and Charles G. Dawes made first director of the budget. This administration made a separate peace with Germany, began the policy of restricting immigration, and called the Washington Conference on Naval Disarmament. Harding made the mistake of not guarding the public domain and permitted naval oil reserves to be transferred from the Navy Department to the Department of the Interior. This resulted in the Teapot Dome scandal, in which two members of his cabinet were involved.

HARRISON, BENJAMIN

Benjamin Harrison (Aug. 20, 1833-Mar. 13, 1901), Republican and twenty-third president of the United States, was born at North Bend, Ohio, the son of John Scott Harrison and Elizabeth Irwin. He was grandson of the ninth president. His first wife was Caroline Scott, his second Mary Dimmick. Harrison served as a colonel of infantry in the Union army during the Civil War, and after taking part in the political life of Indiana was elected to the United States Senate from

that state. During his administration (1889-1893) the McKinley Tariff Act was passed (1890), providing for high duties on many manufactured articles. Pensions were freely granted, the Sherman Silver Purchase Act was passed, increasing the amount of silver to be bought by the government, the number of steel vessels in the navy was increased and the United States rose from twelfth to fifth place among naval powers, the Sherman Anti-Trust Act was passed. In 1889 and 1890 North and South Dakota, Montana, Washington, Idaho, and Wyoming were admitted as states. James G. Blaine, as secretary of state, called a Pan-American Conference. Warships were sent to Samoa when Germany tried to annex that island, the dispute with Great Britain over seal fisheries in Bering Sea was settled by a tribunal which decided against the United States. The radical People's Party was organized and played a part in the election of 1892.

HARRISON, WILLIAM HENRY

William Henry Harrison (Feb. 9, 1773-April 4, 1841), a Whig and ninth president of the United States, was born at Berkeley, Charles City County, Virginia, the son of Benjamin Harrison and Elizabeth Bassett. He married Anna Symmes and was the grandfather of Benjamin Harrison, twenty-third president of the United States. Harrison fought in the wars against the Indians, who were blocking passage to the West and became the hero of the Battle of Tippecanoe. He was made governor of the territory of Indiana and superintendent of Indian Affairs. Afterward he fought in the War of 1812, breaking the hold of the British in the Northwest. He served in the United States Senate and in the House of Representatives. From March 4 to April 4, 1841, when he died, he was president of the United States. John Tyler, the vice president, succeeded him.

HAYES, RUTHERFORD BIRCHARD

Rutherford B. Hayes (Oct. 4, 1822-Jan. 17, 1893), a Republican and nineteenth president of the United States, was born in Delaware, Ohio, the son of Rutherford Hayes and Sophia Birchard. He married Lucy Webb. President Hayes fought with great distinction in the Civil War, was elected to Congress, and was three times governor of his state. His election to the presidency was disputed by the Democratic candidate Tilden, but an electoral commission decided in Hayes' favor. During his administration (1877-1881) he restored peaceful relations with the South by withdrawing federal troops from Louisiana and South Carolina and by making a tour of the southern states. Trade improved when he had specie payments resumed. He opposed the Bland-Allison Act for the free coinage of silver, but it was passed over his veto. President Hayes tried to reform the civil service, to improve the condition of the Indians, and to save our forests from destruction. In his foreign relations Hayes was successful in applying the Monroe Doctrine to the question of a canal across the Isthmus of Panama, and in getting China to agree that the United States might regulate, limit, or suspend Chinese immigration.

HOOVER, HERBERT CLARK

Herbert C. Hoover (Aug. 10, 1874-), a Republican and thirty-first president of the United States, was born at West Branch, Iowa, the son of Jesse C. Hoover and Hulda Minthorn. He married Lou Henry Hoover, a mining engineer, was chairman of the American Relief Committee during the World War, and head of the Commission for Relief in Belgium. He was United States food administrator, secretary of commerce from 1921 to 1928, and president from 1929 to 1933. One of his acts as president was the appointment of a Law Enforcement Commission. During his administration

PRESIDENTS—Continued

the Farm Relief Act was passed and the Federal Farm Board was created. The Veterans' Pension bill was passed over his veto. The Hawley-Smoot Tariff Act was passed, providing for high duties on many articles. Europe began to protest against our duties and to levy retaliatory taxes. In the autumn of 1929 came a stock-market crash, and the country entered upon a long period of depression. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation was created to help banks, insurance companies, and railroads. The Glass-Steagall bill was passed to allow banks to borrow more easily from the reserve banks, and home loan banks were created. The London naval conference was held, in which the United States took part. Hoover withdrew our marines from Haiti and Nicaragua. It was in this administration that Congress decided to give the Philippines their independence.

JACKSON, ANDREW

Andrew Jackson (Mar 15, 1767-June 8, 1845), a Democrat and seventh president of the United States, was born in New Lancaster County, South Carolina, the son of Andrew Jackson and Elizabeth Hutchinson. He married Rachel Donelson Robards. Jackson became president in 1829 and again in 1833. For his complete biography see the Index.

JEFFERSON, THOMAS

Thomas Jefferson (April 13, 1743-July 4, 1826), a Democratic-Republican and third president of the United States, was born in Shadwell, Virginia, the son of Peter Jefferson and Jane Randolph. He married Martha Wayles Skelton. Jefferson was president from 1801 to 1809. For his complete biography see the Index.

JOHNSON, ANDREW

Andrew Johnson (Dec 29, 1808-July 31, 1875), a Republican and seventeenth president of the United States, was born in Raleigh, North Carolina, the son of Jacob Johnson and Mary McDonough. He married Eliza McCordle. Johnson was a member of the legislature of Tennessee, then of the United States House of Representatives and of the Senate. Abraham Lincoln appointed him military governor of Tennessee. In 1865 he became vice president, and when Lincoln was assassinated in April of that year he became president. During his administration (1865-1869) six new states were formed out of territories: Dakota, Arizona, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, and Nebraska. In 1867 Russia sold Alaska to the United States for \$7,200,000. President Johnson removed E. M. Stanton, secretary of war, and Congress showed its hostility by passing the Tenure of Office Act, which forbade the president to remove government officers without the consent of the Senate. Because the President vetoed many bills dealing with reconstruction in the South, articles of impeachment were agreed to, but the trial resulted in acquittal. Later Johnson became United States senator from Tennessee.

LINCOLN, ABRAHAM

Abraham Lincoln (Feb 12, 1809-April 15, 1865), a Republican and sixteenth president of the United States, was born in Kentucky, the son of Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks. His mother died when he was a child, and his father married Sarah Bush Johnston. Lincoln married Mary Todd. He became president in 1861 and was reelected in 1864. For his complete biography see the Index.

MADISON, JAMES

James Madison (Mar 16, 1751-June 28, 1836), a Democratic-Republican and fourth president of the

United States, was born at Port Conway, King George County, Virginia, the son of James Madison and Eleanor Conway. He married Dorothy Payne Todd. Madison attended the Constitutional Convention and is called "the Father of the Constitution." Under Jefferson he was secretary of state. During his terms of office (1809-1817) there was an uprising of Indians under Tecumseh, the War of 1812 was fought with England, the Bank of the United States was rechartered, and the first protective tariff in the history of the United States was levied.

MCKINLEY, WILLIAM

William McKinley (Jan 29, 1843-Sept 14, 1901), a Republican and twenty-fifth president of the United States, was born at Niles, Ohio, the son of William McKinley and Nancy Allison. He married Ida Saxton. McKinley fought in the Civil War, and served as member of Congress and governor of Ohio. He was a champion of the protective tariff. During his first administration (1897-1901) the Dingley Tariff Act restored even the slight reduction made by the Wilson-Gorman Act. The discovery of gold deposits in Alaska (1896) made silver coinage a dead issue, and in 1900 an act was passed which put the country on a gold basis. The Spanish-American War broke out in 1898, after the sinking of the "Maine" and at its close we were in possession of the Philippines, Hawaii, Guam, and Porto Rico. Cuba became a republic, but the Platt Amendment made the island a protectorate of the United States. The Boxer Rebellion against foreigners broke out in China, and our secretary of state, John Hay took the initiative in settling the trouble. He protected China and upheld the principle of the "open door." Our prosperity increased, and McKinley was elected a second time in 1900, but was assassinated in 1901 at Buffalo. His vice president, Theodore Roosevelt, became president.

MONROE, JAMES

James Monroe (April 28, 1758-July 4, 1831), a Democratic-Republican and fifth president of the United States, was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, the son of Spence Monroe and Elizabeth Jones. He married Elizabeth Kortright. He helped draw up the federal constitution, was governor of Virginia, ambassador to France, minister to England and to Spain, secretary of state under Madison, and president of the United States from 1817 to 1825. The "Era of Good Feeling." During his administration the Supreme Court in the "Steamboat Case" placed a broad interpretation upon the power of Congress to regulate commerce. The northern boundary of the Louisiana Purchase was fixed, Florida was ceded to the United States by Spain, the southernmost limits of Russian colonization were fixed, and a vast plan for internal improvements was begun. In his message to Congress in 1823 Monroe stated what is now known as the "Monroe Doctrine," which maintained that the Americas were no longer open to new European colonization. In 1820 Congress adopted the Missouri Compromise, which admitted Missouri as a slave state but prohibited slavery north of 36° 30' in the remainder of the Louisiana Purchase.

PIERCE, FRANKLIN

Franklin Pierce (Nov 23, 1804-Oct 8, 1869), a Democrat and fourteenth president of the United States, was born in Hillsborough, New Hampshire, the son of Benjamin Pierce, who later became governor of the state, and Anna Kendrick. His wife was Jane Appleton. He served in the state legislature, then in the United States House of Representatives and the Senate, and fought in the Mexican War. During his administration (1853-1857) the Gadsden Purchase settled the Mexican

PRESIDENTS—Continued

boundary dispute (1853), trade was opened with Japan, a commercial treaty was made with Great Britain regulating trade with Canada, the Ostend Manifesto was issued declaring the possession of Cuba necessary to the peace of the United States, and the Kansas-Nebraska bill was passed, modifying the Missouri Compromise. The people of Kansas and Nebraska were to decide for themselves whether to have slavery. Antislave forces were greatly aroused by this act, which took from Congress complete authority over slavery in the territories.

POLK, JAMES KNOX

James K. Polk (Nov. 2, 1795-June 15, 1849), a Democrat and eleventh president of the United States, was born in Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, the son of Samuel Polk and Jane Knox. He married Sarah Childress. Polk, who strongly favored the extension of the area of slavery, served in the state legislature, then in Congress, and was president from 1845 to 1849. During his administration gold was discovered in California, the tariff bill of 1846, leaning in the direction of free trade, was passed, the question of the Oregon boundary was settled with Great Britain, an attempt was made to buy Cuba from Spain, the war with Mexico was fought (1846-1848), resulting in the annexation of Texas, California, and the territory known as New Mexico. As a result of these annexations, the Wilmot Proviso came up in Congress but was defeated in the Senate. It proposed that slavery should be excluded from any territory acquired from Mexico.

ROOSEVELT, FRANKLIN DELANO

Franklin D. Roosevelt (Jan. 30, 1882-Apr. 12, 1945), a Democrat and thirty-second president of the United States, was born at Hyde Park, New York, the son of James Roosevelt and Sara Delano. Roosevelt became President in 1933 and was reelected in 1936 and again in 1940 and 1944. For the events of his administration see the Index.

ROOSEVELT, THEODORE

Theodore Roosevelt (Oct. 27, 1858-Jan. 6, 1919), a Republican and twenty-sixth president of the United States, was born in New York City, the son of Theodore Roosevelt and Martha Bulloch. His first wife was Alice Lee, the second Edith Carow. Roosevelt was elected vice president in 1900 and became president in September, 1901, when President McKinley was assassinated. He was reelected in 1904 and served as president until 1909. For his complete biography see the Index.

TAFT, WILLIAM HOWARD

William Howard Taft (Sept. 15, 1857-March 8, 1930), a Republican, and twenty-seventh president of the United States, was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, the son of Alphonso Taft and Louisa Torrey. He married Helen Herron. Taft was solicitor-general under President Harrison and secretary of war in President Roosevelt's cabinet. From 1901 to 1904 he was governor of the Philippines and in 1908 was elected president. During his administration (1909-1913), the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill was passed. In his administration the seventeenth amendment was added to the constitution; it provided for direct election of United States senators. Taft became chief justice of the United States Supreme Court in 1921.

TAYLOR, ZACHARY

Zachary Taylor (Sept. 24, 1784-July 9, 1850), a Whig

and twelfth president of the United States, was born in Orange County, Virginia, the son of Richard Taylor and Sarah Strother. His wife was Margaret Smith. He enlisted in the army and saw service in the frontier wars against the Indians, in Florida in the Seminole War, and was a general in the Mexican War. He became president in 1849, and died the following year on July 9. During his administration Clay's compromise was brought before Congress, and the Bulwer-Clayton Treaty of 1850 was drawn up, pledging the neutrality of a canal at that time projected to cross Central America. Upon the death of Zachary Taylor, Millard Fillmore, the vice president, succeeded him.

TRUMAN, HARRY S.

Harry S. Truman, a Democrat, thirty-third president, was born May 8, 1884, near Lamar, Missouri, and was reared on a farm. He fought in the First World War, gaining the rank of major. In 1920 he was elected County judge for Jackson County, Missouri, and studied at the Kansas City Law School during his term of office. He was elected presiding judge in 1926 and in 1934 was sent to the United States Senate, where he gained distinction as chairman of the Special Committee to Investigate the National Defense. He was elected vice-president in 1944, became president when Roosevelt died in 1945, and was elected president in 1948.

TYLER, JOHN

John Tyler (Mar. 29, 1790-Jan. 18, 1862), a Whig and tenth president of the United States, was born at Greenway, Charles City County, Virginia, the son of John Tyler and Mary Armistead. He married Letitia Christian, and upon her death, Julia Gardiner. He was governor of Virginia, then United States senator, and upheld states' rights. During his administration (1841-1845) he vetoed a bill for the establishment of a central bank, the difficulties with the Florida Indians were settled, the merit system in civil service was enforced, Frémont was sent exploring to the west, and the Webster-Ashburton Treaty, settling the country's northeast boundary, was concluded with Great Britain.

VAN BUREN, MARTIN

Martin Van Buren (Dec. 5, 1782-July 24, 1862), a Democrat and eighth president of the United States, was born at Kinderhook, New York, the son of Abraham Van Buren and Mary Hoes. He married Hannah Hoes. He was governor of New York, member of the United States Senate, secretary of state under Jackson, and vice president under Jackson from 1833 to 1837. During his administration (1837-1841) the chief event was the financial panic of 1837, which gave the Whigs an opportunity to strengthen their party.

WASHINGTON, GEORGE

George Washington (Feb. 22, 1732-Dec. 14, 1799), a Federalist and first president of the United States, was born in Virginia, the son of Augustine Washington and Mary Ball. He married Martha Custis. Washington was president for two terms, from 1789 to 1797. For his complete biography see the Index.

WILSON, (THOMAS) WOODROW

Woodrow Wilson (Dec. 28, 1856-Feb. 3, 1924), a Democrat and twenty-eighth president, was born at Staunton, Virginia, the son of Joseph Wilson and Janet Woodrow. His first wife was Ellen Axson, his second Edith Bolling Galt. He served two terms as president (1913-1921). See index for complete biography.

VICE PRESIDENTS

ADAMS, JOHN

John Adams of Massachusetts, a Federalist, was the first vice president of the United States (1789-1797) and the second president.

ARTHUR, CHESTER A.

Chester A. Arthur (1830-1886) of Vermont was elected vice president on the Republican ticket with Garfield, and became president in 1881 upon Garfield's death.

BARKLEY, ALBEN W.

Alben W. Barkley, a Democrat, was born (1877) in a log cabin on his father's farm in Graves County, Kentucky, and earned his own education in the law. In 1926 he was elected United States senator and held the post until he became vice president in 1949.

BRECKINRIDGE, JOHN C.

John C. Breckinridge (1821-1875) of Kentucky, a Democrat, fought in the Mexican War, was elected to the Kentucky legislature, and then to Congress. He was vice president under James Buchanan, and later became United States senator. He resigned his seat when differences between the North and South grew acute, and became a major-general in the Confederate army, as well as secretary of war for the Confederacy.

BURR, AARON

Aaron Burr (1756-1836) of New Jersey, a Democratic-Republican, fought in the American Revolution, served in the New York legislature, and was vice president during Jefferson's first term. While vice president he fought the duel with Alexander Hamilton which resulted in Hamilton's death and ended Burr's political career.

CALHOUN, JOHN C.

John C. Calhoun (1782-1850) of South Carolina, a Democratic-Republican, was vice president under John Quincy Adams from 1825 to 1829 and under Andrew Jackson from 1829 to 1831, when he resigned. He favored states' rights, and was responsible for the passage of an act by the South Carolina legislature asserting that any state in the Union had the right to annul an act of the federal government. He was head of the Free Trade party.

CLINTON, GEORGE

George Clinton (1739-1812) of New York, a Democratic-Republican, was vice president under Jefferson from 1805 to 1809 and under Madison until Clinton died in 1812. He had fought in the American Revolution and was twice governor of New York.

COLFAX, SCHUYLER

Schuyler Colfax (1823-1885) of New York, a Republican, was elected to Congress for seven successive terms, and served while there as chairman of the Committee on the Post Office and Post Roads. He was vice president of the United States during Grant's first term, from 1869 to 1873.

COOLIDGE, CALVIN

Calvin Coolidge (1872-1933), born in Vermont and a Republican, was elected vice president in 1920 and became president when President Harding died in 1923.

CURTIS, CHARLES

Charles Curtis (1860-1936) of Kansas, a Republican, was a member of Congress and then of the United States Senate. He was elected vice president in 1928 and served during President Hoover's term of office. Curtis's mother was a Kaw Indian.

DALLAS, GEORGE M.

George M. Dallas (1792-1864), a Democrat, was born in Pennsylvania. He became mayor of Philadelphia,

United States senator, minister to Russia, and vice president (1845-1849) under President Polk. After his term of office expired he was appointed minister to Great Britain, and was influential in settling the Central American difficulties.

DAWES, CHARLES G.

Charles Dawes, Republican, of Ohio, was born in 1865. During the World War he was on General Pershing's staff and was general purchasing agent for the army. He was first Director of the Budget, and formulated the Dawes' Plan for handling the payment of German reparations. In 1925 he became vice president, and served during President Coolidge's second term. Later he was appointed ambassador to London, and served as president of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. He received the Nobel Peace Prize for his Dawes' Plan.

FAIRBANKS, CHARLES W.

Charles W. Fairbanks (1852-1918), a Republican, was born in Ohio, was elected United States senator from Indiana, and then became vice president of the United States. He served under President Theodore Roosevelt from 1905 to 1909, and represented the conservative wing of the President's party.

FILLMORE, MILLARD

Millard Fillmore (1800-1874) of New York, a Whig, was elected vice president in 1848 with Zachary Taylor, and became the thirteenth president of the United States upon Taylor's death in 1850.

GARNER, JOHN N.

John Nance Garner, a Democrat, was born in Red River County, Texas, on Nov. 22, 1869. He served in his state legislature and then in Congress. In 1931 he became speaker of the House of Representatives, and was elected vice president of the United States in 1932, when Franklin D. Roosevelt was elected to the presidency. In 1936 he was reelected.

GERRY, ELBRIDGE

Elbridge Gerry (1744-1814) of Massachusetts, a Democratic Republican, was vice president of the United States under Madison from 1813 to 1814. He had been one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was a member of the Continental Congress, and later was elected to the Congress of the United States. He also served as envoy to France and as governor of Massachusetts.

HAMLIN, HANNIBAL

Hannibal Hamlin (1809-1891) of Maine, a Republican, was a member of his state legislature and then of the United States Congress, where he joined the anti-slave faction. He was elected to the United States Senate, became governor of Maine, and then senator again. From 1861 to 1865, during President Lincoln's first term, he served as vice president.

HENDRICKS, THOMAS A.

Thomas A. Hendricks (1819-1885) of Ohio, a Democrat, was elected vice president to serve during Cleveland's first term, but he died in November, 1885, shortly after taking office. He had been a member of the Indiana legislature, and then of Congress and of the United States Senate. He also served as governor of Indiana.

HOBART, GARRET A.

Garret A. Hobart (1844-1899) of New Jersey, a Republican, served as senator of his state and was vice president under McKinley from 1897 to 1899, dying in office. He was a staunch supporter of the gold standard.

VICE PRESIDENTS *Continued*

JEFFERSON, THOMAS

Thomas Jefferson of Virginia, a Democratic-Republican, was vice president from 1797 to 1801 under John Adams, and later became third president of the United States.

JOHNSON, ANDREW

Andrew Johnson (1808-1875) of North Carolina was elected in 1864, on the Union-Republican ticket, to serve as vice president under Lincoln. He became president of the United States in 1865, when Lincoln was assassinated.

JOHNSON, RICHARD M.

Richard M. Johnson (1781-1850) of Kentucky, a Democrat and vice president from 1837 to 1841 under Martin Van Buren, was a supporter of Jackson. He had fought in the War of 1812 and is supposed to have killed Tecumseh. He served a term in the United States Senate and also in the House of Representatives.

KING, WILLIAM R.

William R. King (1786-1853) of North Carolina, a Democrat, was a member of his state legislature and then of Congress. He was secretary of legation to the Kingdom of Naples, in association with William Pinckney, and then accompanied Pinckney to Russia. He served in the United States Senate and as minister to France. He became vice president in 1853, when Franklin Pierce was made president. King died the same year.

MARSHALL, THOMAS R.

Thomas R. Marshall (1854-1925), a Democrat, was born in Indiana and was governor of that state. He was vice president under President Wilson during his two terms, and in nearly a century was the first vice president to succeed himself. He carried on many of Wilson's activities when Wilson fell ill.

MORTON, LEVI P.

Levi P. Morton (1824-1920), a Republican, was a New York banker who became a member of Congress and was sent by President Garfield as minister to France. He drove the first rivet in the Statue of Liberty, and accepted the statue for his government. He was elected vice president in 1888, and served under Benjamin Harrison. In 1895 he became governor of New York. As a banker he supported the gold standard.

ROOSEVELT, THEODORE

Theodore Roosevelt (1858-1919) of New York, a Republican, was elected vice president in 1900, and became president in 1901 when President McKinley was assassinated.

SHERMAN, JAMES S.

James S. Sherman (1855-1912) of New York, a Republican, was vice president from 1909 to 1913 under Taft. In 1884 he had been mayor of Utica, and later was elected to Congress.

STEVENSON, ADLAI E.

Adlai E. Stevenson (1835-1914) of Kentucky, a Democrat, served as congressman from Illinois and was vice president during Cleveland's second term (1893-1897). During Cleveland's first term he had served as first assistant postmaster-general. In 1900 he was chosen to run for the vice presidency with William Jennings Bryan but was defeated.

THOMPCKINS, DANIEL

Daniel Thompson (1774-1825) of New York, a Democratic-Republican, was vice president under Monroe, from 1817 to 1825. From 1807 to 1816 he had been governor of New York. During the War of 1812 he gave important service to his country, and advanced the money to maintain the military academy at West Point.

TRUMAN, HARRY S.

Harry S. Truman, a Democrat, was born on a farm near Lamar, Missouri, May 8, 1884. He was elected Vice President in 1944 and became president when President Franklin Delano Roosevelt died in 1945.

TYLER, JOHN

John Tyler (1790-1862) of Virginia, a Democrat, was elected vice president in 1840, and became tenth president of the United States in 1841 upon the death of the president, William Henry Harrison.

VAN BUREN, MARTIN

Martin Van Buren (1782-1862) of New York, a Democrat, was vice president under Andrew Jackson from 1833 to 1837, and later became eighth president of the United States.

WALLACE, HENRY AGARD

Henry Agard Wallace, a Democrat, was born Oct. 7, 1888, in Adair County, Iowa. He became Secretary of Agriculture under F. D. Roosevelt in 1933 and was elected vice president on Nov. 5, 1940, succeeding John Nance Garner. Graduate of Iowa State College, 1910, he is author of various books, among them "America Must Choose." He followed his father and grandfather in publishing a farm paper. After his term as vice president he served as Secretary of Commerce until September, 1946. In 1948 he founded a new party and ran for the presidency.

WHEELER, WILLIAM A.

William A. Wheeler (1819-1887) of New York, a Republican, was vice president under Hayes from 1877 to 1881. He served in his state senate and later in Congress. While chairman of the Committee on Southern Affairs he helped to solve some troublesome problems in Louisiana.

WILSON, HENRY

Henry Wilson (1812-1875) of New Hampshire, a Republican shoe manufacturer, was really named Jeremiah Jones Colbath, but had his name changed. He was a member of the Massachusetts legislature and later of the United States Senate, where he served as chairman of the committee on Military Affairs. He was appointed to the staff of General George B. McClellan during the Civil War, and in 1873 he was elected to serve as vice president during Grant's second administration, but died before finishing his term of office.

AMERICAN HISTORICAL BIOGRAPHIES

Reading Unit

No. 3

GREAT NAMES IN OUR COUNTRY'S HISTORY

*Note: For basic information
not found on this page, consult
the general Index, Vol. 15.*

*For statistical and current facts,
consult the Richards Year Book
Index.*

Index to American Historical Biographies

THE ADAMS FAMILY	479	JACKSON, STONEWALL	539
ALLEN, ETHAN	495	JEFFERSON, THOMAS	503
ANDRÉ, JOHN	484	JONES, JOHN PAUL	500
ARNOLD, BENEDICT	485	LEE, ROBERT E.	525
BOONE, DANIEL	469	LINCOLN, ABRAHAM	527
BROWN, JOHN	533	MACARTHUR, DOUGLAS	555H
CALHOUN, JOHN C.	520	PINN, WILLIAM	401
CLAY, HENRY	517	PERRY, OLIVER HAZARD	499
CROOK, GEORGE	489	PERSHING, JOHN JOSEPH	554
DEWEY, GEORGE	540	PITCHER, MOLLY	492
EISENHOWER, DWIGHT D.	555F	PUTNAM, ISRAEL	494
FRANKLIN, BENJAMIN	463	ROOSEVELT, FRANKLIN D.	555A
GRANT, ULYSSES S.	535	ROOSEVELT, THEODORE	542
HALE, NATHAN	497	SMITH, JOHN	458
HAMILTON, ALEXANDER	507	STARK, JOHN	488
HENRY, PATRICK	482	WASHINGTON, GEORGE	473
HOUSTON, SAM.	514	WAYNE, ANTHONY	491
JACKSON, ANDREW	511	WEBSTER, DANIEL	523
		WILSON, WOODROW	548

Things to Think About

- | | |
|--|---|
| Why was it dangerous to sign the Declaration of Independence? | whereas John André commands warm admiration from Americans? |
| What was the difference between the ideas of Jefferson and Hamilton? | What Americans now living will some day be included in such a list as this? |
| Why is Franklin sometimes called the greatest American? | Could Penn's policy of treating the Indians fairly have had any effect upon the financial prosperity of his colony? |
| How does Lincoln's Gettysburg speech express the spirit of American democracy? | What other American colonies were founded in the spirit in which Penn founded Pennsylvania? |
| Why is it that Benedict Arnold does not have the respect and affection of the British, | |

Picture Hunt

- | | |
|---|--|
| How pioneers fought, 12-488 | The Lincoln Memorial, 12-527 |
| Making a new nation, 12-463 | The signing of Penn's treaty with the Indians, 7-133 |
| What his enemies thought of Jackson, 12-512 | |

AMERICAN HISTORICAL BIOGRAPHIES

Picture Hunt

- | | |
|---|--|
| The baptism of Pocahontas 7-122 | Reading the Declaration of Independence, 7-165 |
| New England settlers going to church, 7 147 | A great general, 7-167, 180, 197 |
| Franklin at the British court, 7-158 | The westward migration, 7-177, 178 |
| Signing the Declaration of Independence, 7 166, 195 | Framers of the constitution, 12-496 |

Related Material

- | | |
|---|---|
| The French and Indian War, 7 143 | 8 343-44 |
| The Declaration of Independence, 7 172-73 | The founding of Maryland, 8-158-59 |
| The American Revolution, 7 167-70 | The founding of Pennsylvania, 8 333-35 |
| Westward expansion of the United States, 7 213-16 | The founding of the colony at Massachusetts Bay, 7 125-26 |
| The first victory of the frontier, 7 221-28 | The settling of Ohio, 8-304-7 |
| The Civil War, 7 253-65 | The settling of Kentucky, 8-135-36 |
| The growth of American democracy, 7 177, 204, 223, 228, 244 | The colony at Jamestown, 8-406-7 |
| The growth of American industry, 7 217, 241, 277, 282, 308 | The plantation system, 8 408-10 |
| World War I, 7 315 | Men who helped to set us free, 12 450-56 |
| The founding of Rhode Island, | Our country asks for "new freedom," 7 304-12 |

Habits and Attitudes

- | | |
|---|--|
| Nathan Hale regrets that he has but one life to give to his country, 12 407 | John Brown is executed for taking the law into his own hands, 12 534 |
| The man who thought that "all men are created equal," 12-503-6 | Molly Pitcher, the woman who "manned" the cannon, 12-492-93 |

Leisure-time Activities

- | | |
|---|--|
| PROJECT NO. 1: Read Whit-tier's "Barabara Frietchie." | Theodore Roosevelt, "Hero Tales from American History." |
| PROJECT NO. 2: Read one or more of the following: Britt, Albert, "The Boys' Own Book of Frontiersmen," Lodge, H. C. and | Benjamin Franklin's Autobiog-raphy, Theodore Roosevelt's let-ters to his children, Carl Sand-burg, "Abe Lincoln Grows Up." |

Summary Statement

America has produced many great men and women during its short history. We have had famous military leaders such as Washington, Grant, and Lee; great statesmen such as Jefferson and Lincoln; and great scientists

and men of affairs such as Frank-lin. Our democratic system of government has allowed many men and women to develop their talents fully, and to express their ideas freely.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH



Photo by The Heiser Co

It was a lucky thing for the Jamestown colonists that the London Company chose Captain John Smith as one of the Council to govern the new settlement in the Virginia wilderness. For if it had not been for Smith's bravery and tact they would undoubtedly have starved to death one and all, or have died at the

hands of the Indians. Yet when the colonists first landed, they would not let Smith sit on the Council at all. In fact, they had their best man under arrest as a conspirator. Our picture shows the doughty captain standing his trial. In the end, luckily for everybody, he was acquitted and his accuser fined.

WHAT CAPTAIN JOHN TOLD POCAHONTAS

The Little Girl Surely Heard a Great Story, for Captain John Smith Had Seen Some Marvelous Adventures

THE leader of the little band of men who had settled in Virginia had gone out exploring. The Indians got hold of him and carried him off to their great chief Powhatan (pou'hâ-tân'). It seemed to be the last of all his scrapes, for he had been in many a scrape before. Now the Indians had him, and they were going to put an end to him.

But he fell to talking with the great chief's little daughter, thirteen years old, about his adventures all over the big world. There was plenty to tell, and the little girl's eyes must have opened very wide. She loved this big white man with his great beard.

Then he was led out to be killed. He had to get down and put his head on a block. In a moment the braves were going to beat

his brains out. But like a flash the little Indian girl ran out to him. She threw herself upon him, covering his head. If they beat out her white man's brains, they must beat out her own first!

That is the story. Possibly it did not happen in precisely this way. Maybe the little girl did not really have to get down and cover up the white man. Maybe it was enough to tell her father that she would not have him killed. As the chief's daughter she had a right to do that, and that much she must have done. So she saved her big Englishman.

Of course he was Captain John Smith, and she was little Pocahontas. Now what had Captain John been telling Pocahontas to make her love him?

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH



Photo by Grinnell Bros

Here is pictured the marriage of Smith's friend in need, Pocahontas, to Captain John Rolfe, one of the Jamestown leaders. Pocahontas' uncle and two brothers were at the wedding, and her father, Chief Powhatan, was persuaded by it to be friends with

the whites again. Pocahontas visited England in 1616 with her husband, and great was the stir she made there. A real Indian princess, people thought, and so clever and pretty, too! She was fêted and made much of wherever she went.

We do not know all he told her. He had no time to tell her everything, for there was a great deal—far more than she could understand. But here is a little part of what he might have said.

He had been born over in England twenty-eight years before (1579). He had left school to go to sea when he was sixteen. Then his adventures began. He had gone to Holland, and he had fought the Spaniards on sea and land. He had also fought the fierce Turks, way over on the other side of the world, and had even been a Turkish slave. And did he tell her that he had once sailed with the Barbary pirates, and been a pirate himself?

What Captain John Told Pocahontas

Then he must have told her how he had come back to London, and been sent over as a leader for the Virginia colony in 1607, and had kept right on having adventures as he went around among the Indians, learning their speech and getting food from them for his starving colonists. And now at last the Indians had him.

But she saw to it that they let him go. In fact they made him a member of their great tribe. She had picked a good man.

Captain John Smith was the best man who came over to Virginia in 1607. He was the only one who knew much about exploring and about getting along in a wild land. Though he was not the commander of the colony at first, he soon became so, for very good reasons. Most of the time the colony was facing starvation, and he was the man who could go and get food from the savages. Others went out and came back empty handed, or never came back at all. He always came back, and he always brought food.

The Corn That Saved the Colonists

By hook or by crook he got it from the red-skins. He had learned a good deal about their language and their ways. He knew how to manage them—when to flatter them and when to scare them. So he got the corn he wanted. And certainly it was needed. In the first six months about two-thirds of the colonists had died—sixty-seven out of a hundred and five. The rest would almost surely have died but for Captain John Smith.

It was very hard to do all he did. The Indians were bad enough, but the colonists themselves gave him no end of trouble. Even on the way over they had put him in irons under a false charge. In Virginia

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH



Photo by Continental Wire Inc. (C)

Here is little Pocahontas pictured in the very act of saving John Smith's life. The brave captain had been captured a month or so before, while he was looking for food some twenty miles up the river James with only two companions. One night when Smith had gone off into the woods alone, still looking for food, some Indian braves under Powhatan's brother fell upon

they were constantly quarreling with him, accusing him and threatening him, and making life hard for him. But he mastered all of them, and put them to work. He was the genius of the little colony.

He went exploring many times, too, and made remarkable maps of what he found. He still thought, like everybody else, that he might get through Virginia to the Pacific Ocean, and he sailed up the Chesapeake Bay to see if he could do it. He went as far as the spot where Washington stands now. He explored several other rivers in Virginia, and later he sailed all along the coast of New England, making a fine map

of it and giving a name to Plymouth, where the next English colony was going to land. Finally he went back to London, where he wrote a good many books about his travels and adventures, and where he died in 1631. We to-day may well be grateful for his practical wisdom and fine bravery.

And little Pocahontas? She was too young to marry the great captain she had saved. She just called him "father." But later she married another captain—Captain John Rolfe. She was the first Indian girl to wed an Englishman, and her proud descendants are living in Virginia and in England to this day.

WILLIAM PENN



Photo by W. Vivian Chappel, Philadelphia

Here is William Penn, greatest of the founders of colonies in America; he is talking over his famous Treaty of Friendship with the Indians. Penn called his colony a "holy experiment," because he wanted to see if men

could not live peacefully together under gentler and more tolerant laws than had yet been tried. And while Penn's hand was on the helm, Pennsylvania lived in peace with the Indians and prospered greatly.

The FATHER of PENNSYLVANIA

The Story of William Penn, Who Gave His Name to the Great State, Shows How He Was in Many Ways the Wisest Man Who Ever Planted a Colony in America

THE ship that brought William Penn to America was named the "Welcome." There could hardly have been a better name, for it has in it something of the peace and kindly wisdom which Penn and his Quaker followers were bringing to the New World. And when Penn took possession of his land, he dedicated it to his wise and peaceful plan. He stooped to pick up a handful of the soil, he plucked a branch from a tree, and he took a cup of water—earth, forests, and streams should all be part of this plan. The plan was to form here in the wilderness "a civil society of men, enjoying the highest possible degree of freedom and happiness."

Penn himself had good reason for loving freedom and happiness. For in spite of the

fact that he was a wealthy English admiral's son, he had spent much of his young manhood in jail. Born in 1644, he had grown up at a time when it was against the law to be a Quaker; but while he was a student at Oxford, a Quaker he had learned to be. So he was not only expelled from the university, but more than once thrown into prison. For years he was persecuted for his faith. His family begged him to give it up, but he would not do it. Instead he kept on preaching and writing in defense of the Quakers—and was always being put in jail for his pains.

Then his father died, and he found that King Charles II owed him, as his father's heir, a vast sum of money. The King was willing to pay him with an enormous tract of land in America. Here was Penn's chance.

WILLIAM PENN

He would found a colony in the New World, where Quakers and everybody else should be able to worship as they chose and live in peace with all men.

The Founding of "Penn's Forest"

So here he was, in 1682, taking possession of Pennsylvania, and dedicating it to his generous plan. The name Pennsylvania means "Penn's Forest"; he had intended to call it simply Sylvania, but the King had put Penn's name in, too. It was a vast country, rich in minerals, in game, and in fish. A few English, Dutch, Swedes, and Germans were already settled in it. Penn made a beginning of his plan by telling them that they could all go on belonging to whatever church they liked best. The Quakers wanted freedom not only for themselves, but for other people too.

They named their first settlement Philadelphia, which means the "City of Brotherly Love." They laid out the city with thoughtful care, on the banks of the Delaware, naming the east-and-west streets after the trees of the forest - Pine, Chestnut, Maple—and the north-and-south streets simply First, Second, Third, in due order. Their society was as simple and orderly as their town. They did not believe in rank. Penn, though he was owner and governor, allowed them all to help in making the laws. Fortunate city, to have so liberal and far-sighted a founder!

And Penn's plan did not stop short with the white men in his forest. He meant to live in friendship with the Indians, too. This astonished the red men, who were used to being met with bullets oftener than with friendship. But Penn paid them for their land, although King Charles had given it to him as though he

was really to own it. Penn met the Indian chiefs in a famous conference to discuss the purchase of the land and his plan for friendship. The Indians listened respectfully while the Governor's words were being translated, and smoked the peace pipe with him. They drew up a Treaty of Friendship, saying that red men and white men should live together as sons of the same Great Spirit. They were to help one another, and their children were to be trained to keep the peace as long as "the sun gives light."

Fighting for Freedom of Worship

As long as Penn lived, the treaty was honored. No Quaker in Pennsylvania was ever harmed by the Indians. Penn was just and kind to them; and often he visited them, eating their food and playing their games.

When Penn had been in America only two years, he had to go back to England. And there he spent most of the rest of his life, preaching and working and writing for the Quaker cause, never tiring of telling the King and the people that everyone ought to be allowed to worship in any church he chose. A good deal of the time even his own people did not understand just what he was doing, and he had to suffer many misfortunes. The people in Pennsylvania, too, often quarreled with him, and his own son, who lived in Philadelphia, disgraced him. But he always held firmly to his plan, and the liberal government he gave Pennsylvania served as a

model for many later governments here. He died in 1718.



This is the Penn House, built of brick brought over from England. It now stands in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.

Photo by W. N. Jennings, Philadelphia

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

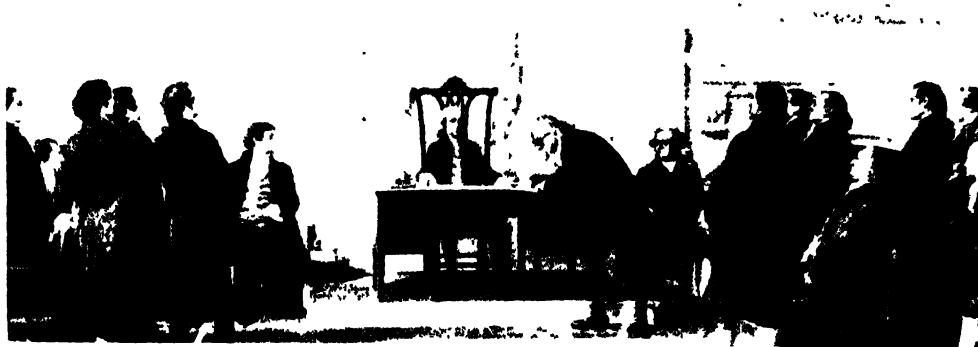


Photo by Detroit Publishing Co

Only one American signed all three of the historic documents which heralded the birth of the United States of America, and that one was Benjamin Franklin.

Here he is pictured signing the first of them, the Declaration of Independence. Later he was to sign also the Treaty of Paris and the new Constitution.

The FIRST ALL-ROUND AMERICAN

And There Are Many Men Who Would Say that Benjamin Franklin Was, All in All, the Greatest of Americans

ONE day in the year 1723, young Deborah Read, standing in the doorway of her father's house in Philadelphia, saw an odd sight coming up the street. It was a tall, roughly-dressed youth strolling along holding a huge penny loaf of bread under each arm, and munching on a third loaf. Deborah could not help laughing. How was she to know that this queer-looking lad was going to marry her some day? Or that he was going to turn out to be very famous as a scientist, a philosopher, and a diplomat?

For the munching youth was no other than Benjamin Franklin, whose name every child knows to-day, after more than two hundred years.

He had just arrived in Philadelphia, with less than a dollar to his name—now that he had bought those penny loaves to still his hunger. He had come by way of New York from Boston, where he had been born seventeen years before. In Boston he had spent his childhood, playing with his troop of brothers and sisters, getting a little schooling, reading all the books he could lay his hands on, and dreaming of growing up to be a sailor. He had worked for a time at his father's business of making tallow candles.

Then, when he was twelve, he went to work for his older brother James, to learn the trade of printing on James's paper, "The New England Courant."

Young Benjamin took to the trade as a duck takes to water. All his life he liked to describe himself as "Benjamin Franklin, printer." He was teaching himself to write, too, by studying the great English writers of essays, especially Addison and Steele, who wrote the paper called "The Spectator." Soon he began slipping articles of his own under the door of his brother's shop, without signing his name. His brother innocently published them. Benjamin wrote a whole series of gossipy, shrewd letters which he signed "Mistress Silence Dogood," and had the whole town talking about them. How surprised the readers and talkers would have been had they known that "Mistress Dogood" was a boy! Once, when James was put in prison for a time because he had published some opinions to which the authorities objected, Benjamin published the paper himself.

But he did not get on any too well with his brother. He thought that James was jealous when he discovered who "Mistress Dogood"

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

really was. At all events, they quarreled more and more, and James even beat him. So when he was seventeen, he ran away, first to New York and then to Philadelphia. And here he was, looking for a job so that he might buy something else to eat when the penny rolls were gone.

He found work in a printing shop, and attacked it so vigorously that he was soon being talked about as a very promising young man. The Governor of the province of Pennsylvania thought Franklin ought to set up in business for himself, and urged him to go to England to buy machinery. So in 1724 he sailed on a little packet, full of enthusiasm for his new adventure.

But the Governor had not given him the letter of introduction he had promised, and Franklin had to work hard in England to make ends meet. He studied the books that he set up in type, and never lost a chance to improve his own style of writing. The men he worked with liked this gay, hard-working youth, though they could not see how he managed to keep so strong when he drank no strong liquor! When Franklin had been in England for about a year and a half, his good friend Denham, a Quaker merchant from Philadelphia, persuaded him to go back to America and work in his shop.

A Man Who Did Everything Well

It was not long, however, before Franklin was back at printing. Denham died shortly after they returned to Philadelphia, and Franklin went to work again for his old employer, Keimer. But by the time he was twenty-two he was in business for himself,

and by the time he was twenty-three he was publishing "The Pennsylvania Gazette," which swiftly became the most widely-read paper in all America.

In 1730 he married his "Debbie," the girl who had laughed at him on the day of his arrival in town. She sold stationery, codfish, and broadcloth while he labored at his printing. He taught himself German in order to publish books for the many German settlers in Pennsylvania. His business was always growing. He opened the first bookstore south of Boston; he opened a shop in South Carolina, then another one in New York.

Before this he had become famous all over the country for his homely, practical philosophy. In the old days, before he set up in business for himself, he had made himself a list of thirteen virtues which he wished to possess, and set down in a notebook every night how he was getting on in his attempts to develop them. Even before that,

you remember, he had made homely maxims and put them into the mouth of "Mistress Dogood." Indeed, he had a great turn for putting practical, everyday morals into words that made them easy to remember: "Honesty is the best policy," for instance, is one of his sayings. It comes from the famous "Poor Richard's Almanac" which Franklin began to publish in 1732 and kept on publishing for twenty-five years. He used to slip these sayings in among the miscellaneous items about the population of cities and the eclipses of the moon—you know what an almanac is like. Franklin's almanac became the most popular book published in America, and averaged ten thousand copies a year!

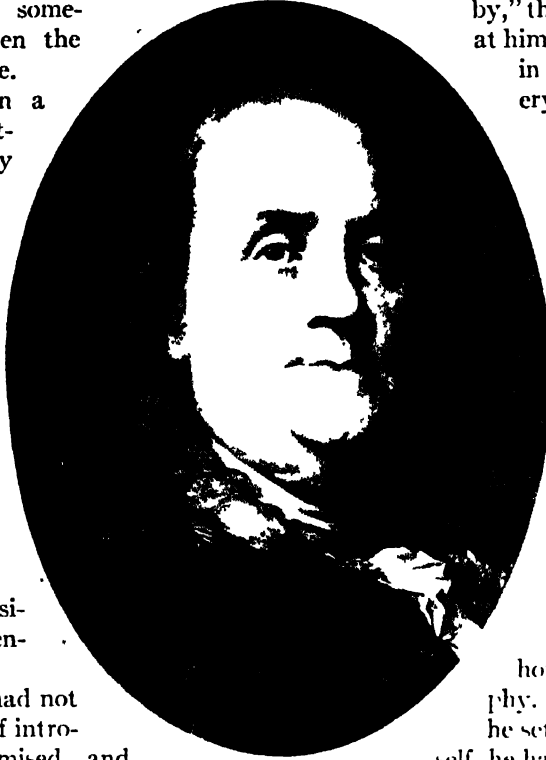


Photo by the National Museum

This is Benjamin Franklin — scientist, philosopher, publisher, public-spirited citizen, and one of the fathers of the republic.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN



Photo by Gustavoff Brom

Franklin, as we can see from this picture, was a great favorite at the French court, where he represented the colonies in 1778. Yet who would ever have guessed that he would be? For he was a democrat through

and through, with no aristocratic frills about him, and this was the gay court of Louis XVI, just before the French Revolution. Probably these bored aristocrats liked him for the very contrast.

Franklin's science was as practical as his philosophy. For he was a scientist, too — about the only one in America in his day. He was the first to show that lightning is electricity. This he did by tying a key on the end of a kite string and then flying the kite in a thunderstorm; the lightning produced a spark on the key. Being the most practical of mortals, he at once turned his discovery into something useful: he invented the lightning rod, which was for long called "Franklin's rod." Another useful invention of his was the "Franklin stove," which was built almost like a furnace and gave much better heat than any contrivance known before. By 1753 he was known and honored abroad as a scientist; he had been elected to the Royal Society in London, and had received a letter of congratulation from Louis XV of France.

Besides being a printer, a writer, a philosopher, and a scientist, Franklin was a most public-spirited citizen. In fact, this man was

interested in so many things that we get fairly dizzy trying to follow him! Though he was most of the time only a private citizen, he almost made Philadelphia over. He established there the first public library in America. He organized a fire department, and started a fire insurance company. He arranged for the lighting of the streets. He defended the freedom of the press, opening his "Gazette" to arguments on both sides of every subject from politics to religion. He founded a hospital. He was chief founder of the college that became the University of Pennsylvania, and had much to do with the liberal courses it taught in science and other subjects, in addition to the Latin and Greek which were about all the other colleges offered. He was everybody's friend, and was always being called on to settle disputes. There was no doubt who was Philadelphia's first citizen!

But his interest did not stop short with one city—it extended to all the colonies.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

With his zeal for organizing things, he improved the mail service throughout the colonies, and was chosen postmaster-general. He was one of the first to see that the thirteen colonies ought to learn to think of themselves as one country. At the Albany Convention in 1754 it was he who proposed the wise plan for union called the Albany Plan. At the beginning of the French and Indian Wars he published a cartoon he had drawn himself. It showed a serpent cut into pieces, each piece labeled with the name of one of the colonies. Under it was the good advice, "Join or die."

So he was a natural man to represent the colonies in England when the quarrel which led to the Revolution began. He sailed in 1758, taking his son William with him, and did not return until 1775.

At first he was a representative only for Pennsylvania, which was carrying on a vigorous dispute about the rights and duties of the Penn family, still owners of the province. He was made representative for Georgia in 1768, for New Jersey in 1769, and for Massachusetts in 1770. It would have been easier if Pennsylvania and Georgia and New Jersey and Massachusetts had always wanted the same thing; but they did not--another very good argument for some plan of union. Franklin had to be cautious and careful, trying to smooth over differences and do the best he could.

Franklin as a Diplomat

His best was remarkably good, considering all the difficulties. You remember about the Stamp Act of 1756, which made all the colonists so angry? Franklin was largely

responsible for its being so promptly repealed. He made many powerful friends in England, and if anyone could have persuaded the English government to stop taxing tea and doing all the other things that were bringing on the war, Franklin could have done it. But all his tact and patience were

of no use in the end. When he finally sailed for home, the fighting had already begun.

All the time he was in England, Franklin had dreamed of a great Anglo-American empire, and had earnestly hoped that England and her colonies could keep the peace. He even boldly suggested that they make themselves into a united nation as England and Scotland had done. But now that war was be-

gun, he threw himself whole-heartedly into the fight on the side of the rebelling patriots. He urged Pennsylvania to support the war, and helped Washington to organize the army. "If we do not hang together," he told the other signers of the Declaration of Independence, "we shall all hang separately."

And perhaps something like that might have happened in the end, in spite of Washington and his army, if it had not been for Franklin's greatest service to his country--his persuading France to join against England in the war. In 1776 he sailed once more for Europe, this time to represent the Continental Congress at Paris.

Franklin was an old man now, suffering from gout and unhappy because he hated war. But he was known and admired all over the world. During his years in England, scientific, philosophical, and literary societies both in England and on the Continent had vied with one another to do him honor.



Photo by Detroit Publishing Co

"Benjamin Franklin, printer": so he loved to sign himself. And being a printer of course meant not only actually running a printing press which Franklin could and did do--but also doing an enormous amount of writing and editing of papers, books, and magazines. So we may let this picture of him in his study at Philadelphia remind us of his many years of cheerful, useful labor as writer and publisher.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN



Photo by Detroit Publishing Co.

In these days when every town has its public library, and when libraries in cities lend many thousands of books every year, it is hard to think how difficult it used to be to get hold of books if you could not afford to buy them. Libraries are just another of the things we have learned to take for granted, like free schools

and public parks which people have not always had. It was Franklin who started the first public library in America, as he started so many other useful things. Our picture shows appreciative Philadelphians taking advantage of this new convenience planned by Philadelphia's first citizen.



Photo by Detroit Publishing Co.

It must have been a proud moment for Franklin the moment pictured here. For a year he had been trying to get the French government to recognize the independence of the revolting colonies and to make common cause against France's old enemy, Great Britain. Then came the news of the great American victory at Saratoga, and close upon it news that England had made attractive offers of peace without independence. Cleverly Franklin played upon the Frenchmen's fears

as to what a reunited British empire might mean to them loss of the French West Indies perhaps, or of whatever else might still be left of their once-vast empire in America. At last his efforts were rewarded. Here he is at the signing of the momentous Treaty of Amity and Commerce between France and the United States. It meant French recognition of our independence and the promise of sorely-needed French aid in ships, men, and money for the war.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN



Photo Copyright by Detroit Publishing Co

Scientist, philosopher, journalist, assemblyman, civic organizer, and diplomat, Benjamin Franklin was Jack-of-all-trades in the colonies of America. With his inspired help the colonies were soon to become independent and united—a world power in the making. One of his many useful activities is shown here. At

the time when the settlers of Pennsylvania were having trouble with the French and Indians on the north-western frontier, Benjamin Franklin was sent by the governor of Pennsylvania to take charge of the defenses. The picture above shows him in the wilderness directing the building of blockhouses and forts.

His writings had been translated into many languages, his lightning rods were being put up on every house and barn. Universities gave him honorary degrees, and scientists were flattered when he visited them.

And now the French took him to their hearts. Ladies wore their hair high on their heads in imitation of his fur cap. Portraits, busts, and medallions made his face familiar at every fireside, though those were the days before the illustrated papers and the news reels. Voltaire, the great writer and philosopher, visited him. Great ladies called him "papa" and corrected his French. His tact, his humor, his dignity, and his democratic simplicity won many friends for freedom and for the American cause. In the end he actually persuaded the French to send the aid which was so badly needed for the winning of the war.

When the good news of peace came at last, Franklin was one of the Americans who helped to write the treaty of peace. He probably had more than anyone else to do with the fact that the terms were very favorable to the new-born United States of Amer-

ica. Then, at last, he sailed for home. Jefferson, who was to be the new ambassador at Paris, was asked if he were replacing Franklin. "No one can replace him, sir," Jefferson said; "I am only his successor."

But even then the old man was not allowed to rest. He had signed the Declaration of Independence, he had signed the Treaty of Paris, he was now to sign the new Constitution. No other American was great enough and lucky enough to sign all three. Franklin sat through the Constitutional Convention, and offered some of the compromises which made it possible for the quarreling states to agree at last. As the Convention closed, the old humorist and philosopher made another of his famous remarks. Looking at the flaming sun painted on the back of the speaker's chair, he confided to a friend that he had been wondering all through those weeks whether that sun were rising or setting. Now, he said, he was sure it was rising.

His own sun did not set until 1790, when he was eighty-four. And the sun of his fame is far from setting even now.

DANIEL BOONE



Model by Neil Burdett, Detroit Children's Museum

There lies the wilderness stretching into the distance. What does it hold for him? Trackless canyons and wild beasts and hostile Indians are there – and the joy of hardship overcome and the thrill of danger. So

young Daniel Boone stands a moment and dreams – of the mighty feats he will do in hunting, of the savage enemies he will outwit or conquer, perhaps of the sturdy towns he will found in far-off “Kentuck’.”

The MOST FAMOUS of the OLD SCOUTS

How Daniel Boone Kept Pushing On into the Wilds and Outwitting the Redskins All His Life

WHEN Daniel Boone was a boy, the Indians were not tucked away in reservations or traveling about in Wild West shows. They were all around him in the woods. What is more, they thought the woods belonged to them – and that notion was likely to be very unpleasant to any white man who thought differently.

Sometimes the Indians were friendly enough, wandering in and out of the white settlements in their gay blankets to trade their corn and furs for beads and trinkets. But often they were stealing through the woods without a sound, painted from head to foot in the stripes of war, with an arrow or a tomahawk for any white man who came in their way.

So Daniel Boone had every chance to learn the Indians and their ways. He was born in 1734 – just two years later than George Washington – near the point where we now find the city of Reading, Pennsylvania. From the moment when he could talk he began to learn all the things a pioneer must know. As soon as he could lift a rifle he was taught how to shoot straight. After a little practice he had to hit his mark or take his punishment for missing; but it was not often that he had to be punished! Of course he grew up to love hunting; but in those days hunting meant a great deal more than merely going out to find an animal to shoot.

It meant knowing where an Indian was when there was no chance to see him. It

DANIEL BOONE

meant moving through the woods like a shadow with no chance of being heard or seen. It meant knowing whether the "gobble-gobble" that you heard was a wild turkey or only a redskin imitating one of the birds and luring you on to your death. And all these things did Daniel learn—better than almost any man in all America.

Nor was that all. The people on the frontier had to do nearly everything for themselves. Every morning Daniel and his brothers rose at dawn and went out to chop

down trees and burn up the brush in order to have wood for their fires and to clear the ground for their crops. They did this even when the weather was freezing and the snow up to the waist. And indoors there was even more work. Their little cabin was far more than a home. It

was a storehouse and a workshop as well. Here the family would spin their flax and wool into the stuff for their clothes, and there they would make their own bullets, nearly all of their own tools, and practically everything else they needed

"D. Boon Cilled A Bar"

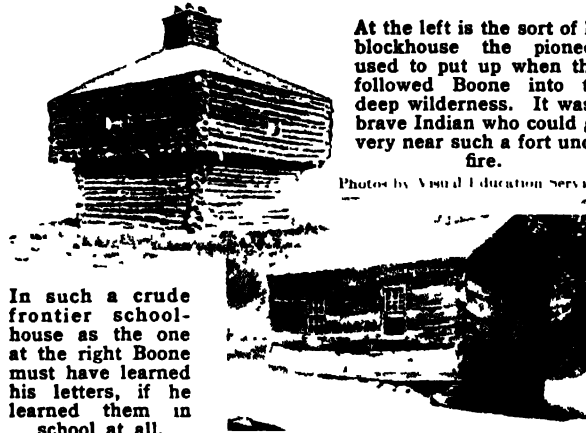
Such was the education of Daniel Boone. Of any other kind he seems to have had very little. If he ever went to school at all, it was to some little cabin where the single teacher had to keep one eye on his book and the other on the window watching for a wandering Indian or two. Certainly Daniel did not learn how to spell very well, for there is still a tree standing in Tennessee on which he carved the words, "D. Boon cilled a bar on this tree." Somehow he mastered enough arithmetic to become a surveyor. But nearly all his learning was in woodcraft, and that was what he needed.

We can picture him stealing softly through the woods, clad in buckskin coat and coon-

skin cap, with moccasins on his feet. His gun, nearly as tall as himself, is ready for a shot at any instant. His keen blue eyes are watching the movement of every leaf, though without seeming to watch at all, to see if there is game behind it, or a redskin. He can tell whether a bush he passes has been bent by the wind or by an Indian, whether a twig has been broken by an animal or by a human foot. He can find his way no matter where.

When Daniel was about eighteen years old, his family moved to North Carolina. They piled everything they owned into wagons, except the cattle which were driven along. In the new land Daniel had the task of getting the meat for the family, and there could have been nothing he loved better. Soon some other

Photos by Visual Education Service



In such a crude frontier schoolhouse as the one at the right Boone must have learned his letters, if he learned them in school at all.

At the left is the sort of log blockhouse the pioneers used to put up when they followed Boone into the deep wilderness. It was a brave Indian who could get very near such a fort under fire.

families moved into the neighborhood. Among them were the Bryans, and one of the Bryans was a lovely girl named Rebecca. Daniel met her one day while he was out hunting, and they soon fell in love and married.

But they did not settle down to a long, quiet life. That was not Boone's way. The unknown forests were calling him, with all their danger and adventure. He had heard glowing tales of the lands to the west, fertile lands and full of game. So he set out for the country we now call Kentucky. In those days it was sometimes called "no man's land" and sometimes the "dark and bloody ground." It was a battle ground even for the Indian tribes that roamed it.

Boone set out with a party to explore the land. But some of the party were taken by the Indians, and others stayed only a short time before they decided to go back home. Boone would not give up. He had borrowed money for the trip, and he spent two years in the wilderness, hunting and

DANIEL BOONE



Photo by City Art Museum, St. Louis

Through the forests and over the mountains along the Wilderness Road the stream of pioneers poured into the rich Kentucky country. After the French and Indian Wars Great Britain had tried to keep settlers out of this country for a time, and that had been one of the grievances that stirred the frontier to join in the

Revolution. All through the years of the fighting this stream poured on through the great Cumberland Gap along the Wilderness Road, helping to open up more land to the nation that was being born. Our picture shows a party which Boone himself, most famous of all the wilderness scouts, is leading.

trapping until he had enough furs to pay off the loan. It was some years yet before a settlement was made in the country.

The Quick Wits of D. Boone

Time and again Boone was captured by the Indians, but in some way he always managed to escape. Once when they were close behind him, he is said to have caught hold of a long grapevine hanging right in his path and to have swung himself so far ahead that the Indians had to stop for a while to find his tracks—long enough for him to get away. Another time some Indians swooped down on him as he was piling tobacco in the shed near his cabin. And the story goes that he flashed a handful of tobacco into their faces and made his way to the cabin while they were getting it out of their eyes. There are many other tales of his adventures, though we are not always sure of their truth.

But in due time he came to be known all through the land as a master woodsman. That was why Lord Dunmore, then the governor of Virginia, sent him out into the wilds of Kentucky to warn the surveyors

there that the Indians were on the warpath. In the Indian war that followed Boone did such good work that he was made a captain.

The next year (1775) he finally led some men out into Kentucky to settle there. Through two hundred miles of forest from eastern Tennessee to the Kentucky River, the men hacked their way to make the Wilderness Road, and over that road Boone took out his family and a party of settlers to found the fort which they called Boonesborough. In the days that followed, thousands of pioneers went over the Wilderness Road to the golden West.

The Hard Life That Boone Loved

There was plenty of hardship at the little settlement, but there must have been plenty of joy too. Most of us must wish, once in a while, that we could live a life like that of those early settlers. In fact, we nearly always wish it until we try it—and it is only fair to say that a few of us still love it even then. Of all the men who ever tried it, Daniel Boone seems to have loved it most. And his little settlement flourished, in the face of all its dangers.

DANIEL BOONE

Not but that he had his troubles. Once when he was away getting salt out of the ground, a band of Indians dashed whooping out of the woods and took him captive. He was too brave and clever a man to kill; they decided to adopt him and make him one of their tribe.

Boone Becomes "Big Turtle"

So they pulled every hair out of his head, one by one, except for a little scalplock. Then they took him to a river and gave him a good scrubbing. No doubt he needed it, but all they were trying to do was to get the paleface blood out of him. Then they painted his body from head to toe in stripes of yellow and red. They took him as far away as Detroit, and solemnly made him a member of their tribe, giving him the name of Big Turtle.

Boone let them think he liked it all, and soon they gave up their strict watch over him. They talked over their plans of war before him, for they had no idea he could understand and their tongue. One night he heard them laying plans for an attack on Boonesborough. And then he knew he must get away or die in the attempt, for it meant disaster if the settlers were not warned. He managed to slip silently out of the camp in the night, and to make his way in four days through a hundred and sixty miles of forest to the town.

His wife was gone, for of course she thought he must be dead. She had moved back into civilization. But he could not go after her now. The Indians might arrive at any moment, and he must be at hand to take command of the defense.

The Indians came, and the long siege and battle of Boonesborough followed. It was a famous Indian fight. The redskins fought not only with their arrows and the guns they had secured from the white men, but they tried to undermine the fort and set it on fire. But Daniel Boone was more than a

match for them, and his settlers gained the victory.

As soon as he could, Boone went back into Carolina for his family. They all came out once more to Kentucky. This was in 1778, and in the twenty years that followed there was plenty more of adventure and of fighting with the Indians. In all of it, of course, our hero bore a great part. The Indians were making a last stand against the white men who were now streaming into Kentucky, and Boone was one of the main leaders of the whites. He even went to the legislature of Virginia to represent them.

But he was a better fighter than lawyer, and as the country began to fill up he soon found that he had been too careless to get a good legal title to the land on which he was living. He had to move. But he was ready for that. There were too many people around anyhow.

there were settlements every hundred miles or so! He wanted more elbow room. So he went on west this time into country that was then a part of Spain. In 1790 he settled down in the wilds of what is now Missouri, and the Spanish gave him a large tract of land there. But four years later, when the United States bought the country, he found that once more his title to the land would not hold.

Again he moved on, hunting and trapping in Kansas and even farther west. But he was now an old man, and when his land in Missouri was finally returned to him, after a petition to the government, he settled down at last in a home where he could pass his last years in peace. There he lived till 1820, and there people made long trips to see the old man of the woods and hear of his adventures from his own lips. He was buried in Missouri, but twenty-five years later the people of Frankfort, Kentucky, took up his remains and brought them to rest in sight of the spot where he had long before built the fort of Boonesborough.



Photo by Visual Education Service

Under this monument in Frankfort, Kentucky, lies the dust of Daniel Boone, the most famous of all American pioneers.

GEORGE WASHINGTON



Photo by H. H. R. R. R.

Mount Vernon, Washington's famous estate on the Potomac, has now been turned into a national shrine, and thousands of people visit it every year, to wander

about the beautiful grounds, admire the fine old colonial mansion, and stand reverently at the tomb of the father of their country.

The FATHER of OUR COUNTRY

After Those Words, No One Needs to Be Told that This Is a Life of Washington, Illustrious Soldier and First President of the United States

THIS is the story of George Washington: "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen." It is a thrilling story, which does not grow dim with time.

Washington was born in 1732, in Virginia, "the Old Dominion," "the Mother of Presidents." He came of one of the fine old families of Virginia, and he grew up in a pleasant country house near Fredericksburg. He was a healthy, normal boy. Two things he loved beyond all others—the out-of-doors, and figures—and he liked to combine them when he could. One of his favorite games was to estimate the size of his father's crops, or the number of sticks in a pile of wood. When he grew older, he learned surveying, and amused himself by running surveyor's lines

on his father's and brother's lands. His other studies never meant so much to him. He learned to write a bold clear hand, and to read some Latin. He never did learn to spell very well.

When George was eleven, his father died. His brother Lawrence inherited the estate at Mount Vernon, and George spent several years there with him. Lawrence had been educated in England, and was all that a Virginia gentleman should be. In his brother's home George learned to feel at ease in society. He was a great strapping youth, nearly six feet tall—big and rather awkward, with unwieldy hands and feet. He cut a better figure on horseback, hunting to hounds, than in the ballroom, and he loved fishing and tramping through the woods and fields.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

All the time, a few miles to the west of the thin line of settlement in the eastern part of Virginia, lay the wilderness; and young Washington, a born lover of the soil, could not fail to hear it calling. He was only fourteen when he made his first trip into the forest, surveying a broad tract of land owned by Lord Fairfax. He tramped through the Shenandoah Valley, searching dim Indian trails. He slept on the ground and cooked his meals over an open fire. He crossed high mountains, where he met scalp-hunting red men. It was only the first of many such trips for the young surveyor. He spent nearly two years in the wilds.

He dreamed of taking up a great wooded tract in the wilderness. He would clear it and build a plantation on it. There he would raise cattle, sheep, and mules, and fine hounds and horses for the hunt. There he would grow old, a prosperous and contented farmer.

But he found himself back at Mount Vernon, and Lawrence ill with tuberculosis. The brothers went together to warm Barbados. That was the only trip Washington ever took outside his native land, and all he got from it was smallpox. Lawrence did not get any better, either, and soon returned to Mount Vernon to die. That left George the master of the great plantation.

So it was here instead of in the wilderness that Washington was to till his land and direct his slaves and be the gentleman of the manor. The life suited him. He liked the

continual round of visits, the open hospitality of Virginia. He liked the ceremony of polite society, with its minuets, its bows and curtsies, its "madam" and "sir." The winters passed in hunts, balls, card parties, and amateur theatricals. In the summers there was the delight of managing the plantation.

Washington's diaries are full of the growth of his crops and of his plans for his farm.

But there was a restless streak in Washington too, which called him to action. It was under his command that the first shot was fired in the French and Indian War. That was in the wilderness along the Ohio, where both the French and the English claimed the land. The French always believed that first shot to have been contrary

to the laws of war; only much later did they come to realize that the young militia officer was one who might make mistakes but would never do a treacherous thing on purpose. Though he was defeated in his attempt to hold the fort after this skirmish, Washington, by nature not only farmer but soldier, had heard a new music,

strangely pleasant in his ears. "I have heard the bullets whistle," he wrote, "and believe me, there is something charming in the sound."

Two years later he heard more of this grim music, when he marched again into the wilderness with the British commander, General Braddock. Washington, a good woodsman, was very valuable to the British general, who was not used to fighting in the depth of for-

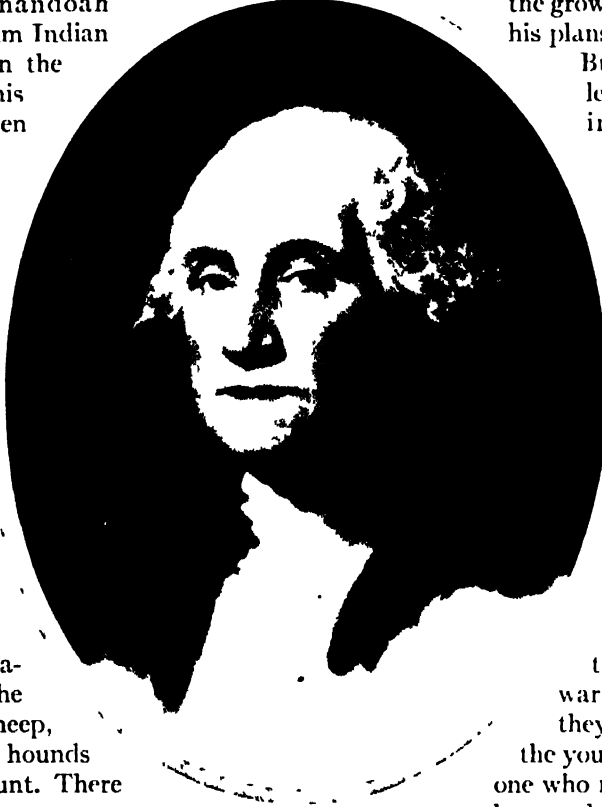


Photo by the National Museum

We have many pictures of Washington, for though he lived before the days of photographs, artists delighted to paint him. This is one of the portraits, by Gilbert Stuart—perhaps the most famous of all our pictures of the great first president.

GEORGE WASHINGTON



Photo Copyright by Milwaukee Public Museum

The darkest of all the dark days of the Revolutionary War were those long, cruel months of the winter of 1777-1778, when the ragged Continental troops were

encamped at Valley Forge. Here Washington is pictured in the midst of that cheerless scene, with his shivering, hungry men camped about him in the snow.

ests. Time and again the young colonial saved the regulars from Indian ambushes. When finally the Indians fell upon the brave but terrified redcoats, it was Washington who persuaded Braddock to let his men break rank and fight behind trees as the enemy did. The fight was nevertheless a terrible disaster. Braddock was killed, and though Washington himself escaped, two horses were shot under him and his hunting coat was riddled with bullets. Washington led the remnant of the army back to Virginia, and was made commander of the militia. After another brief campaign against the French near Lake Erie, he left the army.

He went back to his plantation and married a popular and wealthy young widow, Martha Custis. For the next few years he spent most of his time overseeing the work of his own plantation and hers. He threw open his hospitable doors once more, and seldom missed a dance or a play at Alexandria,

some miles away. He began to dream again of taking up land in the western wilderness, and even went to Pennsylvania to choose a fertile garden spot near Fort Pitt, where Pittsburgh now stands. He was again

enjoying the rôle of prosperous planter, one of the richest and most respected gentlemen in the land.

But it was written that Washington should be not only that; he was to be a great soldier and leader, and father of his country.

It was the news of the Boston Tea Party that brought him back from Fort Pitt without his having purchased the western land. Washington could not make fiery speeches like Patrick Henry or

write golden words like Jefferson; but he quietly set himself to do what he could for the American cause. From the first he had great influence, not only because of his wealth, but because of his sober judgment and the calm strength of his personality. He helped in training soldiers in Virginia



Photo by Visual Education Service

Even at Valley Forge the great commander would not despair. He held the army together as well as he could by the force of his strong will. He watched the enemy and laid plans for the future. And having done all he could he went out among the snowy trees and prayed.

GEORGE WASHINGTON



Photo by Grant-staff Bros

George Washington must have inherited some of his fine dignity and power of personality from his mother, for she had a great and simple dignity of her own, and led her home with an air of quiet authority. She would never go to live at Mount Vernon, but

stayed at Fredericksburg and managed her farm. There she lived to be a very old lady, and there her son used, when he could, to go and visit her. Above, you see the two of them together on one such occasion, when Mrs. Washington was far advanced in age.

Then when it came to choosing a commander for a new Continental army, everyone turned to him.

On July 4, 1775, under the great elm on Cambridge Common, he took command.

An Army of Farmers and Merchants

Even a man of Washington's courage might have quailed to think of facing the power of England with such an army as he had. It was the motley host described in the gay old song of "Yankee Doodle"—farmers, merchants, and backwoodsmen, handy with the rifle and keen for the fight, but independent and untrained and ticklish to handle. They had not a uniform among them, but came in the most ill-assorted outfits—leather hunting jackets and coonskin caps jostling with the latest London fashions. Somehow Washington had to get these queer troops fed and clothed, and armed and disciplined. He must shape them into an army.

All through the long, dragging years of the war, Washington wrestled with his problem. He was never sure of his army. The men slipped away home to gather in the crops, or deserted in shoals when Congress had no money to pay them. They enlisted for a few weeks, and left in the midst of a campaign when their time was up. It was not that they were not brave, but only that they were not used to the discipline of armies. Washington had to bear with them, and cajole them, and hang on.

America's Greatest Leader

He was never sure of Congress. Money was hard to raise, and the lack of system maddened the general. Soldiers went barefoot and hungry while somewhere else, far away, supplies rotted to waste. The money Congress issued grew worthless, and some selfish Americans even sold food to the enemy for gold while the army starved. Washington had to write to the Congress again and again,

GEORGE WASHINGTON



Photo by Gallery of Fine Arts, Yale University

This painting represents Washington's great hour. Yorktown has fallen, and Cornwallis' command is surrendering to the combined French and American armies.

After so much waiting, so much disappointment, at last a clean-cut victory! There was more waiting after that October 19, 1781; but final victory was now sure.



Photo by Keystone View Co.

When the final victory had come at last, in 1783, Washington met his officers for the last time, in Fraunces' Tavern in New York, and affectionately

bade them farewell. Here he is pictured as he set out from the Battery for the shores of New Jersey, where he was to lay down his high command.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

pleading for his soldiers. He had to do the best he could—and hang on.

Things being as they were, he played mostly a waiting game with the enemy. Probably no general ever won a war after losing so many of its battles. Washington maneuvered and retreated, fighting now and then, but mostly—hanging on. There was something almost uncanny about his calmness. Nothing could discourage him. Nothing could make him despair. To the enemy he was a puzzle and a terror. To his harassed countrymen he was a rock of defense.

At last, in 1781, he had his chance at a battle with a fair field and an opportunity to win. That was at Yorktown, and the engagement ended with the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. It was the decisive moment of the war, though peace was not formally made till 1783.

Then, in a solemn moment, the great commander took leave of the men who had loved him and followed him, and went back to his plantation.

He was beginning to feel old. He was barely past fifty, but he had lived through much, and he was tired. His wish was to spend the rest of his days at Mount Vernon, tilling his beloved land. But he had given the best part of his life to call a new nation into being, and his love for it would not let him rest. He threw himself and his great influence into the fight for the adoption of the new constitution. And when it came to choosing the first president, there

was no voice but cried out for Washington.

So on April 30, 1789, he stood on a balcony of Federal Hall, in New York City, and took the oath of office. "Long live George Washington, president of the United States!" cried one of the men on the balcony. And the great crowd in the streets below threw caps into the air and returned the shout—"God bless our Washington!"

For eight years Washington served as president, with a steady hand on the helm of the new ship of state. But the time was bitter with party quarrels, and with wars or rumors of wars, and even Washington did not escape stinging attack. He tried to keep clear of both the new parties which had arisen, with Jefferson and Hamilton at their heads; but he was an aristocrat in his sympathies, and he could not help showing that he really stood with Hamilton and the Federalists. Gradually the clamor of protest from the other side rose so high and shrill that the President felt his burden heavier and heavier. When the question arose of a third term, he refused. Surely he had done enough, and might now go home and rest!

So in 1797 Washington returned for the last time to Mount Vernon. But his health was broken, and he felt more than ever old and tired. One day in 1799 he caught a cold while he was out riding, and two days later he died. A stately man, in public silent and unsmiling though often gay at home, strong in will and terrible in anger, he has become a hero and a legend all over the world.

In this quiet tomb at Mount Vernon Washington lies buried. The tomb and the whole beautiful estate have become a national shrine.

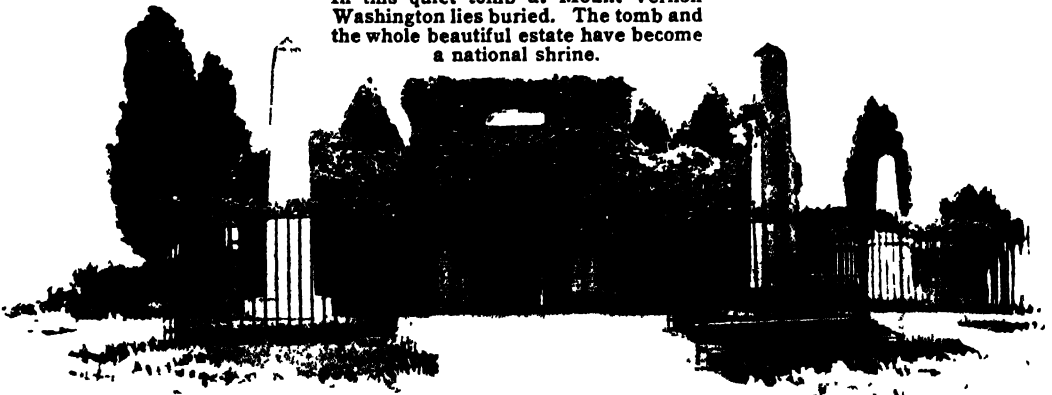


Photo by B. & O. Ry.

JOHN ADAMS



Illustration by Charles V. Starr

On September 11, 1776, Lord Howe, commissioner for the king of England, has met three commissioners for the revolted colonies in an old manor house on Staten Island. Nothing can come of the conference, for since Howe received his instructions, the Americans have declared their independence, and Howe has no authority to handle the new situation. But what a distinguished gathering it is, just the same! Here is Benjamin Franklin, with his great tact and his dry humor. Here is Edward Rutledge, like Franklin a

signer of the Declaration of Independence. Here is John Adams, later to be the second president of the United States. And here is Howe himself, who has told these men, whom he dislikes to think of as enemies, that if America should be overwhelmed, he will "lament its ruin like a brother's loss." Though he does not know it, Adams has been carefully excepted by name from the promise of pardon offered by the King to all rebels who submit. But Howe is much too courteous a gentleman to treat Adams as a traitor.

The MOST FAMOUS FAMILY in AMERICA

*A Large Number of Our Great Men Have Borne
the Name of Adams*

THE name of Adams would stand very near the top in any list of great Americans, if only for its place in the alphabet. It will probably stand right at the top if we count up the number of illustrious men whom the family of that name has given us.

The Adams family came over to Massachusetts very early, some fifteen years after the "Mayflower" landed. In the old country they had been farmers, and they naturally took to farming here. Although they prospered, there was no way to see that they were going to be famous until just before the time of our War for Independence. Then two members of the family—John and Samuel—began to fill a large place in the public eye.

John Adams was born at Quincy, Massachusetts, in 1735. He went to Harvard, where he must have already felt a certain pride of family which was always marked in him and which often kept him from being popular in his public career; for even in college the students were put into groups according to the families they had come from. Then he studied law and began to practice, and soon his gifts brought him to the fore in the troubles that were looming and foretelling war.

In these troubles with the mother country, Adams was from the first a daring champion of the American cause. He stood out boldly against the Stamp Act and against all similar oppression. But he would not have been an Adams if he had merely followed popular

JOHN ADAMS

opinion blindly; and when some British soldiers were tried for murder, following the "Boston Massacre," he risked his popularity to defend the soldiers, whom he believed to be innocent of the charge, and he helped all but two of them to escape the punishment.

Then he went right on fighting for the cause of America. He was an influential member of the Continental Congress during its first four years, and was one of the men who were appointed to draw up the Declaration of Independence. If Thomas Jefferson, his long rival in politics, was the man to write out that famous document, Adams was the one who had most to do with getting it through the Congress.

As soon as France came to our aid in the war, Adams was sent to Paris to treat with the French, and a little later he was one of those sent over to arrange a treaty of peace with Great Britain. The work of arranging a just and favorable treaty was difficult enough, and it took a long time; but in great part the treaty with England finally signed in 1782 was the work of Adams, and America owed him a great many of the rights with which the new country started forth on its career.

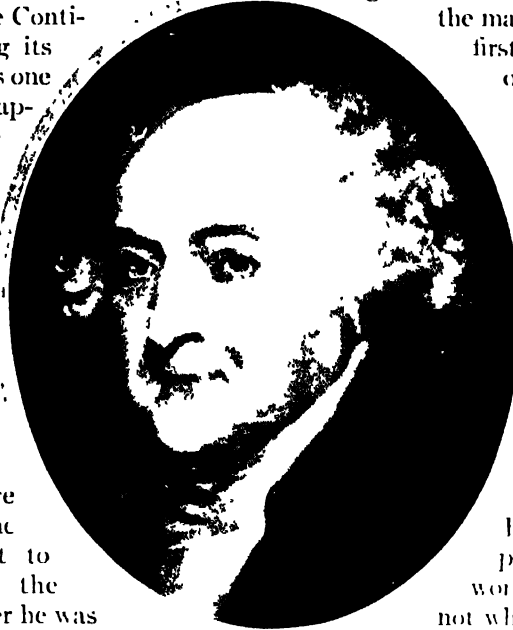
As a reward, before the country was knit together under its present constitution in 1788, and under the presidency of Washington, Adams was made our minister to the British court. Then he was vice president for eight years with Washington, and president for four years after him. It was at this time that the personal and family pride in his nature did most to injure him as a public servant, and his career as president was not the most distinguished or the most valuable part of his service to us. He

was an aristocrat, like many other public men just after the Revolution, when only one adult male citizen out of six had the right to vote. He was not a true believer in equal rights for all; and he was a far greater lawyer than politician. He had few of the arts that make a man a hero with the great mass of the people, and that is

the main reason why he was the first of our presidents to serve only four years. It was Thomas Jefferson, the leading believer in democracy, who defeated him for the office.

During the remaining twenty-five years of his life, Adams had very little part in public affairs. He had retired in his pride and disappointment, and he now held himself aloof from troublesome affairs and the rapid progress of his land. His work was done, and he could not wholly approve the work of the younger men who had arisen after him. But his life came to a dramatic close. On July 4, 1826, exactly fifty years after he had put the Declaration of Independence through Congress, he breathed his last. On that same day died Thomas Jefferson, his great rival who had written the Declaration.

But the name of the family was far from dying with the best-known man to bear it. At the time of the Revolution Samuel Adams (1722-1803) a second cousin of John—had been quite as prominent in agitation against the mother country as anyone in New England. He also made a stout resistance to the Stamp Act and to other hateful laws; he was one of the men behind the Boston Tea Party, and later one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. And after the war he had an important part in the government of Massachusetts.



This is Gilbert Stuart's portrait of John Adams, most distinguished member of a distinguished family. The staunch old patriot served his country in many ways, none finer perhaps than this: that as president he bravely stood out against those hot-heads who were clamoring for a war with France, our old ally.

JOHN ADAMS

<i>John Hancock</i> <i>Samuel Chase</i> <i>Wm. Paine</i> <i>Thos. Stone</i> <i>Charles Carroll of Carrollton</i> <i>George Wythe</i> <i>Richard Henry Lee</i> <i>Th. Jefferson</i> <i>Bong. Harrison</i> <i>Thos. Mifflin</i> <i>Francis Lightfoot Lee</i> <i>Carter Braxton</i> <i>Edward Rutledge</i> <i>Arthur Middleton</i>	<i>Mod Morris</i> <i>Benjamin Rush</i> <i>Bong. Franklin</i> <i>John Morton</i> <i>Geo. Clymer</i> <i>Edw. Smith</i> <i>Geo. Taylor</i> <i>James Wilson</i> <i>Gov. NOB</i> <i>Carver Romney</i> <i>John Hancock</i> <i>Thos. Mifflin</i> <i>Thos. Heyward</i> <i>Thomas Lloyd</i> <i>Wm. Hooper</i>	<i>Edw. Livingston</i> <i>John Adams</i> <i>Lewis Morris</i> <i>Nich. B. Smith</i> <i>Wm. Livingston</i> <i>Sam. B. Johnson</i> <i>John Rose</i> <i>Abm. Clark</i> <i>Joseph Hewes</i> <i>John Penn</i> <i>Geo. Walton</i>	<i>Josh. Bartlett</i> <i>Wm. Whipple</i> <i>Sam. Adams</i> <i>John Adams</i> <i>Robt. Treat Paine</i> <i>George Gerry</i> <i>Step. Hopkins</i> <i>William Ellery</i> <i>Roger Sherman</i> <i>John A. Huntington</i> <i>Abm. Willing</i> <i>Oliver Wolcott</i> <i>Matthew Thornton</i> <i>Boston Guinness</i> <i>Lynah Hall</i>
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What wouldn't a collector of autographs give to own this set of signatures? For they are the names affixed to the document that is dearer than all others to American hearts. Among them you will find the names of both John and Samuel Adams, for the two cousins were not afraid to risk their lives by signing, in that

memorable July of 1776, the Declaration that laid the corner stone for American liberty. If you were to see this historic paper you would find the signatures arranged in a different order from the order in which they appear on this page; but the famous names and the interesting handwriting would be the same.

John Quincy Adams (1767-1848) was a son of the second president, and became himself the sixth president of the United States. The equal and in some respects the superior of his father, he had a longer and even more varied public career, both in the government at home and as a diplomatist abroad; and if his acts were possibly a little less important, it was mainly because he lived in somewhat less stirring times. Like his father, he was more gifted as a thinker and a statesman than as a politician; and that is one of the reasons why he was the first of our presidents, after his own father, to go out of office after one term. The other reason was the rising popularity of Andrew Jackson, the soldier-hero who succeeded him. As with his father, also, his work as president was the least distinguished that he did for us. But unlike his father, he did not by any means retire when he went out of the presidency. He went to Congress, and remained there the rest of his life as one of its ablest members. At no time did he ever do better or bolder work than on the floor of Congress; and on that floor he fell in the stroke that brought his death.

His son, Charles Francis Adams (1807-1886), was one of the ablest diplomatists we ever had. In particular he did excellent and skillful work as minister to England under President Lincoln during the trying times of the Civil War, when our relations with Great Britain were often very much strained.

And finally Henry Adams (1838-1918), son of Charles Francis Adams, was one of our chief historians. Among many other things, he wrote a history of the United States under Jefferson and Madison that ranks with the finest works of history ever produced in our country; and he left a very widely-read book called "The Education of Henry Adams" which ranks among its most remarkable biographies.

These are the most famous members of one of America's foremost famous families. There are many other members who cannot be mentioned here. The record stands as proof enough that in the best democracy, as well as in any monarchy or aristocracy, "blood will tell." We cannot always tell where brains will come, but there is plenty to show that they are far more likely to light on a boy whose father had them before him.

PATRICK HENRY



Photo by American I & L C

So eloquent was Patrick Henry that time after time he could make people vote his way when they did not want to do so. One man who listened to the famous speech

which ends "Give me liberty or give me death!" reported that he felt quite "sick with excitement," and that all the listeners "looked beside themselves."

"GIVE ME LIBERTY *or* GIVE ME DEATH!"

It Was with Fiery Words Like These that Patrick Henry Stirred Up the People of America to Strike for Freedom

CAESAR had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third—"Here the speaker was interrupted by excited cries of "Treason! Treason!" But he went right on with his sentence: "—and George the Third may profit by their example. If this be treason," he challenged the assembly, "make the most of it!"

That speech made Patrick Henry one of the leaders of the American Revolution, and one of the most-quoted orators in American history. For he made the speech in 1765, when the English colonies were all aflame with excitement and indignation over the hated Stamp Act, and talk of liberty and justice and "taxation without representation" was buzzing all over the land. Patrick Henry's fiery words persuaded the Virginia

House of Burgesses to pass the Virginia Resolutions, which were nothing less than a defiance of the Stamp Act and the British government along with it.

Patrick Henry was a rising young lawyer, already the idol of the common people of Virginia because of a very popular case he had won two years before. Since his birth in 1736, it had been about the first thing he had undertaken successfully—unless it was the study of history, which suggested that remark about Caesar and Cromwell to him. He had tried to be a farmer, and then a storekeeper, and had failed at each. Then he had decided to go in for law and politics—and made a brilliant success at both of them. In each it was his trick with passionate words that stood him in such good stead.

He had chance enough for more fine

PATRICK HENRY

speeches, during the next ten years, while the quarrel between England and her American colonies was getting more and more bitter. He was in the thick of it all, helping to keep the people stirred up and the excitement high. He wanted all the colonies to act together, for none of them could do much by itself. When he was serving as delegate from Virginia to the first Continental Congress, in 1774, he threw out another golden phrase, when he said: "I am not a Virginian but an American."

But if Henry had made great speeches in his country's cause before this, he was to make the greatest of them all now, just at the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, in 1775. The royal governor of Virginia had tried to close the House of Burgesses in order to punish Virginia for taking the part of the rebels in Massachusetts. But the burgesses came together, and there was a great deal of talk about whether they should arm the Virginia militia. Henry was sure there was going to be fighting, and he rose in a flame of patriotism to urge his countrymen to prepare for war. "Is life so dear or peace so sweet," he pleaded, "as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course

others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!"

His ringing words became the battle cry of the new nation in its long struggle for independence.

During that struggle, Henry himself did little of the actual fighting, but as the first governor of the state of Virginia he stood staunchly back of Washington, the commander in chief. When the war was over, and even till the time of his death, in 1799, he continued to be active in Virginia politics, serving three terms as governor and several times in the legislature. He was about to serve another term in the legislature when he died.

His most exciting political fight after the close of the war was against the proposed federal constitution. For, much as he believed in the need for all the states to work together, he thought this constitution gave the federal government so much power that there would be no more liberty. And he still believed that liberty is dearer even than life.

When the Constitution was adopted, President Washington would have had him in the cabinet, but he declined. He refused many other offices, too, even that of chief justice of the Supreme Court.

It was in St. John's church—shown below in Richmond, Virginia that Patrick Henry made his famous speech closing with the words "Give me liberty or give me death," which became the battle cry of the nation.



Photo by Visual Education Service

MAJOR JOHN ANDRÉ



Photo by N. Y. Public Library

On the morning of his execution André quietly ate as usual the breakfast which had been sent him from Washington's own table. Then he arose, laid his hat upon the table, and addressed his guards: "I am ready at any moment, gentlemen, to wait upon you." Reluctantly they led him out, through a gloomy, sympathetic throng, to the fatal spot. He started a little

when he saw the gibbet, for he had hoped he might die a soldier's death before a firing squad. But he quickly regained his calm, saying bravely, "It will be but a momentary pang." Then as he bound the handkerchief over his eyes with his own hands, he said to his admiring enemies, "Bear me witness that I meet my fate as a brave man."

An ENEMY WE ALWAYS LOVED

*Though We Had to Hang Gallant Major André as a Spy, We
Admired Him Almost as Much as We Hated the Traitor
with Whom He Dealt*

LIFE was gallant and merry in Philadelphia during the later years of the Revolutionary War. The pleasant, gracious old town had been the American capital, but since 1777 it had been held by British soldiers. And the redcoat officers were having a gay time there.

As witty, handsome, and gallant a young officer as any was Major John André (an'-drá). He wrote music and verses. He was the author of several skits and parodies, which were acted with great gusto by the

officers themselves at the old South Street Theater, with General Howe presiding from a box. André himself sang and acted in these amateur theatricals, and even painted scenery for them. Ladies fluttered about him. Many a girl thrilled with pleasure to step the minuet with him.

But though he was gracious to them all, he loved none of them. His heart was still back in Old England, where he had been born (1751) and where, as a lad of eighteen, he had fallen hopelessly in love with the

beautiful Honora Sneyd. He had met her in the home of a curate in Litchfield, and promptly lost his heart. But though he was well-born and well-bred, he had little to offer the lovely girl besides himself, and her parents had bid her refuse him.

The Last Mission of a Brave Spy

After that he had gone to Germany. Then he heard that Honora had married someone else, and he determined to become a soldier. He entered a Canadian regiment shortly after the outbreak of the American Revolution, and was at St. John's, Quebec, when the Americans captured the fort. He was taken prisoner and stripped of all he had—no, not quite all, for Honora's picture he put in his mouth and his captors did not find it. He wrote to a friend later that all else was well lost for that.

After a while there was an exchange of prisoners, and André returned to the British army. He was a good soldier and quickly rose in rank. That is how he came to be stepping minuets and breaking hearts in Philadelphia.

André knew many Americans. Perhaps that is why his superiors thought of him as a good person to move among them as a spy. He did not want to do it, but could not refuse. At that time (1780) the brilliant and discontented American general, Benedict Arnold, had just offered to betray the stronghold of West Point to the British. André was sent to receive from him the information needed for the capture. The young officer went up

the Hudson in a sailing vessel and stepped ashore alone to meet Arnold. Before they were through their talk, American guns fired on the ship and forced it to move off downstream. André had to spend the night within the American lines. Worse, he had to take off his uniform and escape in citizen's clothes. That meant that if he should be taken, he would not be a prisoner of war, but a captured spy.

With his passport and his farmer's clothing, André made his way toward the British lines. Just as he thought he had won through to safety, three American soldiers waylaid him, searched him, and found the fatal papers in his boots.

He was taken to General Washington. There was a trial by court-martial, and he was found guilty of being a spy. The penalty for that was death by hanging.

Young André was brave. While he awaited his death, he won the hearts of all his captors. Every American who knew him sorrowed at his fate. He asked only that he might face a firing squad rather than meet the shameful death by hanging. But this Washington did not feel he could grant, though many Americans and most of the British wondered why. Even that death André met with courage.

The whole British army went into mourning for their gallant and popular young countryman. The British government raised a tablet in Westminster Abbey to his memory. Even the Americans, who had been his enemies, set up a memorial on the spot where he was taken prisoner.

The ONE FAMOUS TRAITOR of AMERICA

***A Brilliant Soldier, Benedict Arnold Might Have Been a Hero to
This Day but for the Weak Moment When, out of Spite,
He Betrayed His Country***

TWICE Benedict Arnold was wounded doing gallant battle for his country. If he had had the good fortune to die of that second wound, how proud a place might he have held in American history! As it was, he lived to a shameful and unhappy old age, and in his native land he is

named in the same breath with Judas as one of the traitors of the world.

All his life Arnold was brilliant and wayward, as brave and canny a soldier as any who served under Washington, but proud and quickly stung to anger. He was always covering himself with glory and always get-

BENEDICT ARNOLD



When André was captured, the American officer who took him in charge made the mistake of telling Arnold about it, though he sent the papers to Washington. Arnold knew that when Washington saw those papers

the American lines would be no place for him. So he dashed to the shore, and rowed out as pictured here to the British man-of-war, the "Vulture," which had brought André up the river. Thus he escaped.

ting into trouble—sometimes at one and the same time.

This sort of thing started when he was still a boy. He was born at Norwich, Connecticut, in 1741, of a fine old New England family. But when he was only fourteen he decided that he could no longer bear the stern discipline of his home, and ran away to the French and Indian War—seeking freedom and adventure. He fought against the French for a while in the lake country on the Canadian border, then, tired of the army, he suddenly deserted, and went home in lonely disgrace. Some five years later he went to New Haven to live, to become a druggist and bookseller, but before long he was traveling between Quebec and the West Indies, selling horses and mules on the West Indian sugar plantations.

Dark and black-haired, strong and agile, with a vivid personality and a knack for leadership, the young trader grew into promi-

nence in Connecticut. When the Revolutionary War broke out, he was made a colonel and started out on an expedition to capture British supplies at Concord. On this expedition Arnold was constantly at odds with Ethan Allen and other commanders, no one knowing who was really supposed to be in command.

Then he had another plan—to attack Canada and take Quebec. Through bitter snowstorms and streams of icy water, his little army made its way through the Maine forests, and at last, shrunk and exhausted from disease and starvation, arrived before Quebec. But as soon as reinforcements came, they attacked the town one December day in the face of a blinding snowstorm. They could not take the city, and in the spring had to withdraw and return south. In this terrible campaign Arnold received his first wound.

Washington next sent him to the lake

BENEDICT ARNOLD

region where he had served in the British army as a boy. Here his fierce and skillful resistance completely spoiled the British plans for the season. Arnold's own tiny fleet—made up of everything from schooners to open boats—was wiped out, but the delay was nearly as bad for the enemy as a defeat would have been.

Arnold's Brief Days of Glory

Unhappily, tongues of gossip were wagging again, and early in 1777 Congress promoted five other generals over Arnold's head. Before this was straightened out, Arnold had twice been stopped from leaving the army in disgust only by Washington's earnest pleading.

Washington needed him to block the British plans in New York. And this proved to be the most brilliant and successful of Arnold's campaigns. By clever deceit, and by the terror of his name, he scared an almost bloodless victory out of the British in the Mohawk Valley, and then turned to be the hero of the battles which led to the capture and surrender of General Burgoyne. The praise of Arnold was on every patriot tongue, and Congress had to correct the injustice it had done him.

Why Arnold Became a Traitor

Arnold was now sent by Washington (1778) to take command of Philadelphia, which had been given up by the British. There he met and married pretty Peggy Shippen, belle of the fashionable society of the capital. They bought a magnificent country house, and tried to live as splendidly as the British officers had done when they were in the city. But Arnold had spent his own money on the patriot cause, and his pay was not very large. He fell into debt—and, as usual, into trouble. More charges were brought against him. There was a sort of court-martial, and although most of the charges were dismissed,

Washington had the hard duty of reprimanding his trusted general. He did it as gently as he could—but he had to do it.

Already Arnold had become unworthy of Washington's trust. He was bitter from delay and injustice, he was deep in debt, he was disgusted with the news that the patriots had made friends with those old enemies, the French. Later he said he had become sincerely convinced that the colonies were wrong and the mother country right. However that may be, he—and his wife, too, it appears—were now in secret and continual correspondence with the British general, Sir Henry Clinton, telling him much that he needed to know about what was going on behind the American lines.

The Betrayal of West Point

At last, in 1780, Arnold offered to betray West Point, the key to the Hudson River Valley. Washington had gladly given him command of this important fort. So Arnold met young Major André, the British agent, and gave him the papers necessary to the betrayal. But in trying to return to the British lines, André was captured, and his papers were found in his boots.

When Arnold heard the news, he knew there was only one thing for him to do. He fled to the British lines before the treason should be traced to him. General Clinton received him in New York, and made him a general in the British army.

During the last months of the war, Arnold actually headed raiding parties in Virginia, and against his old neighbors in Connecticut. Then, with his family, he sailed for England. But in England he soon found that he was hated, shunned, and scorned. He could not get another commission in the army, and all his business ventures went wrong. The \$30,000 he had won by his treason seemed scarcely to balance the misery he had to endure. He died, at last, in 1801.



Photo by Glenns Falls Insurance Co

In the woods of northern New York and New England, during the days of the American Revolution, both British and Americans had to learn to fight among the trees like Indians. No one knew better the ways of wilderness battles than John Stark and the sturdy

New Hampshire militia whom he led against Burgoyne before the Battle of Ticonderoga. That fight was in summer, but the war went on the year round for eight long years. In this picture the soldiers have had to put on snowshoes in order to move through the woods.

The FAMOUS TALE of JOHN STARK

How He Led a Few Raw Troops to Victory against the Veteran British and the Wily Red Men

IT WAS a grave moment in our War for Independence. The struggle had gone on for two years, and no sign of an end was in sight. The Americans had won many a fight, but they were penniless and outnumbered, and it looked as if in the north they might be facing disaster. Then the news came that the great English general, Burgoyne, was coming down from Canada with a powerful army and a large force of fearsome Indians to guide and help his veteran soldiers. Things looked dark. If Burgoyne won, he would cut the northern

colonies in two, and the end of the war would be all too near and the end of any hope of independence.

Something had to be done at once. The legislature of New Hampshire, eager to defend the state, ordered out two brigades of its militia. In charge of one of these they put John Stark (1728-1822), about whose heroism we are now going to tell a little story.

He had been a fighter before. At the age of twenty-four he had been captured by the Indians and had had a good chance to learn their ways. At the opening of the Revolu-

GENERAL GEORGE CROOK

tion he had become an officer in the American army, but had resigned because he thought that inferior men were placed over him. Indeed, he took command of the brigade now only on the understanding that it was to remain in the militia of New Hampshire and not to be a part of the main American army.

When he had marched his little force as far as Bennington, Vermont, Stark learned that Burgoyne had sent out a large band of Indian scouts to pick up information and to prepare the way for some six hundred men that he meant to send out on a foraging expedition in the region. At once Stark sent out two hundred of his men to meet the Indians. A little later he found out that these were being closely followed by the six hundred trained British soldiers, who were planning to march on Bennington at once.

In a few hours, with all the troops he could muster, Stark set out to meet the enemy. On the way he met the men he had sent ahead the day before, retreating in disorder with the British right at their heels. Then Stark rallied all his men and made ready for a fight. The British also paused to get themselves in order, and for two days the forces waited, with only an occasional skirmish. But Stark's men made the enemy feel even the skirmishes. The Indians started to desert the British; they said the woods were too full of Yankees.

At last, on the morning of August 16, 1777, Stark made a famous speech to his men.

"There are the redcoats," he said; "we must beat them to-day, or to-night Molly Stark sleeps a widow."

Then the military skill of Stark came into play, aided by the bravery of the men he had inspired. Dividing his troops into three parties, he sent one to attack the enemy on the right rear, another to press against the left rear, and the third party to plunge upon the foe in front. The plan worked. The Indians in the rear were routed while the British in the front were fighting desperately to hold their ground. After two hours they were all forced to flee, leaving their guns and baggage behind to the Americans.

But the struggle was not over yet, for hardly had the first force of the British fled when the news came that another force of men was coming up to their relief, and was now only two miles away. Once more Stark had to rally his weary soldiers and fill them with the will to win or die. In another battle they then put the enemy to flight.

So it was that the fearless John Stark and his raw soldiers defeated a force of the trained British army and retarded the southward march of the army of Burgoyne. But for his actions the Americans might not have had time to get a force ready to meet Burgoyne and compel him to surrender at Saratoga—the battle that was the turning point of the war. And we are glad to know that Stark now rejoined the army of America, in which he was given all the honors he deserved.

TRAPPING *the* FEARSOME APACHES

This Will Tell How George Crook Beat a Band of Ferocious Red Men at Their Own Game

THIS is one of the adventures of an Indian fighter who is well known as a soldier and also as a peacemaker. It is General George Crook, who gained some honor in the Civil War and then gave about twenty-five years of his life to keeping the Indians of the western frontier in control.

During all those years our government had a hard problem with the more ferocious Indians in many parts of the western plains and mountains. Our farmers and herders

and miners were going out all over the land, while railways were being pushed through the valleys and the mountains. Everywhere the Indian was a danger, and sometimes no amount of kindly treatment—or of shot and shell would serve to keep him friendly. There was many a murder, many a massacre, and many a pitched battle.

Crook (1828–1890) was chosen to serve against the Indians because he was a good soldier, but also because he knew the Indians and

GENERAL GEORGE CROOK



Photo by the National Museum

The Apaches were famous warriors in the old days, and when General Crook set out to capture a whole campful of them he knew he was moving against the

fiercest savages in America. Doubtless he had seen and heard such a wild war dance as this, by which the braves roused themselves to battle fury.

their ways. And he always insisted on their having a fair deal from the white men — which certainly they were not always getting. For this reason the savages learned to trust him as well as to fear him.

One of his most interesting adventures was with the Chiricahua Indians, a band of the fearsome Apaches who lived along the Mexican border. These fellows would swoop down on a white settlement when they had a chance, but would flee away into the Mexican mountains whenever a force of troops got too near to them. There was no ordinary way to catch them, and Crook decided on the bold stroke of going up into the mountains after them. He meant to find out their camp when the braves were away. With a small troop of white soldiers and some two hundred friendly Indians armed with rifles, he set out with a guide.

The Mexicans, who knew those Indians, thought that Crook must have gone out of his mind. A man must be insane to go after the Apaches with such a little handful of soldiers, and with two hundred braves who would probably turn on the whites and murder them all as soon as they reached the mountains. But Crook knew his Indians, and he had reason to trust these.

Two hundred miles up in the mountains, past the deep canyons and the steep precipices, Crook and his men found the hostile camp. They captured the women and children, together with the five braves who had been left behind to guard the camp. Then they settled down to wait for the warriors to come back.

When the braves returned, a little later, they could hardly believe their eyes. Here were Crook and his men holding their stronghold, where no white man had ever been expected to appear! But Crook quietly sent out a messenger to say that he would not harm them if they surrendered, but would kill every one of them if they did not. The Indians knew him, and that he meant every word he said. There was no sane thing to do but to give up.

Then came the long march back. With more than six hundred ferocious Indians, a third of them armed, Crook and his small troop trudged back over the mountain passes to the Indian reservation. The savages might have fallen upon the whites at any minute, as they had done so many times before. But they did not do it. They knew the courage, the honesty, and the fairness of George Crook.



Photo by Glens Falls Insurance Co

"Mad Anthony" Wayne won his nickname at the storming of Stony Point an exploit so daring that it seemed mad even when it succeeded. But in many

another battle of the American Revolution this dashing officer lived up to his reputation for reckless courage. The picture shows him in action, urging on his men.

The FAMOUS SURPRISE of STONY POINT

How Mad Anthony Wayne Stole Up on the British at Night and Took Away Their Stronghold

IT WAS in the middle of July, 1779. The British were holding their strong fort at Stony Point, on the Hudson River, under the protection of their great guns, their ramparts and their breastworks manned with infantry. The very nature of the place would have made almost anyone think it could never be stormed. Jutting out into the river, the fort was surrounded on three sides by the water, while on the other side its rocky hill was protected by a marsh which could be crossed at only a single point. There were six hundred men to fire on any troops who appeared at that one place.

In spite of all that, Washington had decided to storm Stony Point, and he thought he knew the man to put in charge of the perilous

attempt. It was Anthony Wayne (1745-1796), daring hero of the Revolution and before it. And Wayne was glad to start laying his plans for taking the fort.

He decided to attack at midnight, just when the British would be least expecting trouble. Marching his troops for fourteen miles over the rough, hilly country toward the fort, he paused at eight o'clock a little less than two miles from the place. At half past eleven he began a stealthy march to the stronghold.

In the cap of each of his men was a piece of white paper, by which they all might know one another in the dark. Under pain of death no man was to fire a gun. They would have no chance against the British guns from the fort; they were to take the

place at the point of the bayonet. In two parties they went forward, one a detachment of a hundred men and the other of a hundred and fifty. In advance of each party went a score of picked soldiers who were told to take the breastworks that protected the half-way point to the fort.

All went well until they were nearly at their goal. Then came a volley from the top of the hill, and the Americans knew that the enemy were aroused. But they pressed on. Rushing up the hill with bayonets fixed, they soon gained the summit and began to run the enemy through. In their surprise at the suddenness of the attack the British surrendered at once; and in about the time we are taking to tell the story, the British flag came down and the American went aloft in its place.

It was the bravest thing that happened in all the War for Independence. But in the meanwhile General Wayne had met misfortune. A British ball had hit him, and he had fallen. In the belief that he was wounded to the death, he still urged his men to take him along to the fort. But in a little while he found that his wound was not serious, and he was able soon to enter the fort his gallant men had taken.

The exploit was so startling that its hero was at once called "Mad Anthony" Wayne. He was far from mad, though he was very full of daring; and that quality carried him on through the rest of the Revolution and through his other public services, down to the time when he died after a victory over the Indians by which he did a great deal to open up the Northwest to the white race.

DO YOU KNOW *the* TALE of MOLLY PITCHER?

*Here Is the Thrilling Story of One of the Bravest Heroines
in Our Revolution*

MOLLY Pitcher" is the name we remember her by, but it was not her real name at all. It was a nickname won by a brave deed like "Stonewall" Jackson or "Mad" Anthony Wayne. Her real name was Mary Hays.

Mary Hays had the love of freedom in her very blood, and when her young husband marched away to fight the British and help win American independence, her only regret was that she was not a man so she could be a soldier too. Was it not stupid just to stay home and worry when you might be out shouldering a gun by your husband's side for the cause you loved as much as he did? Yet all through that terrible winter when the army was at Valley Forge, John Hays had shouldered the gun, and Mary, who had been staying with her parents, in New Jersey, just to be near him, had not even been able to see and encourage him. Now the armies were sweeping across New Jersey again, and Molly found her husband at Monmouth (mōn'mūth) on the very eve of battle.

The next day, June 28, 1778, was the

hottest day anybody concerned could remember. Such a day for a pitched battle! The soldiers stripped to the waist and fought like mad men. Besides those who were killed or hurt by the enemy, man after man fell fainting from heat and exhaustion.

Here was Molly Hays's chance to prove she was brave as any soldier. So instead of running off to safety, she stayed right with the men, encouraging them, caring as best she could for the wounded. And best of all, she brought cool water to the weary, thirsty fighters. She had snatched a cannoneer's bucket from a gun carriage, and all day she went back and forth, fetching water from a neighboring brook.

Now a cannoneer's bucket is not exactly a pitcher, but you may be sure the water tasted just as good as if it had come from a pitcher of gold. Before long everybody was calling the gallant flaxen-haired Mary by the affectionate nickname of "Molly Pitcher."

So that is how she got her name. But the battle was not over yet for Molly.

John Hays was a gunner's helper, and,

MOLLY PITCHER

naturally enough, Molly had been keeping her eye on the cannon he served. Late in the afternoon, when every cannon shot counted for victory, a ball struck John's battery. The gunner was killed and John himself was seriously wounded. In an instant Molly was at his side.

He was not dead, thank God for that! But there was no one to fire the gun. Molly took charge without more ado. She ordered some soldiers to carry her husband to the rear, and she herself stepped up to the cannon and set to work to fill the places of both the gunner and John. She used that cannon all the

rest of the afternoon. Before the war she had been a bride in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, near Fort Lowther in the Cumberland frontier country, and she had not forgotten what the soldiers had taught her about guns. Now, in the great crisis, she used that knowledge to good purpose.

Next morning General Washington ordered the woman who had served as cannoneer to be brought to headquarters. Barefoot and wearing a soldier's tattered coat, Mary Hays

made her way into the presence of the stern commander. What was he going to say to her? Would he be angry? Of course she really had no business ordering soldiers about and firing cannon. Would he forbid her to visit her wounded husband lying in a neighboring farmhouse, and send her back to her frontier home into the bargain? Anyway she was not afraid!

But General Washington was not angry. Instead, he praised her patriotism and her bravery. Then, in the presence of all his officers and troops, he made her a soldier of the Revolutionary army and gave her the rank of sergeant.

The soldiers raised a great cheer. As for Mary, she must have been very proud and

happy. Had she not always wanted to be a soldier?

Mary Hays stayed with her husband through all the rest of the war, and then they returned to their home in Carlisle. After her death the town raised a monument to her as one of its most distinguished citizens. On the battlefield of Monmouth is another monument set up in memory of brave "Molly Pitcher."

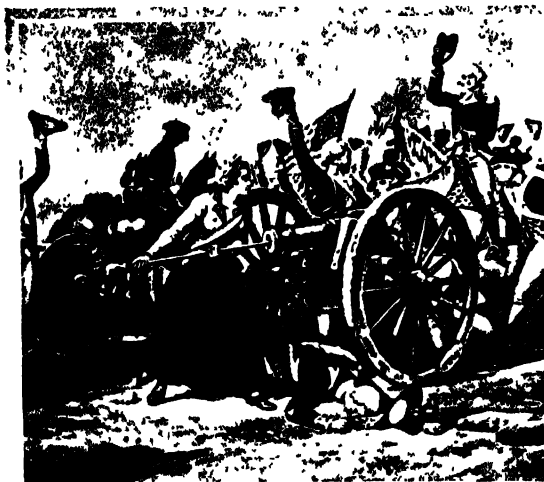
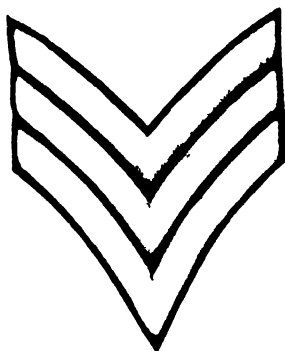


Photo by Visual Education Service

Not for nothing had Molly listened while the soldiers of Fort Lowther explained guns to her long ago not for nothing had she wished ever since the war started that she could be a soldier! Here she is firing a gun in the midst of battle, when every shot is needed to bring victory.



A WILD PIG or a WILD INDIAN?

Here Are a Few Stories about Israel Putnam, the Hero Who Was in Command at Bunker Hill

A VERY strange thing was going on every night around a certain sentry post at Fort Ticonderoga, in the time of the French and Indian War. Every night the sentry at that post would vanish, without a sound. Morning after morning he was gone, and no trace was left to tell what had become of him.

The captain was in dismay. He gave orders that if the sentry on that post heard any sort of noise he should cry out "Who goes there?" three times, and that if there was no answer he should fire his musket at the place where the noise seemed to be. But no sentry ever cried out in the night, and no musket was ever fired. Yet the next morning the sentry would be gone. And after a while no man could be found who wanted to take that post at night.

Or at least only one man. For there was one awkward fellow, untrained as a soldier but expert in the ways of the redskins, who came forward to ask if he might not try it for a night. The captain was glad to find him. And he gave him the same orders that he had given the others.

That night there was not a sound till just after midnight. Then there came the noise of a wild hog moving through the bushes and munching acorns. For a moment the sentry listened intently. All at once he cried out "Who goes there?"—three times, and at the same instant he fired. There was a

groan from the bushes, and the next moment the sentry was pouncing upon what seemed to be a bear. It was a bearskin with a dead Indian inside it.

The man who took that post and fired the shot was no other than Israel Putnam (1718-1790), hero of many brave exploits at the time of the American Revolution. Few Americans have been more daring than he, and fewer have had more narrow escapes.



Photo by Visual Education Service

No one would have thought that mortal man could ride a horse down that sheer cliff, but Putnam did it—and saved his life by his daring, as he did many another time. On this day the pursuing enemy were so astonished to see the mad rebel dash over the edge of the cliff that they forgot even to fire at him.

It was bravery like this that made Putnam a great popular hero in the Revolution. The British knew so well what he was worth that they offered him a commission in their own army. But Putnam loved his country, and when he heard the news of the fighting at Lexington and Concord, he left the plough he was following in the field and made haste to the scene of action. He was in command at Bunker Hill, and had a part in many other battles.

When Putnam was only a youth, he tracked a vicious wolf into its rocky den, where he shot it dead by the glare of its own eyes and dragged it out by the ears. Years later when he was being pursued by the British, he spurred on his trusty horse till he had led his enemies to the brink of a stony cliff. Then he dashed madly down the cliff where none of them dared to follow; and the British who stopped at the top of the cliff were so astonished at his mad daring that they even forgot to shoot at him.

WHO WERE *the* GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS?

Here Is the Tale of Their Chief Adventure, and of Their Bold Leader, Ethan Allen

THIS is the famous story of the way a big Yankee farmer took Fort Ticonderoga out of the hands of the British soon after the American colonies began their war for freedom. The hero of the story is Ethan Allen.

Ethan Allen had always been a strong man and a strange one. When he told people that in an earlier life on earth he had roamed around the forests in the shape of a white horse, they only shook their heads and smiled. But Allen seems really to have believed the tale. When he told those same people that he was starting out to do some deed for which nobody else had enough strength and courage, they did not always smile. They waited for news.

The man had been one of the founders of what is now the state of Vermont. With some other hardy spirits from Connecticut, he had settled in the Green Mountains, clearing the land of its forests and making it into farms and homes. The whole region was also claimed by the colony of New York at the time, and there was a great deal of trouble as to who should own it. When the governor of New York threatened to drive out Allen and his neighbors, Allen helped to organize the famous fighting troop of "Green Mountain Boys" and was one of their leaders in the protection of their new homes. For the next few years the Green Mountain Boys had to be ready with their muskets and their forest lore.

Then came the war with England, and the need for even greater bravery and cunning. At once Allen set out on the adventure for which he is still famous. He was going to surprise and take Fort Ticonderoga, on Lake Champlain, to capture its officers and men, and to seize its ammunition and supplies for the American army. To that end he called up a band of the fighters he knew so well, and set out through the mountains on what looked like a hare-brained scheme.

When his little band of men reached the lake, they rowed across it under cover of the darkness. Then they met with a country lad who had agreed to show them the best way to the fort. They stole up on the fort just before daybreak, and lost no time in starting their work.

No one was expecting an attack, and there was only one sleepy sentry on guard. He was instantly captured and tied up. Then Allen ranged his troop in order on the very parade ground of the

fort. At a signal they all gave a rousing cheer, and at that moment Allen himself plunged into the bedroom of the sleeping British commander. As soon as the man opened his eyes, Allen ordered him to surrender. "By whose authority?" cried out the startled captain. "In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!" answered the Green Mountain Boy; and the words have been famous in American history ever since.



"Surrender in the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!" cried Ethan Allen as he burst into the bedroom of the astonished British commander at Ticonderoga. Allen, who has been called "the Robin Hood of Vermont," had many adventures from youth to old age, but no other quite so famous as this.



In the Exhibition Hall of the National Archives Building in Washington, D. C., is the fine wall painting shown here. It is the work of Barry Faulkner (1881-), an artist born in New Hampshire. His painting is entitled "The Constitution of the United States," and shows the solemn occasion when, after long hours of difficult labor, James Madison and his committee - grouped in the center of the picture - submitted the final draft of the new constitution to the Constitutional Convention. First and last, the convention contained about twice as many delegates as are shown here, but most of its influential members are in the picture. Their likenesses may be relied upon, for the artist has studied portraits and busts made while the men were still living. From left to right the delegates are shown as follows: Edmund Randolph, governor of Virginia; Nathaniel Gorham of Massachusetts; John Dickinson of Delaware; John Rutledge of South Carolina; John Wilson of Pennsylvania, a signer of the Declaration of Independence; Oliver Ellsworth of Connecticut; Charles Pinckney of South Carolina; James Madison of Virginia, later to be president of the United

States; Elbridge Gerry of Massachusetts, a signer of the Declaration of Independence and our country's vice president under Madison, William Samuel Johnson of Connecticut, George Mason of Virginia, George Washington of Virginia, who, as president of the convention, is about to receive the new constitution from the hand of Madison, Benjamin Franklin, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, Rufus King of Massachusetts, William R. Davie of North Carolina, John Langdon of New Hampshire, William Paterson of New Jersey; General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney of South Carolina, Luther Martin of Maryland, Gouverneur Morris of Pennsylvania, a native of New York State and the man who was given the task of writing out the constitution after Madison's committee had threshed out its provisions; Roger Sherman of Connecticut, also a signer of the Declaration of Independence, Gunning Bedford, Jr., of Delaware; Alexander Hamilton of New York, powerful in pleading for a strong central government; Abraham Baldwin of Georgia, and George Read of Delaware, also a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

NATHAN HALE



Photo by Museum of the City of New York

This young man, who stands with such quiet dignity before his judges, is Nathan Hale, one of the best-loved heroes of the American Revolution. He had volunteered for the dangerous service of spying out the plans of the British, and now he has been taken

and the papers found in his boots. Standing here before General Howe, the British commander, he knows very well that he can expect no sentence but the shameful death of a spy. But he does not waver. And with his last breath he will speak of his country.

ONLY ONE LIFE *for* MY COUNTRY

Here Is the Heroic Story of Nathan Hale, the Famous Patriot

I ONLY regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." It was only a boy who is said to have uttered these words one autumn morning to the men who were about to put a rope around his neck and to the knot of curious people who had come out to see his end. But the words have come down through all the years since to keep his memory green.

That boy was Nathan Hale. A very lovable lad, he had been born at Coventry, Connecticut, in 1756. He had grown up into a handsome, lively youth, nearly six feet tall, with brown hair and blue eyes, loving every sort of outdoor game, as kindly as he was brave and as studious as he was athletic. It is said that he could place his hand on a fence as high as his head and vault lightly over it, and that he could jump easily out of one barrel into another. He was the leader of his classes in all their subjects and the idol of all his schoolmates.

His Puritan parents wanted him to be a

preacher, and sent him to Yale to study for the ministry. But after graduating with high honors, he felt better fitted for a school than for a church, and for a time he was a teacher in a school at East Haddam in his native state. Soon he was offered a better place at New London, and a fine career seemed to be opening before him.

Then the thirteen colonies went to war. When the news of Lexington and Concord came to New London, there was great excitement, and a town meeting was called. One of the passionate speakers at the meeting was Nathan Hale.

"Let us march immediately," he cried, "and never lay down our arms until we have gained our independence!"

A man who spoke those words had to make off for the patriot army at once, or he would surely go to the gallows. Hale started straight for Massachusetts, with the New London troops, and before long he was the captain of a company.

NATHAN HALE

A daring soul, he was also a born leader of men—the idol of his troops as he had been of his classmates. There are many stories of his bravery in the first months of the war. He is said to have offered his own salary to some of his soldiers when their time of service was over and they wanted to go home. He is also said to have helped in capturing a British ship, full of provisions, right under the nose of a man-of-war, and to have brought the boat in with her precious food for the hungry Continental soldiers. But we know very little of his actual story up to the time when we find him with the army in New York at the moment when the British were overrunning Long Island.

One day his commander called the troops together and asked for a man to go over into the enemy camps and get all their plans. The fate of the army might depend on this man, and he must be brave and alert, with plenty of quick wit. Of course he would be a spy, and no honorable man really likes to be a spy. But Nathan Hale stepped out at once. He would go.

All of his friends, officers of his own army, tried to keep him back. It might mean death, they said, though that was little. It would mean disgrace—it was not an honorable kind of service. But Hale had his answer: "Every kind of service necessary to the public good becomes honorable by being necessary."

Crossing over Long Island Sound, he left behind him an

arrangement for a boat to meet him when he should come back on a certain day—September 20, 1776. In the plain brown dress of a school-teacher of his day he set out on his search. The British took him for just what he seemed to be, and they all liked him. So it was easy for him to find out all he wanted to know, and to make his sketches of their plans and positions. Then he made his way back through their camps to the point where the boat was to call for him.

He had put down all his information in Latin on thin paper, and had hidden it in the soles of his shoes. The whole venture had been pretty easy, and fully successful; and now he was nearly safe among his friends again. He strolled into a tavern and dropped into conversation with some of the British soldiers who were idling in the place. At the last moment a man spied him who knew him and slipped silently out of the tavern to give the alarm. Before many moments had passed Hale saw the guns of six British marines pointed at his heart.

They took him on a British ship and searched him. When they found the papers in his shoes, they sent him straight to General Howe in New York, and put him under guard. Howe ordered him to be hanged the next day.

As the rope was thrown over the tree, the officer in charge asked Hale if he had any final confession to make. And then came the words, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

This fine statue of Nathan Hale stands in City Hall Park in New York, to remind the people of a heroic sacrifice made there many years ago.



COMMODORE PERRY



The "Lawrence," Perry's flagship, lay in ruins, and if he was to go on directing the battle, there was only one thing to do. The Commodore must get over to the nearest ship, the "Niagara." So he bade his sailors lower the only boat left, and he set out, with his little brother, in the face of the enemy's fire. When

they started, Perry was standing up in the boat, as he is pictured here, but soon the men pulled him down. Even so, it seems like a miracle that he could have passed through that storm of fire alive. But pass through it he did, and the battle was won. He had met the enemy and they were his.

The HERO of the NAVY

The Brilliant Deed of Oliver Perry Made His Name Famous for Many a Century

W I HAVE met the enemy and they are ours. These are the famous words that were sent out after a battle in 1813, by a young officer who has ever since been the favorite hero in the history of the American Navy. He was Oliver Hazard Perry.

Perry was born in Rhode Island in 1785. His father was a captain in the navy and had seen service in the Revolution. At the early age of fourteen the boy followed in his father's steps by becoming a midshipman on a man-of-war. He had had some exciting times, for he had fought in our war against the Barbary pirates, and just before the War of 1812 he had been patrolling the American coast on the watch for British merchantmen.

Soon after the war broke out he asked to be sent to meet the British fleet on Lake Erie. There were no American ships there, and the British seemed to have nothing to fear in that quarter. But all through the winter Perry pushed the work of building an American fleet on the lake, and he accomplished the miracle by getting all the men and all the materials that could not be cut down in the forest, through the pathless woods from the Atlantic seaboard. In the spring his nine little ships were ready. They were more than the British had, but the British vessels were more heavily armed, and then the British had the name of never being beaten on the water.

Perry sailed into the fight, and found a worthy foe. For a long time the deadly fire

JOHN PAUL JONES



Photo by the Artist David C. Iathgow

Before Perry could do anything toward winning Lake Erie, he had to build or gather a fleet, for there was

none there. In this picture he is receiving two ships sent from the city of Cleveland.

poured from ship to ship, and the decks were cluttered with the dead and dying. Perry had gone into the battle in the flagship which he named the "Lawrence," in memory of the brave commander whose last words had been, "Don't give up the ship," and those very words were flying on the banner that floated from Perry's mast. That vessel saw the worst of the fight, for she was nearest to the enemy, and the other vessels could not come up to her aid for some time because the wind had died down. But even when the "Lawrence" was riddled with holes and ready to sink, Perry had no idea of surrender.

Finally a breeze came up and allowed another American ship, the "Niagara," to draw near. Perry set out for the "Niagara"



Here is Commodore Perry, in the uniform of the Navy, whose great hero he is.

in a simple rowboat, under a hail of fire from the British, and managed to reach her unhurt. The fight went on. With the new forces that had come up, the British were soon overwhelmed, and there was nothing left for them but surrender. A little later Perry sent the famous message to the general in command on the shore, and as soon as the news could get around the country, he was the hero of the war.

He did not live long to enjoy his fame. Six years after his exploit he was taken with yellow fever while on service in the West Indies, and he died there on August 23, 1819. But his name still remains

one that Americans love to remember, and his fame is secure for many generations.

The FATHER of OUR NAVY

John Paul Jones Is the Most Famous Name in the Whole Story of Our Wars upon the Sea

JOHN PAUL JONES used to say that he and the American flag were twins. That was because the Continental Congress had given him command of his ship, the "Ranger," and had adopted the Stars and Stripes at the same time.

The colors that he hoisted on the "Ranger" on the Fourth of July in 1777 were put

together at a quilting party. The girls at Portsmouth, in New Hampshire, where the ship was built, had cut up their best dresses to make a flag for their gallant young captain. Surely they must have looked on him as a very romantic figure, for there were already many brave stories in the air about his adventures.

JOHN PAUL JONES

As a boy in a Scottish fishing village, where he had been born in 1747, John Paul had begged his father to let him go to sea. He had to help his people because they were very poor. When he was only ten he could handle the fishing yawls with such skill as to amaze the villagers; and when he was twelve he was apprenticed to a shipmaster and sailed away to Virginia. He had an older brother living with a wealthy planter on the banks of the Rappahannock, and between his trips he used to visit his brother on the plantation. So he grew to love the new country.

He served on several merchant ships and rose to the rank of mate. When the trade with England was dull, his ship would carry slaves from the coast of Africa to the American colonies. Thus he gained a great experience of the sea, and the reputation of a brave and stern officer. He made a good deal of money in his trading, and then went home to Scotland for a visit to his family.

On this voyage yellow fever broke out among the officers and crew. The captain and the mate died, and so did all but five of the crew. There was no one left on board who knew how to sail a ship except the young passenger. So John Paul took command, and in spite of terrific storms he brought the vessel safely into port. The owners gave him ten per cent of the cargo he had saved and made him captain of a fine new ship. He was still barely twenty-one.

The young captain loved danger, and all the more if he had the odds against him. He had fought the raging sea, he had fought yellow fever, he had fought mutinies among his crew. On the high seas he ruled like a monarch, even when he had to kill a sailor who was trying to overthrow his rule. When

he was not at sea, he loved to hunt and fish in Virginia. But now the mutterings of war were being heard, and John Paul Jones was far from deaf to them. "When the colonies need me, I'll be ready," were the words he said to Washington.

He did not have long to wait. As soon as the war began, he was made a senior lieutenant. On the "Alfred," flagship of a tiny fleet, he set out to plunder British shipping. Stories of his exploits soon began to spread through the colonies. He knew the sea so well and handled his ship so skillfully that in less than seven weeks he had captured sixteen British vessels.

These he despoiled of their military stores, which the colonists could turn to good use. And soon Congress made him captain of one of the ships he had captured.

And now we may come back to the "Ranger" and the first time the Stars and Stripes ever flew over an American ship. Under the colors that the girls of Portsmouth had given him, the brave captain sailed off to France with the news that General Burgoyne had been defeated at Saratoga. From France he sallied forth into British waters,



Photo by the Knapp Co.

"I have not yet begun to fight!" This was the bold answer which John Paul Jones called out through the thick smoke to the British commander who had asked if he wished to surrender. Then he lashed his boat to the boat of the enemy, and the fight was won hand-to-hand.

JOHN PAUL JONES

to prey upon the ships of the enemy and to harass the towns along the coasts he knew so well. He became a terror to the land that had so long ruled the sea. After several raids along the coast, he captured the British sloop of war "Drake," though she was of larger size than his own vessel. Then he took his own crippled "Ranger" into a French port.

All along he fought against many trials. No money came from Congress to pay his men, and he often had to pay them out of his own pocket. One delay followed another. The new ship he was to have did not appear. But after many months of waiting, Benjamin Franklin finally found an old French merchant vessel for him. Jones fitted her out and named her the "Bon-homme Richard" (bōN' nôm') in honor of Franklin. He was famous for his "Poor Richard's Almanac." From its mast flew the same flag that had floated over the old "Ranger."

Along with several small French ships, the "Bon Homme Richard" set out in September, 1778, on what proved to be her captain's greatest voyage. Near the British coast she met a fleet of British merchantmen protected by two great men-of-war. At sunset one of the most famous sea fights in history began. The ships that were supposed to help the "Richard" were of very little aid. Several of them deserted, and one of them even fired on her in error. The British merchantmen scuttled away. As the moon rose, the fight had narrowed down to a duel between the "Bon Homme Richard" and the great British warship "Serapis" (sē-rā'pīs).

It was a terrific battle. Several of the guns had burst on the "Richard," killing many of her crew, and she was full of holes torn in her side by the cannon balls from

the "Serapis." A fire had broken out on both ships, and a heavy pall of smoke hid the fighters. In the chaos and confusion the British captain thought the "Richard" was surrendering, and cried out through the night:

"Have you struck?"

"I have not yet begun to fight!" rang out

the answer of John Paul Jones though there were four feet of water in his hold. Then he linked his sinking ship to the "Serapis" and the men fought hand to hand. There was no quarter asked or given. For over three hours the desperate battle went on in the moonlight, while the very prisoners on the "Richard" helped to man her pumps to keep from drowning.

When it was all over, John Paul Jones had won. His own boat sank the next morning, with the flag of the Portsmouth girls still flying, and he had to make for France upon the captured "Serapis." And now he was the hero of the day. Congress gave him a gold medal, and he was heaped with other honors.

He was to see no more fighting in this war, although he spent much time in Paris trying to arrange to have the "Serapis" refitted. But in 1781 Catherine the Great of Russia asked him to come and put new life into her navy. He won several victories for her, but other people were always taking the credit for them, and finally Jones went sadly back to Paris.

So John Paul Jones fought for Russia, too, but never with so good a heart or such success as he had brought to his adopted country of America. He was only forty-five when he died in Paris, in 1792. About a century later his grateful country brought his body back, to rest in the Naval Academy at Annapolis, which he had urged Congress to found.



Photo by U. S. Naval Academy

This is the face of a gallant seaman. The English called John Paul Jones a pirate because he had a way of capturing British ships and turning the booty over to the colonists whose cause he had championed. But in this country those daring acts gained him the name of hero.

THOMAS JEFFERSON



Photo by Virginia State Co. of C.

At the hundredth anniversary of Jefferson's death, troops paraded once more at Monticello, as is shown in our picture. Of course we could not call back the

ghosts of those long-dead patriots, but modern men dressed in uniforms like those Jefferson used to know so well, and marched in pageant here on his estate.

BECAUSE "ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUAL"

*That Was the Profound Faith Which Made Thomas Jefferson
One of the Two Main Moulders of America as
We Know It to This Day*

PROBABLY no other man has had quite so much to do with the way Americans have thought and the ideals they have had for their country as Thomas Jefferson. Washington more than any other won independence for the nation, but it was Jefferson and Hamilton who fought out between them what the new nation was to be like. And the ideas of Jefferson, which he himself so perfectly expressed in the Declaration of Independence, are more distinctly American-- that is, more different from European ideas-- than those of Hamilton.

Although Jefferson came of an aristocratic Virginia family, he was born in the Blue Ridge region, which in 1743 was still frontier wilderness. So it was natural enough that, growing up on a farm in the midst of that simple, democratic frontier life, he should become a great believer in the common people, especially in those who cultivate

their own little farms. Yet at the same time he had all the advantages of the finest aristocratic education. He learned not only to ride and to love his garden, but to play the violin, to read and study everything from geography to religion, to be, in short, a gentleman of culture and a philosopher. What could be a better combination for the greatest American apostle of democracy?

Jefferson grew up into a tall, lank young man, six feet two, large-boned and sinewy, with gray eyes and sandy hair. He was frank and full of life, and as he grew older his charming personality made him seem more handsome than he was. But he never learned to speak well in public; he was just a little awkward, and, besides, he early decided that people do not say what they mean in the excitement of eloquence and debate. He always preferred to talk things over quietly with a friend or two, or, better yet, to put

THOMAS JEFFERSON

down what he thought in carefully chosen words written out in the quiet of his library. It was by quiet talk and brilliant writing that he brought many people to his way of thinking.

Yet, after he had been graduated from William and Mary College, Jefferson worked for a time at the law, and did not do badly at it, either. Then he found his true place, in public life, by entering the Virginia legislature. Here, in spite of not making speeches, he soon made the others realize that he was there. And it was not long before he was elected to the First Continental Congress, in 1775. Meanwhile he had written a pamphlet called "A Summary View of the Rights of America," in which he put the case for the colonies in their quarrel with England so brilliantly that the little essay had a great deal to do with bringing on the Revolution.

It may have been because of this pamphlet that he was chosen by the Continental Congress in 1776 to write the Declaration of Independence. The great Declaration is really based on the argument in the "Summary View." And who but Jefferson could have put into such golden phrases the high ideal of democracy and justice to which the new nation was to be dedicated? "When in the course of human events—" we like to say over the fine, familiar words, until we come to the kernel of it all: "We hold these truths to be self-evident:— That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. . . ." This is one of the most famous documents in all history. And it was to the ideal it expresses

that Jefferson devoted the whole of his life.

Jefferson was asked to stay on in Congress, but he felt that there was even more important work to be done at home in Virginia. Virginia, now become a state instead of a colony, was making a new constitution and passing new laws, and Jefferson saw a chance

to put into practice some of his liberal ideas. Some of them were too far ahead of the time to be adopted, but others were adopted and helped to make this constitution

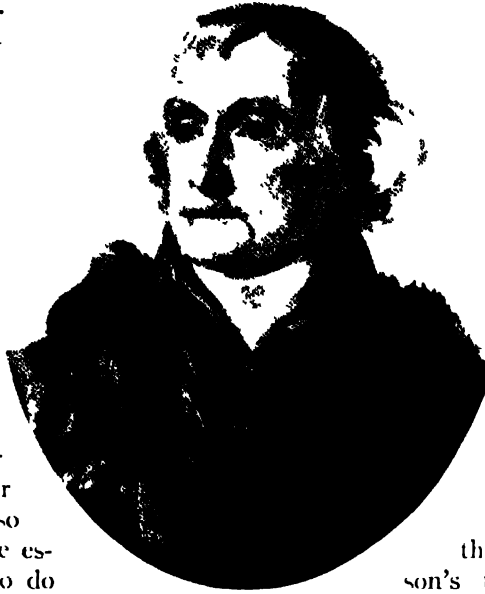
and set of laws among the most "modern" in the country. The law assuring freedom of conscience—that no one should be forbidden to believe what he chose or be forced to give money to a church established by the state—

was the very first law of its kind in the world, though some of the colonies had practiced this tolerance before. Jefferson's theory that every child should be educated free by the state was still too democratic for Virginia, but as we all know, it

has since been put into practice all over the land.

During the darkest days of the Revolutionary War, Jefferson was governor of Virginia. Then he was in Congress again, and here he had a chance to strike another blow for freedom. Although he himself had slaves, it was ever his wish to see slavery done away with. As we know, he did not have much success at this; but it was he more than anyone else who brought it about that all the vast lands of the Northwest Territory should be without slaves.

Jefferson was in France during five exciting years in French history—1784 to 1789. All this time France was fairly bubbling over with talk about justice and democracy and the rights of man. In 1789 the talk was



This is Thomas Sully's portrait of Jefferson—a fine picture of a noble face.

THOMAS JEFFERSON



Photo by Photoart House

One by one the delegates to the Continental Congress went up and signed their names to that historic document, the Declaration of Independence. Jefferson's name was tucked in among those of the other dele-

gates from Virginia. Yet no one else could have felt just as he did about the Declaration. For had he not himself written the immortal phrases in which the ideals of the new nation were here expressed?

turned into action, and the great French Revolution had begun. Jefferson, who was first a member of a commission to draft some commercial treaties and then American minister, could not of course take any part in the Revolution, although he was actually invited to help in drafting the new constitution. But he could think and talk. If he had needed anything to make him a better democrat, he might have found it here; and it is pretty certain that the revolutionary leaders listened to his ideas.

The First Secretary of State

When Jefferson got back home, in 1789, he found the new constitution of the United States already adopted, and was persuaded by President Washington to become the first secretary of state. For the next ten years or more he fought for his idea of democracy against the more aristocratic notions of Hamilton and his followers, the Federalists. Jefferson became the founder of the opposing party, who were called first Anti-Federalists, then Republicans, then Democrats. The Democratic party of to-day traces its history back to him. We cannot tell all of this story here, but you will find it in our story of American history during those years.

Jefferson was always longing to get back into private life, to settle down at his beloved Monticello estate, straighten out his tangled finances, and study and think in peace. He was interested in so many things!

science, education, agriculture, literature, and art, especially architecture. His wife, who had been very dear to him, had died some years before this time, but he had his daughters, his devoted servants, and such a host of friends that sometimes as many as fifty of them would be staying at Monticello at once. Such reckless hospitality was only one of the reasons why he had to be saved from bankruptcy, in his later years, by a public subscription, and still died so poor that his furniture had to be sold for debt. Yet much as he loved Monticello and was needed there, nothing seemed quite so important to him as the service of his country and his dream of liberty, and these seldom allowed him to stay long at home. Shortly after he had at last persuaded President Washington to let him resign from the cabinet, he was elected vice president. Then in 1801 he became the third president of the United States.

That was a great day for democracy. Fittingly, the inauguration took place at the

THOMAS JEFFERSON



THE KNIGHT

Jefferson is revered for many achievements, but for none more than for the writing of the Declaration of

Independence, which is here being announced to the crowd outside Independence Hall, in Philadelphia

new capital, Washington, still half a wilderness. The new president did not ride to the Capitol in a coach and tour like a lord, but walked quietly, dressed in a plain dark suit of clothes - or, according to another story, he rode a horse, and hitched it to a post while he went to take the oath as president. Many other stories are told of his democratic ways.

But the most important things he did during his first term had to do with opening up new lands in the West. He daringly purchased all the vast lands then called Louisiana from France, and he encouraged that adventurous trip of Lewis and Clark to the mouth of the Oregon River.

Jefferson was very popular during his first term and was easily reelected. But during his second term he fell on evil times. The Napoleonic Wars were going on in Europe, and Jefferson, who was a great lover of peace, was determined to keep the United States from being drawn into the war on either side. But both France and England kept attacking American commerce, and feeling ran high for war—it was, in fact, the beginning of those troubles which finally did bring on the War of 1812. Jefferson tried all sorts of peaceful means of settlement, from protests to embargoes, but none of them worked

very well, and when his term was over he had to leave the problem unsolved.

Jefferson could doubtless have been president a third time, for he was greatly beloved. But he was tired and getting old, and like Washington he thought it better for no one man to be president for more than eight years at a time. So he went home.

But not to rest. Scholar and philosopher that he was, he had always been intensely interested in education. Now he devoted his energy and his talents to the founding of the University of Virginia. As an architect he planned its buildings; as a scholar and a democrat he chose its faculty and outlined the courses it was to teach. So much did he cherish this work of his old age that he wrote for himself this epitaph: "Here lies Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of American Independence, of the statute of Virginia for religious freedom, father of the University of Virginia."

It was in 1826 that his sorrowing friends found a monument for this epitaph. He died on the nation's birthday, July 4, within a few hours of his old friend and political opponent, John Adams. A new generation of leaders was already carrying on the mingled ideas of them both.



It is by the artist's collection

Besides being a great statesman, Alexander Hamilton was the type of man who is brilliant in conversation and moves easily in courtly society. This picture, so

gay with powdered wigs and billowy skirts, shows a reception given to the bride and groom after Hamilton's marriage to the daughter of General Schuyler.

A MAKER *of the* LAND WE LOVE

Two Men above All Others, Hamilton and Jefferson, Shaped the Ideas That Rule America to This Day. Here Is the Story of the Brilliant Hamilton

DID you ever stop to think of all the different kinds of builders there are in the world? Of course there are the men who build with brick and stone and steel. These we see all about us, putting up buildings of one kind or another—useless or useful, beautiful or ugly. Yet there is another kind of builder who is not so easily seen, but is even more important. That is the builder in ideas. Sometimes the ideas outlast the brick and steel.

Such a builder in ideas was Alexander Hamilton. Probably no other man, unless it may be Thomas Jefferson, has more to do with the way Americans think to-day and

with the way they run their government.

Even when Hamilton was a boy, ideas fascinated him. He grew up in the West Indies, where he was born in 1757. The father's business failed, and after that the mother and son never saw much of the father. When the mother died (1768), little Alexander was left practically an orphan. Instead of going to school he had to work in a store. But nothing could stop him from reading everything in sight, and all his relatives marveled at this child who thought and acted like a man. At fourteen he could be left in complete charge of the big store while the owner went on a long trip. But running

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

a store was not what he really wanted to do—he wanted to have a chance to work with his ideas. Finally his aunts sent him to college in New York. If they had not been so generous, the story of the first years of the United States of America would have been a good deal different.

For young Hamilton entered King's College, now Columbia University, just when the quarrel between the American colonies and England was becoming most intense. On street corners, at the brilliant social affairs for which even in those days New York was noted, on the college campus—wherever people gathered together—the talk was of the stamp tax or the Boston Massacre or the question of possible independence. Hamilton was young and ardent, and he naturally took fire

at the talk of liberty. But, true to his habit, he thought the thing all through before he decided to throw in his lot with the colonies. Then, having made up his mind, he started writing pamphlets explaining his views. He signed all his pamphlets and articles, as most people did at that time, with assumed names. How surprised the people would have been if they had known that these strong arguments had been written by a boy not yet twenty!

Hamilton's Great Gift

This ability to put in writing exactly what he thought and to do it forcefully stood Hamilton in good stead all his days—as we shall see. He could get the best of almost anyone in argument. Years later Aaron Burr, who hated him bitterly, stood in terror of this gift of reasoning in print. "The man is lost who puts himself on paper with Hamilton," he said.

Sometimes Hamilton had to use his pen for a weapon when he would much rather have used his sword. He had a great ambi-

tion to win military glory. But he was so valuable at a desk that, whatever he might have done as a general, he never got the chance to do it. He did organize an artillery company at the outbreak of the Revolutionary War. It was one of the best-drilled in the army, and his soldiers called him "the little lion." But he had not been long in

Washington's army before he was made an aide to the Commander in Chief. That meant that his greatest service was to be in managing the business of the war—the letters and dispatches and reports to Congress and a multitude of other things of the same kind. It was really much like being a sort of secretary of war. He could speak French like a native too, having learned it as a child in the Indies, and this was a great help in dealing with the French

allies. He became Washington's trusted adviser and aid.

Hamilton's slight body must have suffered a great deal during those years of grinding hardship. But there was gaiety at headquarters, too. Hamilton was always brilliant in conversation, and between him and Lafayette and other gay young officers, dinner could be made a delightful time whether there was much to eat or not. On one of the delicate missions on which Washington sent his young aide, Hamilton went to Albany to confer with General Philip Schuyler, and there met the general's daughter Elizabeth, whom he later married.

Hamilton had a quick and imperious temper, and it was hard for him to work under anyone else. He was always seeing how he thought things ought to be done, and he could not help trying to do them in his own way, whether it was quite his business or not. Before the war was over, he had left Washington's staff because of some little quarrel. Yet Washington always respected his ability. At Yorktown, the last important

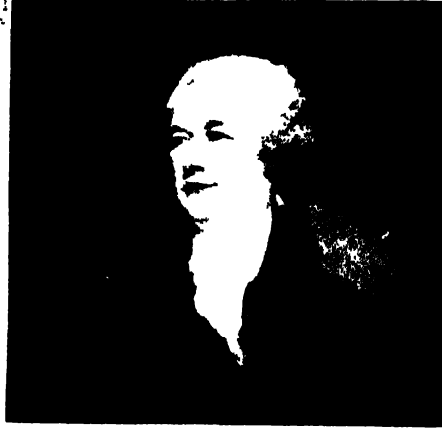


Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

This is Alexander Hamilton, a builder in ideas. Much of his work has lasted to our own day.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON



Perhaps there has never been a more famous duel than the one pictured here, between Hamilton and Aaron Burr. Hamilton fired into the air, but Burr shot to

kill. So Hamilton died, at forty-seven—at the hands of a puzzling, brilliant enemy about whom historians have never been able to make up their minds.

battle of the war, he let Hamilton lead the attack.

The war over, Hamilton set about mastering the study of the law. He did it in only five months. Almost immediately he became one of the best lawyers in New York—his influence in local affairs growing so great that his enemies bitterly called the city Hamiltonapolis.

The Fight for the Constitution

But Hamilton's influence was to go far beyond New York City. No one was more concerned than he at the confusion and lack of unity in the new nation just after the war. He had a vision of a strong single government to take the place of the thirteen quarreling states. Perhaps it was easier for him to imagine such a thing because he was not a native of any of the jealous thirteen. "Without government," he said, "there is no liberty."

The charm of his personality and the vigor

of his pen both did good service to the cause of the new constitution which should bring a stronger union. He persuaded New York State to ask for a constitutional convention. In the convention he worked hard for a strong central government. Afterward, in a dramatic battle of words, he argued his own state into accepting the new federal constitution. Most important of all, he planned and, with Madison, wrote a series of brilliant arguments for the constitution. These papers were called "The Federalist"; and it is quite possible that if they had not been written the constitution would never have been adopted.

The Father of Our Treasury

Then, when it had been voted and Washington had become the first president, Hamilton was called by his old chief to be the first—and greatest—secretary of the treasury. Here was a mighty chance to build with ideas! And Hamilton built so firmly that much of his structure still stands.

The foundation of Hamilton's system was the belief that the central government should be strong and rich, and should have the support of the strongest and richest citizens. So he insisted that the new government should pay its own debts and also all the debts of the separate states. He set up a federal bank. He made money stable and sound. He encouraged industry and manufacture. All through his years of office he worked like a very demon to lay the foundations for the strong government he believed in. His honesty and good faith were such that Talleyrand, a visiting French statesman, once said of him, "I have seen one of the wonders of the world—a man who has made a nation rich while laboring all night to provide his own family with bread."

Two Battling Giants

But there were people just as honest and at least one of them just as gifted who did not agree at all with Hamilton's ideas. Chief of these was Thomas Jefferson, who was also in Washington's cabinet. For years these two faced each other on almost every issue, like battling giants. Jefferson thought that Hamilton took too much power from the states in strengthening the federal government, and that he was too favorable to the richer classes. Hamilton certainly did not believe in the rule of the common people, but, as he put it, in that of "the rich and well-born." They were the ones, for the most part, who supported his way of governing.

These principles made him favor England instead of France during the time of the French Revolution, when all America was aflame with excitement and on the brink of war, first with one of these countries and then with the other. When it looked as though there would be war with France, in 1798, Hamilton dreamed once more of military glory, and was actually chosen to be second in command of the army, ranking next to Washington. He was angry when President Adams made peace. He disagreed with Adams, anyway, as violently as he did

with Jefferson, although both of them were leaders of the Federalist party.

For Hamilton could not stay out of the fight, even after he left the cabinet in 1795 - when he was forced to resign because not even working all night could keep him from getting poor on government pay. He even managed President Adams's cabinet from New York. When Adams found out about it, their quarrel became so violent that it split the Federalist party in two.

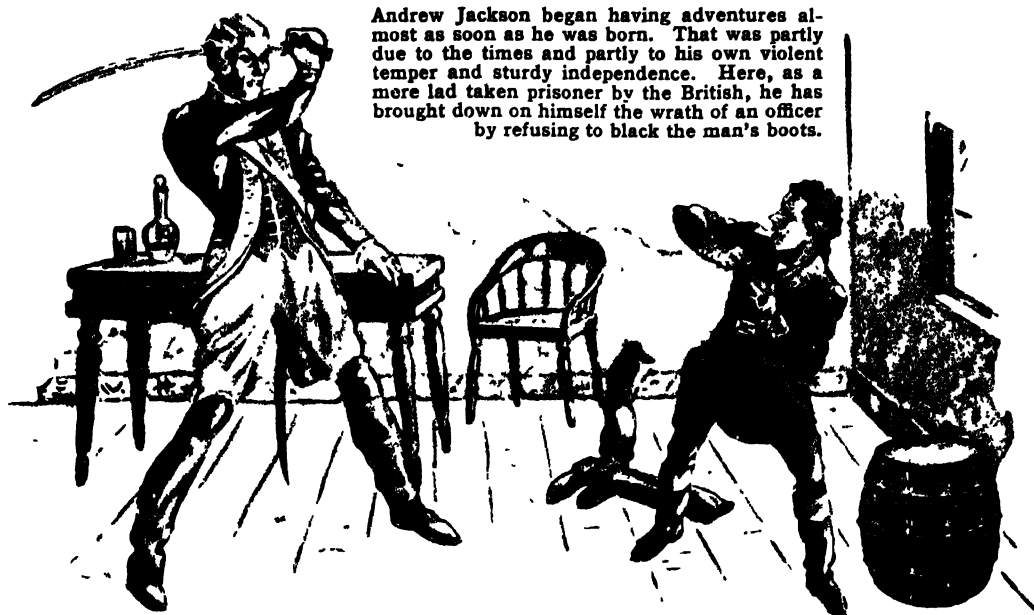
It was a meaner enemy than Jefferson or Adams, however, who finally brought Hamilton's brilliant career to an end. Aaron Burr was Hamilton's chief rival in New York State. He was a giddy and ungovernable person, and Hamilton distrusted him. So when it came to a tie between him and Jefferson for the presidency, Hamilton threw his influence in favor of Jefferson. Then when Burr ran for governor of New York in 1804, Hamilton campaigned against him and caused his defeat. Burr heard gossip of what Hamilton had said about him, and in his petty anger challenged Hamilton to a duel.

The Tragic Death of a Great Man

Now Hamilton was too modern to approve of dueling. Yet what could he do? If he refused, he felt that his influence in public affairs would be gone, and his family disgraced in the mistaken eyes of his friends. When his eldest son, Philip, had faced a similar dilemma a few years before, Hamilton had advised him to fire into the air. Philip had refused to fire at all, and was killed. With this sorrow heavy on his heart, Hamilton arranged his affairs and wrote a tender farewell to his wife, who knew nothing of the coming tragedy.

So on July 11, 1804, at Weehawken, across the Hudson from the lovely country home of the Hamiltons, the tragic folly was played out. Hamilton fired into the air. But Burr shot straight, and his enemy fell. The sunlight still lay golden on the cliffs and the river; and Burr lived on, to flee into exile and later to be tried as a traitor. But Hamilton's work was over.

ANDREW JACKSON



Andrew Jackson began having adventures almost as soon as he was born. That was partly due to the times and partly to his own violent temper and sturdy independence. Here, as a mere lad taken prisoner by the British, he has brought down on himself the wrath of an officer by refusing to black the man's boots.

"OLD HICKORY"

*As You Read the Story of Andrew Jackson, the Soldier Who
Became Our Seventh President, You Will See Why
He Got That Name*

THERE is hardly any better way to see how much the United States has changed in the past hundred years than to read the story of Andrew Jackson, the popular hero who was elected as its seventh president. The first six presidents, in spite of all the new ideas with which they helped to start our government, may be said in general to have been scholars and gentlemen of the "old school." Jackson was decidedly a newer kind of man, and he makes us almost want to say that he was the first modern American in the presidency. And yet so great has been the change in the land since his day that it would be a little hard to think of such a man as president now. We may have better presidents or worse ones, but at least we have rather different ones.

Born in South Carolina in 1767, Andrew Jackson was a little less than ten years old when our war broke out with the mother country. But young as he was, he managed

to have a little part in the war. His father was already dead, and his mother had several times had to flee from her home to escape the British soldiers. At the age of thirteen, with hardly any schooling, Andrew joined a band of troops and was almost immediately captured by the British. As a prisoner he had a hard life. He was wounded for refusing to black the boots of a certain officer, and his brother received a gash from which he later died. When he was set free he found that his mother had died while caring for the wounded soldiers.

It was a rough and brutal childhood, and it left Jackson with some rough and brutal ways. But if it gave him a hatred of the British, it gave him a love of fighting, and he was to gain his first real distinction, a little later, as a soldier.

Though he had very little education and hardly any love for it, Jackson wanted to get ahead; and in the new country, now set free, he thought his best chance was to be-

ANDREW JACKSON

come a lawyer. After studying law for two years, he was made prosecuting attorney for the large western district of North Carolina which was soon to become the state of Tennessee. There were fairly few white men in the region at the time, to dispute its ownership with the Indians, but more were coming all the while, and by 1796 the territory was ready to become a new state in the Union. Jackson helped to draw up its constitution, and was then sent from it to the House of Representatives, and for a short period to the Senate.

Then he returned to Tennessee and led a varied life as lawyer, planter, shopkeeper, and judge of the supreme court of the state. He was often in trouble. With a rugged heart of gold under his homespun clothes, he united a good deal of ignorance with a great deal of vigor. With his rough manners and the cue of his hair tied up in an celskin, he made a queer figure, either in Tennessee or in Washington. And he had a terrible temper that led him into many a quarrel. In those days on the frontier something was likely to happen when a man got into a quarrel, especially if the man was Andrew Jackson. So Jackson fought two duels, killing one of his men and getting a bad wound himself, and had another shooting affair in which he was wounded again. This was the man who was going to be one of our presidents, and one of the greater ones.

At least he was a fighter, and at the age of forty-five he had a chance to grow famous for it—when war with England came again in 1812. At once he offered his services

with the twenty-five hundred men he was sure he could enlist. The government made him a major general of militia and sent him to fight the Creek Indians. In seven months he had subdued the Indians and had become a general in the national army. After some

service in Florida, where he kept on showing his skill in handling his unruly troops with a ruthless will, he was sent to meet an expected attack of the British at New Orleans.

There the British met such a master of fighting as they had not seen on the land during the war. They sailed up the Mississippi to find Jackson's men behind a strong defense of mud and cotton bales. When the battle was over about two thousand of the British had fallen, and of the sharpshooters behind the cotton bales only seven were killed and six wounded. It is true that the brilliant victory was useless, and the men all died for nothing; for the peace had been signed in

Europe two weeks before the battle began, though neither side could know it. But the victory made Jackson the hero of the nation, and started him straight on the road to the presidency. He had won his nickname of "Old Hickory," and he knew he was headed for Washington.

In 1824 he received the largest vote of any candidate, but no candidate had a majority of the electoral votes, and according to the constitution the House of Representatives had to choose the president. It elected John Quincy Adams; and we may imagine the rage of a man like Jackson to see a man chosen president who had re-



Photo by Detroit Publishing Co

This is Andrew Jackson, who brought the spirit of the frontier to Washington. While he was in the White House, Jackson's determined will earned him another nickname to add to "Old Hickory"; the cartoonists called him "King Andrew."

ANDREW JACKSON

ceived fewer votes from the people than he had himself. Four years later there was no sort of question. Jackson was the hero of the people, and they saw to it that he went to Washington.

There was a good deal of fear when he came there, and a rather wild time. He was no such "gentleman" as the six men who had served before him. They had come from the best families of the land, and he had come out of the backwoods. What was going to happen with a president who had such a violent temper that years before he had been almost afraid to open his mouth in Congress for fear that he would fly into an uncontrollable rage and make a spectacle of himself?

One of Our Most Popular Presidents

Yet in spite of all the criticism that he met, Jackson managed to become one of the most popular presidents we ever had. It has indeed been said that he was the only president we ever had who was more popular at the end of his eight years than at the beginning. And that means a great deal. It means, for one thing, that he was an honest man. It means that, with whatever faults he may have shown, he did far more things that the people thought right than things that they thought wrong. But above all it means that Andrew Jackson, in spite of his uncouth ways, had come to be the kind of man that America had grown to love and honor the straightforward, hard-hitting man of energy who despised silken diplomacy and called a spade a spade.

Of course he made his errors as a statesman. He could not get along with his cabinet because he was too headstrong; so he organized his famous "kitchen cabinet" of a few men who gave him advice. It was plentifully ridiculed. He went much too far with the "spoils system," turning out of office the government servants of the other party to make places for the men of his own

side. He hated and distrusted some of the greatest men in the government, often for very poor reasons, and confided in some of the weaker ones. He made mistakes in financial policy which brought on a panic, just as he was leaving office, and a long period of poor business. It is only fair to put down these things.

An Issue That Ended in War

But he also did many wise things, and always in the most courageous way. In the new country no one was quite sure just how much right the separate states had as against the national government, and South Carolina began to try defying the tariff laws of Congress. Her action was the famous one of "nullification"; and with a strong hand Jackson provisionally settled the question which was finally to be settled by the Civil War—the question of the right of any state to dispute the law of the national government. That was one of his great deeds.

A Man for the Masses

He stood against a national bank in the United States, like the Bank of England and the Bank of France in the lands they represent. On this point opinion is still divided as to his wisdom. And in general he stood for the rights of the plain man, or of the masses, as against the interests of the wealthy and of "big business." He paid off the national debt, refused to spend the people's money on any kind of pomp or display, and so reduced taxes to a low point. For favoring the "masses" as against the "interests" he has remained, with Jefferson, a hero with all that large portion of our voters who believe that this is the main permanent problem of our political life.

And he left us an ideal of the "strenuous life" which we have seen in many a famous American since—an ideal that we have come to think rather peculiarly American. He died in 1845.

SAM HOUSTON



Photo courtesy Houston Chamber of Commerce

Sam Houston was cast in heroic mold. The photograph we have reproduced above shows well his noble bearing, his strong and kindly nature, his power to charm and to command. With almost no education he spoke and wrote well, for he loved to read. His ideals were largely formed by Pope's translation of the "Iliad" - his favorite book, read and reread throughout his youth. It was the book he was reading when two of his brothers came to try to "rescue" him from his early life with the Indians. "I prefer measuring deer tracks to tape," was his reply to them.

When Sam Houston went off to fight in the War of 1812 his mother gave him a plain gold ring which he always wore thereafter. Inside it was engraved a single word: Honor. She gave him that word for his motto to guide him through the defeats and triumphs, the joys and bitter pain that fell to his lot.

She gave him, also, a musket. "Take this musket," she said, "and never disgrace it, for remember, I had rather all my sons should fill one honorable grave than that one of them should turn his back to save his life. Go, and remember, too, that while the door of my cabin is open to brave men, it is eternally shut against cowards."

When, fifty years later, the great man lay dead his wife took the ring from his finger and showed to his children, gathered near the bedside, that single word that had been the keynote of their father's life.

BRAVE and GIFTED HERO of the LONE STAR STATE

Sam Houston: the Man Who Led Texans to Victory in Their War for Independence and Then as President Guided Their New Nation

WHEN the last century was still new and the United States was still a very young country clinging to the eastern seaboard, the youthful widow of Major Houston (hūs'tūn) picked up her brood of six boys and three girls and moved from their home near Lexington, Virginia to the wilds of Tennessee. Life was hard anywhere in those days, but on the frontier she owned land - land which her big-boned sons could farm. They would find plenty of space to make of themselves what they would. They picked out a site near Maryville, not far from the Tennessee River, and there they built their cabin and set about clearing the land.

It must all have seemed a splendid adventure to Sam, then a boy of about fourteen. The rivers were full of fish, the woods were full of game, and just across the river was Indian land, where the Cherokees roamed at will. He was big and restless and self-reliant - as any frontier boy was likely to be - and he had little heart for growing corn or hauling timber. Occasionally he went to school for a few weeks, and at sixteen he tried working in the village store. But romance and adventure lay across the big river and it was there that he spent most of the three years that followed the day he ran away from home at the age of fifteen.

SAM HOUSTON

The Cherokees liked the size and spirit of this dark, gray-eyed youth who had so coolly crossed the border and settled himself in their midst. It was not long before Sam was the darling of the tribe. They taught him their language until he knew it as his own. The secrets of the woodlands he learned from their braves. From their chiefs who spoke at the council fire he learned the dignity and poise that made him a commander of men. From the hard Indian life he learned the courage and endurance that stood him in good stead through the stormy years that followed.

Hero in the War of 1812

Sam's father had fought in the Revolution, and it was hardly likely that a strapping youth like Sam should fail to hear the call of the life and drum when the War of 1812 broke out. He enlisted in 1813, and though he was only twenty—he had been born on March 2nd, 1793—he soon had a commission under Andrew Jackson. Over river and mountain and deep into dark forests he went to hunt out the Creeks, who had joined forces with the British. The war left the young soldier burdened with debts and pestered by a wound which never got really well. But it also brought him the friendship of Andrew Jackson, one of the greatest men of his day.

It was Jackson who guided Sam to the study of law in 1818, and it was "Old Hickory" who helped him, within a year, to the post of district attorney for the Nashville District. The practice of law was a passionate business in those days. Sam Houston had a rough and ready eloquence that won his frontier listeners. With fiery tongue and racy speech he pleaded his causes with the ardor of a preacher. From district attorney he was catapulted upward until in 1823 he was elected to Congress and in 1827 was elected governor of Tennessee. All this time he was working hard to build the the young party that Jackson was leading.

A Man the Frontier Loved

No wonder the frontier loved this forceful young man. He was now thirty-five, mature and resourceful. He carried his six feet, two inches with the grace of an Indian. His thick shock of hair was brushed straight back from

his forehead. Handsome, charming, and vastly successful, he seemed to be rushing head-on for the White House. Society fêted him, scheming mothers sought him for their daughters, but Houston was still a bachelor. For a man with presidential ambitions this was a real disadvantage.

It was with a great deal of pleasure, therefore, that his friends learned, early in 1829, that their governor was about to be married to Eliza Allen, the eighteen-year-old daughter of a wealthy family in Gallatin, Tennessee. Eliza was a little cold and silent perhaps, but she was possessed of an exquisite blond beauty, her father was influential, and all in all it seemed an ideal match.

The couple had been married only a short time when the people of Tennessee were stunned by the news that their governor had resigned. He gave no explanation, but the word spread fast that his young bride had left him at the end of two months. Gossip was tossed from tongue to tongue. The world speculated freely as to the cause of her flight. But the pair kept their own counsel and to this day we know absolutely nothing about what broke up the marriage.

But we do know that Houston now sank to the lowest depths of despair. He fled from Tennessee and once more sought refuge among his old friends the Indians. On the Verdigris River near Fort Gibson, in what is now Oklahoma, he set up an Indian trading post called the Wigwam and gave himself up to the wild loose life of that wild lawless land.

Defender of the Indians

Even there, in the midst of his bitterness, his talents found him out. He had hardly arrived when he was obliged to set about preventing a serious war between the Cherokees who were living round about and the Pawnee Indians. The Cherokees formally made him a member of their tribe, and to any Indian in need of help who dropped into his trading post he became a faithful friend. In spite of the drunkenness into which he now sank and the despair that ruled him he made the long hard trip to Washington nearly every year to try to get justice for the red man.

And it was his interest in the red man that finally proved to be his salvation from

SAM HOUSTON

his misery and degradation. On one of his trips to Washington he saw his old friend Andrew Jackson, who persuaded him to go into Texas (1832) to bring about peace between the Cherokees and the savage Comanches, who were raiding the towns on the border. A new future began to unfold for him.

Rebellion Brews in Texas

He sensed at once the rebellious mood that was growing in Texas, which of course was still a part of Mexico. Tyrannical Mexican laws, framed without any thought of the needs of the people, kept the colonists chafing. The next year Houston went to a convention in Texas and voted to send Stephen Austin to Mexico to try to get statehood for Texas. In 1835 he finally established himself permanently in what was soon to be a separate American republic.

As war between Texas and Mexico loomed nearer and nearer Houston was made commander of the regular army of Texas under the provisional government. Now he foresightedly made a treaty with the Indians by way of keeping them quiet. On March 2nd, 1836—fittingly enough, on his birthday—Texas declared her independence from Mexico and established herself as an independent republic. A few days later Houston took command of the nation's little army of 400 men.

The Amazing Victory of San Jacinto

Events now swooped down upon him. The glorious defeat of Texan troops at the Battle of the Alamo made it necessary that something be done at once. He drilled his troops and kept out of the way of Santa Anna, the Mexican general, until he was able to get two small cannon. Then he led his 783 men to meet the enemy's 1,300 or 1,400, and at a point where Buffalo Bayou enters the San Jacinto River he surprised the Mexicans as they were encamped and wiped them out in fifteen minutes. Sixteen Texans were killed and twenty-five wounded. Nearly the whole Mexican force was killed or captured. Houston was shot through the ankle and Santa Anna was taken prisoner.

After the war the people of Texas were con-

fused and bitter and Houston was away in New Orleans to get medical help for his ankle. When he came back they speedily turned to him and on September 1st, 1836, elected him to be president of the Texan Republic—confident that "Old Sam" was the only man to clean up the mess. Against great opposition he sent his old enemy Santa Anna safely back to Mexico. And a few months later he persuaded the government of the United States to recognize his new nation.

And now Houston's storm-tossed craft seemed to have come into safe harbor at last. In 1840 he married Margaret Lea of Alabama. She was much younger than he and deeply religious, but in spite of his long days of roistering he proved to be an admirable husband and the marriage was a happy one. They had eight children.

President of Texas

For five years, though not consecutively, Houston was president of Texas. When she was admitted to the Union (1845) he was one of the first senators she sent to Washington. There he battled to preserve the Union through all the fourteen years of his stay in the Senate. But it was a losing fight, and at home he was meeting more and more bitter opposition. Finally he was defeated there. But in 1859 he was elected governor of Texas over an opponent who had defeated him for the office only two years before. Naturally during his years in Congress he never failed to plead for his Indian friends.

When the South seceded at last Houston refused to take the oath of allegiance to the Confederacy and was deposed (1861). But he also refused to let Union troops re-establish his authority. To him the Union was indivisible, but he was not going to bring bloodshed to his people by way of proving that he was right.

Now he went to live on his farm at Huntsville, where he died in 1863, while his son was a wounded prisoner in a Northern camp. He had been offered a generalship in the Mexican War and had refused. But to him, perhaps more than to any other one man, we owe that great empire now lying in the southwestern corner of the United States.

HENRY CLAY



Photo by Roschitz

It is a dramatic story, that of the three statesmen whose voices were oftenest heard in the generation before the Civil War. There was Webster, from Massachusetts, to speak for the North. There was Calhoun, from South Carolina, to speak for the South. And there was Clay, from Kentucky – a border state—

to try his best to get North and South together. Time after time the nation nearly ran on the rocks, and was steered off in the nick of time by some compromise. And no one was so good at thinking up compromises as Clay, or so eloquent in urging them. In this picture he is addressing the Senate on the Compromise of 1850.

HE “WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT *than* BE PRESIDENT”

The Famous Words Are Those of Henry Clay, a Great Statesman in a Stormy Age

A MAN can please all the people some of the time, and some of the people all the time, but never will he please all the people all the time. There are two main ways in which he may steer his course when the people are bitterly divided, and both ways may be altogether honest. He may come out boldly for one side and against the other, and then he will be beloved by half of the people and hated by the other half. Or he may do his best to make some sort of give-and-take arrangement between the two sides, each to give up part of its demands and to get the other part, and both to be thus satisfied. Any such arrangement is a compromise (kōm'prō-mīz), and there

are a good many men who think it is the best way to get on in the world. If it works, the man may be hailed by both sides. If it fails, he may be left with hardly a friend in the world.

Henry Clay was probably the greatest man we ever had for compromise. It was not that he did not have firm opinions on the vexing and perilous questions of his day, and certainly it was not that he was lacking in courage and honesty. But he saw no hope for either side to have all its own way without breaking up the land into two countries, and so he was very often offering one compromise or another in the effort to keep the two sides working

HENRY CLAY

together in peace enough to preserve the nation.

That is the main key to his character and his career, and the main reason for the successes and the failures that came to him in all the troublous time when he was a chief figure in our government.

Henry Clay was born in Virginia in 1777, just as we were fighting for our independence. He lost his father at the age of four, and was soon called on to help his mother. So he did not have much chance to go to school, though he loved his books. But at fifteen he became a clerk to a judge in court, and the judge found him so promising that he saw to it that the boy secured a legal training. Clay therefore became a lawyer in Richmond when he was twenty, and soon afterwards moved out to Kentucky, where he rapidly grew prosperous in the new land to the west.

He must have known he was an able man, and very early he started to train himself for his career as a statesman. With a magical voice and a great gift of eloquence, he would go out into the woods and harangue an imaginary multitude, or into the barn and make a passionate address to the horses. Such was the training that made him capable of working his will upon real multitudes when he came upon the scene of political action.

He came very early to the scene. After various services to his own state, he was sent to the United States Senate at the age of twenty-nine, to fill an unexpired term. In 1811 he was elected to the House of Representatives, and was made the speaker of the House on his first day in it—a thing that had never happened to a man before and has never happened to one since. The office of speaker is a very powerful one—it is often said to be more powerful than that of president—and Clay had leaped at once into great influence and fame.

In his first years in the House he had a great part in bringing on the War of 1812 with Great Britain, and he was one of the men sent to settle on the treaty which ended the war. Then he spent nearly all the rest of his life in the government, as speaker of the House for about ten years, as senator for a longer period, and as secretary of state under the presidency of John Quincy Adams. He was one of the great trio of senators in his day—

Webster, Calhoun, and Clay—and the most magnetic of the three. And of course he was a man who seemed destined for the presidency. But though he ran three times he was always defeated. Some of the reason for that we shall see a little later.

All through his days there was a terrible question, or set of questions, before the country. It was the question of slavery, with all its attendant problems, especially the one of the tariff. Over the dispute about slavery and the tariff the North and the South were split in bitter strife, and every year it grew

clearer that there was no way to bring them together. The real question soon came to be whether we were going to be one nation or two countries, and that was the worst problem that our statesmen ever had to face. No way was ever found to settle it except in the bitterest war we ever fought.

Henry Clay did not live to see the war, but he saw the danger of it and he did everything in his power to stave it off. This was where his genius for compromise came into play, and did a great deal to satisfy both sides for at least a time. A strong believer in the high tariff which the North wanted, Clay was yet willing and able to get his followers to give up a good part of their demands in order to pacify the enemies of the tariff in the South—especially in South Carolina, where the hatred of the tariff was so great that the state was threatening to ignore and “nullify” the law of the land.



Photo by Brady

This is Henry Clay, statesman and orator, who won his fame as the Great Pacificator, and yet could honestly say, “I would rather be right than be president.”

HENRY CLAY

A strong foe of slavery, Clay was able and willing to steer a middle course between the violent men who wanted the blot of slavery wiped off our land by any means and at any cost, and the other men, like Calhoun, who wanted the government to exclude from the mails any book or newspaper that spoke out for freeing the slaves.

The angriest part of the question came over the admission of the new states that were always coming into the Union. If they came in as "free" states, the North would have enough votes to get all its own way in the government, and if they came in as "slave" states, the South would gain a similar advantage. Much as he hated slavery, Clay arranged a series of compromises over this matter. The famous one was the "Missouri Compromise" of 1820, which allowed slavery in Missouri but forbade it in any other state north of Missouri's southern boundary. Another was the "Compromise of 1850" which took in California as a free state and left Utah and New Mexico to decide for themselves.

No such laws could have been pressed through by a man who, loving slavery or hating it, felt that it was the one thing by which all other things must stand or fall. But Clay was not that kind of man. The one thing above all others was to get along. If they could get along only by compromising, then the best thing was to compromise. And since "getting along" meant no less a thing than saving the Union, Clay felt that

his compromises were made in an even greater cause than that of freeing the slaves. It is fair to say that at the very time of his last compromise Clay nearly lost his seat in the Senate by a repeated proposal that the slaves in his own state of Kentucky should be set free.

Indeed it is fair to say that there were things on which even Henry Clay would not compromise. After all, he is the man who gave us the famous words, "I would rather be right than be president." He was too upright a man not to have causes that were sacred. But short of that, his genius was for arranging ways to get along. Sometimes his ways made him very popular with both sides, as when they hailed him as the "Great Pacificator" after the Missouri Compromise. Sometimes they earned him only the hatred of each side. And that was at least part of the reason why he never could be elected president.

Without being a really great thinker, Clay was a magnificent orator. He was remarkable for personal charm. He was a man of unquestionable honor and of fine courtesy. Even some of his bitterest enemies loved and admired him as a man. Old John Randolph of Roanoke, one of the most picturesque men we ever had, and one of Clay's steadiest foes, once insisted on being carried into the Senate on his sick bed, when Clay was going to speak, in order to "hear that voice once more."

The voice ceased to speak in 1850.

This stately house in Lexington, Kentucky, was the home of Henry Clay, who never was president but was "right" about a good many things.



Henry Clay started out as a judge's clerk, but soon became one of the greatest of the statesmen of his time.



This pleasant house was the home of John C. Calhoun, one of the ablest of American statesmen in the days before the Civil War. Calhoun settled in it with his wife and children in 1825; the house stands now on the campus of Clemson College, still haunted by mem-

ories of its distinguished builder. It is in the South Carolina uplands, not far from where Calhoun's grandmother was killed by the Indians while the region was still wild frontier. Because the spot had been fortified in those old times, Calhoun's house is called "Fort Hill "

A GREAT STATESMAN *from the* SOUTH

No Man in the Government during the Trying Days before the Civil War Owned a Keener Brain than John C. Calhoun

GIVE a boy Scotch parents and then put him in a new country with all sorts of hard questions to solve as it grows into a great nation; teach him above all things that God has given him a way to find out the eternal right and that once having found it he must never swerve a hair's breadth from its straight path; and what will he turn out to be?

Just a good, honest citizen, if he is only an average boy. But if he happens to have very unusual brains, he is very likely to become a John C. Calhoun. And all through the life of the great American who bore that name we are going to see results of such a parentage and such a training.

Like any other boy born on a South Carolina farm in 1782, Calhoun had his work to do. To be sure, his father was rich enough to live in a frame house while most of the other people around dwelt in log cabins, and there were Negro slaves to do a great deal of the work. But no Calhoun boy was going to be idle for that reason, and this one was so busy on the plantation that he never went to school until he was thirteen. At that age he spent a year with a sister who had married a Presbyterian minister, and in her care he had some lessons. He took the lessons so earnestly that he would read and study from breakfast until late at night. No wonder his health broke

JOHN C. CALHOUN

down, and that he had to go back to the open air of the plantation. At the time he used to say that he did not care about learning, but all the same when he had a book in his hand he could not tear himself away from it.

His father saw that he had a brilliant boy and thought his son ought to become a lawyer. So away John went to school again, this time to Georgia. It was a good school, though a strange one. The boys all lived in log cabins. When they heard a horn blow in the morning they knew it was time to go to prayers at the master's house. Then they would take their books out into the woods and study under the trees. On cold days they would build a roaring fire of pine knots, and nothing except rain would keep them in doors.

Calhoun had never opened a book of Latin when he started at this school, but he mastered his subjects so quickly that in two years he was ready for the junior class at Yale. After his graduation he studied law, and then went back to South Carolina to engage in practice.

In a year he had been elected to the legislature of his state, and three years later he went to Congress. Then began a brilliant career of forty years in Washington, through all of which he was famous as an orator, a statesman, and a political writer. Most of the time he was in the Senate, but he held several other offices. He was secretary of war under President Monroe, vice president with John Quincy Adams and Andrew Jackson, and secretary of state under President Tyler. More than once he was thought of for the presidency, and he was certainly far superior to some of the presidents under whom he served. But it was in the Senate that he did his great work. He was one of the three famous leaders of the Senate in his day. Webster, Clay, and Calhoun were the three. No one of them ever became president, but we have not often seen their equals in Washington since.

During his long years in Washington he

measured swords with these men and many others, and took part in many causes. If Webster was the most eloquent of the three and Clay the most fascinating, it was probably Calhoun who had the finest intellect.

In his first year in Washington he had a prominent part in bringing on the War of 1812 with England. From that time on he was a national figure. Aside from the many minor questions on which he spoke and wrote, there were three main matters in which he led the fight for his side all through his career as a public man. These were the question of the tariff, the question of "nullification" which grew mainly out of it, and the question of slavery. And these were really all one, or at least were parts of a larger whole, as we shall now explain.

The great struggle between the North and the South was on its way. It smouldered and flamed out in the Congress for forty years and more before it was finally settled in the Civil War. The North was the land

of industry, the South was the land of plantations, and there was a great clash of interests between the two parts of the country. The North wanted a tariff to aid its manufactures while the South hated the tariff because it would do nothing for the farmers except make them pay higher prices for everything they had to buy. The North was turning more and more against slavery, and the feeling was rising bitterly; the South wanted to keep the slaves to work on the vast plantations where they were needed. And there were many other conflicts of interest that were becoming more and more acute.

The North was growing very much more rapidly than the South in population, and was also sending out great numbers of its people to the western territories that would soon become states. So the South foresaw the day when the greater population of the North could always outvote the people in the South, and so pass whatever laws they liked about the tariff, about slavery, and all other questions where there was a divided



Photo by Brady

This earnest and intellectual face belonged to John C. Calhoun.

JOHN C. CALHOUN

interest. Such was the situation all through Calhoun's years in the government, and he, as well as all other Southerners, was alarmed about it.

Now there was still a great question as to just how much power the separate states had given to the national government when they came into the Union. Certainly they had not given it all the powers that most governments, such as those of France and England, enjoy; for the states had kept, and still keep, a good deal of power for themselves. Was the national government seizing powers it was never meant to have? If so, asked the Southerners like Calhoun, and if one part of the country is getting the best of another part through these unlawful powers, can the other part simply step out of the Union into which it first came only on another understanding? If the national government passes a law that is beyond its true power, may a state government simply nullify that law, as South Carolina tried to nullify the tariff? And if the national government passes too many of these laws, may the state simply secede from the Union?

Those were the terrible questions that vexed our government all through these

years. It was the question whether we were going to be one country or two. And to that question Calhoun devoted what were probably the keenest brains in the government. He decided for the rights of the states. It was no hasty decision, and the arguments he brought to bear were no easy ones for a Webster or anyone else to answer. Neither did Calhoun want to see two countries instead of one, if that could possibly be helped. But he did honestly feel, and powerfully argue, that his own state had the right to nullify a very objectionable law, and even to secede from the Union if such laws went too far against its own interest. There were many men who felt that way; Calhoun was the ablest of them all.

We all know he lost the fight, and we are all glad that we are one country. But we may all pay the highest respect to a man who came to an opinion so honestly and fought for it like a lion. For we never had a man of sterner honesty in our government than John Caldwell Calhoun. Surely he would be as glad as any of us now in the salvation of the Union. But he did not live to see the question settled, he died in 1850, eleven years before the war it brought upon us

As we read the story of the events that led to the Civil War, we must not forget how different the country was then from what it is to-day. Here, for instance, is Fort Dearborn, as it looked in Calhoun's day. Around it the city of Chicago finally grew up.

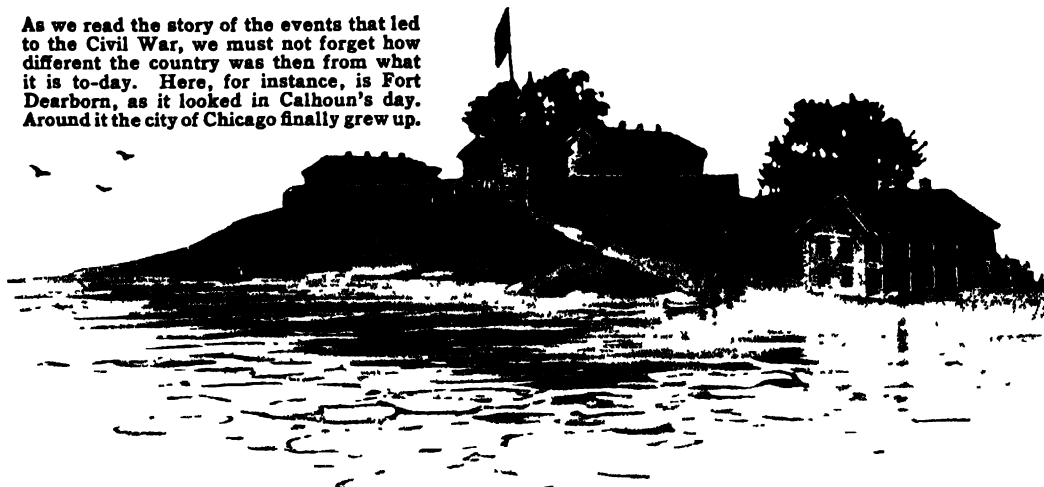


Photo by Chicago Historical Society

DANIEL WEBSTER



This stern and dignified person is Daniel Webster, most famous of all American orators. The determination that looks out of his eyes spoke also in his strong and convincing words. No American was ever more formidable in debate.

You may have read the stirring words of Webster's "Reply to Hayne." Perhaps no one thing did more to bind together the people of the North, both east and west, in a great love for the Union and the Stars and Stripes.

The GREATEST of OUR ORATORS

*No Other American Has Owned a Tongue So Golden as
That of Daniel Webster*

A LAWYER with a countenance of granite had brought his first great case to the Supreme Court. He was by no means an unknown man, for he had already served four years in Congress, where he had been prominent; but even yet the country little knew the power of the man. The case in hand was very dear to his heart, for it was that of his own college of Dartmouth. And in this case he was going to show that he would some day be known as the greatest of all American orators. For the man was Daniel Webster.

He spoke for five hours, in what was possibly the most remarkable speech the Supreme Court ever heard. One of the judges who heard him said, "For the first hour we listened to him with perfect astonishment, for the second hour with perfect delight, and for the third hour with perfect conviction." He won the case for his college, and went out of the court a marked man. He was to win many another case in the

years to come, before that court and before the vast court of the people of his nation; and his greatest case was to be the case of the nation itself, to whose salvation he gave all the gifts and all the strength he owned.

Daniel Webster was born in a small frame house in New Hampshire, in the year 1782. He was soon seen to be a remarkable boy, and his family scraped together enough money to send him through Dartmouth. Then he studied law and taught school for a time, and was admitted to the bar in 1805. From 1813 to 1817 he was in Congress. Then he gave up his seat when he changed his residence to Massachusetts, and did not return to Congress until 1823. In the meantime he practiced law, and it was in this period that he came before the Supreme Court. Once he returned to the government, he remained a member of it for nearly all the rest of his life—as representative for four more years, as senator for

DANIEL WEBSTER

nearly twenty, and as secretary of state, under President Harrison, President Tyler and President Fillmore.

That is the bare list of his offices. With the great gifts at his command, what did he do in those high positions?

Webster's Power of Reason

In answer to that we must first say that Webster was a good deal more than a man with a golden tongue. He was a close reasoner; if not quite the equal of his great adversary Calhoun in this, he was still a formidable opponent to meet in logic. And from boyhood up he had made a study of the problems of law and government. It is said that as a boy he had memorized the constitution of the United States when he found it printed on a cotton handkerchief; and certainly as a man he had made a profound study of it and of all the questions about it that were perplexing the statesmen of his day.

The great question for him was the one that split the North and South apart and threatened to divide the land into two countries—the question of the rights of the states. This was not merely the question of slavery. On that point the position of Webster was clear. He did not like slavery, but it was not in violation of the constitution, and he was not one of the main spokesmen against it. But on the point of states' rights, which grew mainly out of slavery, he stood out like a man of steel.

The great question was this: When the thirteen states had first gone into the Union, had they given the national government supreme authority over all that concerned the whole Union, or had they reserved to each state a good deal of the power that the national government was now claiming? And if the national government had gradually taken on a good deal of power that it was never meant to have, could a given state simply refuse to obey the power, or simply step out of the Union? Had it gone in with a promise to stay forever, no matter what laws were made, or did it have a right to get out when it felt that the terms on which it had entered were being disregarded?

There was many a man of brains, especially in the South, who believed in the right of the state to step out of the Union. There were many others who held the opposite view and made it a holy cause. Webster was one of these; and no man in his time gave better reason, or half so beautiful an utterance, on the side of the Union and against any man or any state that would claim the right to split it apart. That is the keynote, never varying, of every speech he made touching the subject. Above all, it is the keynote of his famous "Reply to Hayne" on the problem the great speech that ends with the words "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!"

It was with words like these ringing in their minds that many of the soldiers marched off to war thirty years later, to save the Union from breaking up. No man had spoken such words so well as Webster. But he did not live to see the war that finally settled the terrible problem. It came nine years after his death in 1852.

Why We Remember Webster

Such was his main service. In his long career in office he had a share in many other things. He was always in demand for orations, and parts of his speeches will long be the favorite recitations of our budding orators in the schools. Such was his speech at the two hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, such his even greater speech in celebration of Bunker Hill. He took his part fearlessly in all the questions of importance that came up in the Congress during his time. As secretary of state he settled the troublesome question of the boundary line between Maine and Canada, and smoothed over a number of other problems with Great Britain. He did a great deal to make the federal government secure in its power to make laws looking to the good and harmony of all the states together, such as the interstate commerce laws which we now have.

Since his day there has been no public man in America of so impressive an appearance or with half so gifted a tongue.

The HERO of ALL DIXIE LAND

Brilliant Soldier and Gallant Gentleman, Robert E. Lee Has Long Since Become a Hero Too for the Entire Nation

LONG before the days of Robert E. Lee, Virginia had had reason to be proud of the family from which he came. Five or six Lees had helped to govern the Old Dominion in colonial days. Two of them had signed the Declaration of Independence.

Robert's own father was once governor of Virginia; he had been the famous "Light Horse Harry" Lee of Washington's army. But Robert E. Lee was so great a man that when anyone now speaks of "Lee" there is not the least question which Lee is meant.

Born in Virginia in 1807, he inherited all the family tradition of military and public service. President Jackson appointed him to West Point, and he was graduated with very high honors.

Two years later he married Mary Custis, great-granddaughter of Martha Washington. So the traditions of another of Virginia's fine old families were joined to his. It would be hard to say which of the young couple was more devoted to Virginia.

They were very happy, except when Lee was stationed at some far-away post, in the Mississippi country perhaps, or in Texas. Then they would write long letters to console each other.

When the Mexican War broke out, Mary

Lee had something worse than mere absence to grieve over, for her young husband was in the thick of it. He gave such good service that he came out of the war a colonel instead of a captain. And the American commander, General Scott, called him "the greatest military genius in America."

After the war was over, he was made superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point. Lee liked this work very much, for he delighted in the promising young Americans studying under him. Then, too, it meant that he could be with his family. He was sadly disappointed when he

was transferred to service on an Indian reservation; but always a good soldier, he obeyed orders without question. At least this new work was with the cavalry, and Lee loved and understood horses. Who has not heard of the famous gray horse, Traveler, which Lee himself rode all through the Civil War?

The time to ride Traveler forth to battle was coming all too fast. Lincoln had been elected president. One by one, with South Carolina in the lead, the Southern states were seceding from the Union. What would Virginia do? She debated, hesitated, decided to throw in her lot with the South. Robert E. Lee was faced with one of the most difficult decisions in history.

For thirty-two years he had been in the

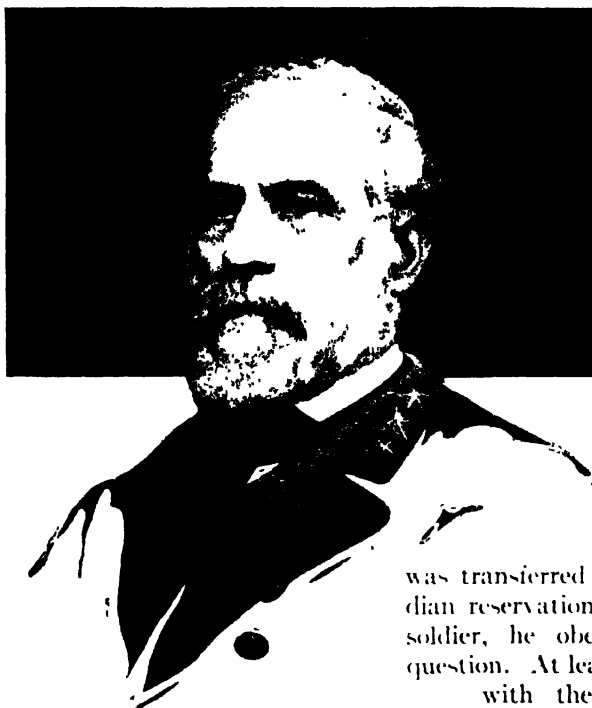


Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

This is Robert E. Lee, whose name is enrolled among the world's great soldiers, and who is remembered with loving admiration for his nobility as a man.

service of the Union, and he loved it dearly. "I can anticipate no greater calamity for the country than the dissolution of the Union," he said. President Lincoln, at the suggestion of General Scott, was offering him the command of all the Union armies in the field—the greatest honor a Union soldier could have. Many of his old comrades in arms were waiting anxiously for him to lead them.

Lee's Hard Choice

But there was Virginia. Even more than he loved the Union, he loved his native state, that state in whose glorious history he and his family and his wife's family had had so great a part. And was a Union worth saving if it had to be saved by force? He thought not. When he had spoken of the calamity which the breaking up of the Union would be, he had added: "Still a union that can only be maintained by swords and bayonets, and in which strife and civil war are to take the place of brotherly love and kindness, has no charms for me." And if he fought to force his beloved Virginia back into a Union in which she no longer wished to be, he must be ready to capture Virginian cities and shoot at Virginian soldiers. He could not do it. "I have been unable to make up my mind," he wrote to General Scott, "to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, and my home."

So the greatest military genius of the Civil War, and one of its noblest spirits was lost to the North and gained by the South. If Lee had decided the other way, the history of the war would doubtless have been much shorter, and would certainly have been very different.

For Lee became military adviser to Jefferson Davis, president of the Southern Confederacy, and it was he who all through the war directed the Confederate armies. What campaigns were fought and what battles were lost and won you may read in our story of the Civil War. General after general was put into command of the Federal armies, but none of them could do much against Lee. The Federals always had more men, more supplies, more artillery; but somehow Lee always managed to outwit them or outma-

neuver them. It is possible that the Southerners would even have won the battle of Gettysburg if the Confederate general Longstreet had taken Lee's advice and attacked before all the Union troops had arrived.

Finally General Grant won the war by sheer force of numbers and of grim determination. He knew he had more men and money than Lee had, and he simply kept at it until Lee had to give in. Then, in April, 1865, the great Virginian met his victorious opponent at Appomattox (ăp'ô-măt'ŭks) Courthouse to sign the terms of surrender. This he did with a quiet dignity which made him seem as great in defeat as any victor who has ever won a war. As he left the conference, tall and straight in his spotless gray, the Union officers saluted him in respectful silence.

And what of his ragged and hungry army, waiting mournfully to receive him when he returned to the Confederate lines? They crowded about him and Traylor, their eyes tearful with grief for the lost cause and with affection for their leader. For one of the greatest things about Lee was the love he inspired in his soldiers. They respected him and obeyed him—but above all they loved him. If they had not, it is hard to see how he could have kept the field so long.

Indeed, Lee was one of the gentlest and noblest men who ever chose the life of a soldier. He hated the war, and suffered with his men. He did not hate the enemy. Once a man said to him of the Northerners, "I wish all of those people were dead." But Lee replied, "How can you say so? Now I wish they were all at home tending their business, leaving us to do the same."

So when the armies, North and South, at last did go home to attend to their business, Lee did his best to bring back friendship and peace. He urged his men to return to private life and be good citizens of the Union that had been restored. He did not let even the suffering of the time of Reconstruction make him bitter. He himself had, of course, left the army. He was made president of Washington College, at Lexington, in his own Virginia. Here he died, in 1870, at the age of sixty-three.



THE LINCOLN

One of the most beautiful things in Washington is the Lincoln Memorial, with its gleaming pillars and gracious lines. To see it, as we do here, across the little lake and through the blossoming cherry trees, is a delight and an inspiration. Since the cherry trees came to Washington from far-off Japan, in token of friendship to a later president, their blossoms may re-

mind us of the broad sympathy of the man who loved people of all races. If we go into the Memorial, we shall see the great president sitting there before us, a giant figure graven in stone. And looking at him once we shall be awed by the nobility of his face; and looking at him again we shall be certain that we see a friendly smile about his lips.

The GREATEST PRESIDENT

All the World Has Given That Name to Abraham Lincoln, the Most Loving and Most Lovable of All Our Public Men

READ the story of this man. You will never read of any other man more noble or more lovable, of any other life more like a miracle. For it is the story of a boy who first opened his eyes in the wilds of an all but pathless forest and who closed them fifty-six years later as the master and the savior of a nation.

Abraham Lincoln was born on February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky, then a wilderness almost untracked by white men. His own grandfather had been killed there by the Indians. For the first seven years of his life the boy lived there, with his father,

his mother, whose maiden name was Nancy Hanks, and his sister Sally, all in a one-room cabin that stood in a small clearing. The vast woods all about and the little garden and cornfield supplied the family with their food.

The father, Thomas Lincoln, had learned to be a carpenter, but he was a shiftless man who liked hunting and roaming the forest better than any regular work. Instead of carpentering, or even caring for his own small field, he spent many a day wandering through the great unexplored woods, shooting what small game he could and bringing it home to his family.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

To the mother fell the burden of caring for the children, digging in the fields, chopping the wood, and doing the housework. She spent long hours at her work, but when her tasks were done she still found time to talk with her children, to teach them the little that she knew, and to urge them to get all the education they could.

In 1816 the restless father moved the family to southern Indiana. The journey was slow and hard. There were no roads, and at times he and the boy had to chop a path through the forest. When they reached a spot in Spencer County, they stopped to build a home. They had to clear the land for planting crops and to build a shelter for the winter. In all this work young Abraham helped as best he could.

It was late in the autumn, and there was not time to build a real cabin. The family spent the first winter in a half faced camp, made out of poles and branches, closed on three sides and protected on the fourth by a huge fire that burned day and night. When spring came, they built a better house. It was another log cabin. But no door hung in the doorway and there was no glass in the windows. The floor was only dirt, packed down hard and smooth. Poles were fastened to the wall and covered with skins to serve as beds; and crude three-legged stools did for chairs. The most comfortable thing in the whole cabin was the great fireplace that supplied the family both with heat and light.

Walking Nine Miles to School

Now that Abe—for that is what they called him—was growing up, he used to help his parents all he could. Yet when a school opened in the neighborhood, his mother in-

sisted that he leave the farm work to her and go to the class. His father felt that the boy ought to stay at home to help with the work, but the mother's pleas finally won, and Abe attended school a few days at a time, traveling nine miles each way. When he had to stay at home, either because he was needed there or because of the bad weather, he still studied every minute that he could.

Two years later a great loss came to him.

An epidemic of a strange illness swept the country, and the mother fell ill and died. Here in the lonely wilderness Abraham Lincoln helped his father cut the planks and build the coffin in which to bury their loved one. Alone they buried

her. After that the children were left more and more to themselves. For days the

father tramped the woods, and left the lonely, frightened children to look out for themselves, their house, and their little farm. Then one day he told them that he was going on a trip back to Kentucky. Some months later he returned and brought with him another wife, Mrs. Sarah Bush Johnston, and her three children.

The Lowly Cabin Where Lincoln Lived

Her coming brought cheer again, for she was a good woman and a loving mother. Besides, she brought with her a wagonload of real furniture, bedding, and pots and pans. Almost at once she persuaded the men to make the cabin more livable by putting glass in the empty windows, a door at the open doorway, and a good wooden floor in the whole cabin. Then she arranged the table and the chairs, the fine bureau, the large clothes chest, and the other things she had brought from Kentucky. Soon the cheerless cabin became more homelike than



Photo by Mentor Magazine

On February 12, 1809, a little boy was born, here in "that rail-built cabin with one door, And windowless to all the peering stars." It was a day big with fate for America.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN



Illustration by Rex T. View

Lincoln had only a few months of schooling, but he learned to be a lawyer, a great statesman, and a master of words. How did he do it? Partly, of course, through sheer genius, but partly too through hard

study by himself in his rare moments of leisure. How many of us would be willing, after a hard day's work splitting wood or plowing fields, to pore over a solid book by the flickering light of an open fire?

anything the Lincoln children had ever known.

Very soon a great affection sprang up between this woman and her big, warm-hearted stepson. She, too, believed in learning, and she encouraged Abe to study at home and to go to school whenever he could. Long years afterward, when he had reached the height of fame, Lincoln once said, "All I am or hope to be I owe to my mother."

The Education of a Great President

Again Abe attended school for a few days at a time. In all his life he had only about one year's schooling, but he kept on studying at home. Long evenings he spent before the fireplace, reading and re-reading the few books he could borrow from his teachers and the neighbors. Often he trudged many a weary mile to get a book he wanted to read. Then, lying down before the fire that gave the only light he had, he would spend

whole evenings working sums and writing compositions. He had no paper to write on, but he used a heavy wooden shovel, and when it was covered with the writing he would shave it clean again.

Lincoln's First Glimpse of the World

When Abe was nineteen he made his first long trip away from home. He helped to take a boatload of provisions down the Ohio and the Mississippi to New Orleans. On this trip he saw his first slave market, a sight he never forgot. On that day he promised himself to oppose slavery in every way he could.

Soon after his return to Indiana his restless father decided to move again, this time to Illinois. Traveling over the almost impassable muddy roads, and fording many a stream, they made the two-weeks journey to New Salem, a village on the Sangamon River. After he had helped the family to

ABRAHAM LINCOLN



Photo by Keystone View Co

With his great height and strength, Lincoln was an ideal rail-splitter—and in those days Illinois had plenty of rails to be split. Later “Abe” Lincoln was

to attack knotty problems of state with the same strong courage and the nation had but too many of that kind of rails to split, also!

get settled in their new home, Abe worked at anything that he could get to do. He found a job in a general store and another in a flour mill; he split rails, tried farming, and made another journey by flatboat to New Orleans. Then, in 1832, when the Black Hawk War broke out, Abe enlisted. He was so well liked that he was elected captain of his company, but he had no chance to fight because the war was over by the time his troops had reached the front. On this expedition, however, he added many more names to his list of friends. His kindness, his strength and good humor, won the hearty friendship of his comrades.

From Merchant to Politics

On his return to Illinois he bought a store, but he was not successful as a merchant and ran up so many debts that it took him fifteen years to pay them. Then he tried surveying and acted as postmaster, carrying the mail under his hat. Finally, in 1834,

he was elected to the legislature. Tall, awkward, and poorly dressed, he made a bad impression at the first, but his honesty and his ability soon drew a good deal of attention. He made a good legislator and was re-elected three times.

Lincoln Becomes a Lawyer

All this while Lincoln had been spending his evenings studying law from borrowed books, and he was admitted to the bar in 1837. Then he moved to Springfield and gave the next nine years to law and politics. In 1846 the tall, gawky Westerner was sent to Congress. At the end of his term he returned to Springfield and his law practice. As a lawyer, his fairness and honesty, shrewdness and wit, and his ability as an orator gained for him many more friends.

Those were troublous times, for the terrible question of slavery was being bitterly debated all through the country. Lincoln

ABRAHAM LINCOLN



Photo by Curtis & Cameron

In this picture the artist has tried to give us an idea of Lincoln at Gettysburg. We see the hushed sorrow in the faces of the people on that tragic occasion; surely the woman in the foreground is thinking of a son or husband dead on that battlefield. In Lincoln's face too, and in his attitude, we see his own sorrowful determination as he dedicates himself to "the great task remaining before us." All the simple and beautiful words of his brief speech that day we have printed in this story. There is a tradition that when he had finished speaking the people stood in an awed silence, as after the offering of a prayer, not dreaming of ap-

plause. Others say that not until later did the fineness of what the President had said slowly dawn on the people. At all events, his words are cherished now, along with those other noble words in his Second Inaugural Address: "With malice toward none, with charity toward all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

knew how wrong slavery was, and so was sharply opposed to its spread. He spoke against it every time he had a chance. Then, when the famous Kansas-Nebraska Bill was passed, Lincoln again entered politics. De-

bating with Stephen A. Douglas, the senator from Illinois who had been the author of the bill, Lincoln took a firm stand against the spread of slavery. The seven famous debates between Lincoln and Douglas made

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Lincoln famous throughout the country, and gave him a real power in politics. Even though Douglas won the election to the senate, it was Lincoln who was now in line for the presidency two years later.

He was nominated and elected president in 1860 by the newly formed Republican party. After his election the South felt that it could no longer remain a part of the nation. By the time Lincoln took his oath of office in the following March, a Confederate government had been established and a president chosen. A few weeks later on April 14, the Civil War began.

It was the most heart-breaking time in all American history. During the four years of the struggle Lincoln had the unhappy task of ruling a divided country. Always his one aim was to preserve the Union. Disheartened and sorrowing, censured and bitterly abused, he did everything he could to bring the warring sections into brotherhood again. His patience and his wisdom were all but unbelievable.

On January 1, 1863, Lincoln issued the Emancipation Proclamation that set free the slaves in the South. The next year, when he was re-elected for a second term, the weary man felt that his burdens were almost too great to bear, but he kept on toiling without a word of complaint.

The End of a Great Struggle

Then, on April 9, 1865, General Lee surrendered at Appomattox. The people went wild with joy and excitement, for they knew that peace had come at last. Already Lincoln was laying plans for solving the hard problems that the close of the war would bring. For the first time since he had been president the outlook was brighter.

He had lived to see the happiest week of his life. But before the week was ended, death had taken him. A half-crazed actor shot him in a theater on April 14. He was never conscious again, and he died the next day. His loss was a calamity. Many a wrong deed that was done in the years just after the war might never have been done if Lincoln had been spared to "bind up the nation's wounds."

Though tall and very strong, Lincoln was a homespun and rather clumsy man. But he had a noble and infinitely loving face that was the very picture of his mind. He had a power of keen logic, a vast fund of common sense, a great gift of keeping his head, a shrewd wit, and a thousand funny stories. He loved poetry; and though he had had to teach himself nearly all he knew, he somehow gained the finest sense for words of any public man who has ever been born in America. To show it we are going to quote his great speech at Gettysburg in the middle of the war. Another man was the "orator" on that occasion, and Lincoln only spoke a few words. This is what he said:

One of the Finest Speeches Ever Made

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion - that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

JOHN BROWN



Photo by George Eastman, 1859

Even when he was being led out to die, John Brown did not forget the Negro slaves for whose freedom he was giving his life. He had hated slavery with such a great hatred that he broke his country's laws and tried to lead a rebellion among the slaves. Of course the

government had to punish him for that, although many people, both white and black, still thought him a saint and a martyr. Now he is going to his death, and a sorrowing Negro woman has lifted her baby up for him to kiss as he goes by.

JOHN BROWN *and* HIS RAID

May a Man Ever Say, "I Am above the Law"? That Is the Question That John Brown Always Raises

SHALL we call John Brown a scoundrel or a martyr? He has certainly been called both, many a time. The answer has usually depended a good deal on what part of the country a man came from. It ought to depend solely on what a man's idea of the law of the land is.

Whenever there is a bad law that is very hard to change, there will be a few men who are too impatient to wait a long time for the rest of the people to get ready to

change it. They want to take the law in their own hands and change it by force. They may be very good men, or they may be very bad, at any rate, in this one case they are going to set themselves above the law.

Now that is not the way to run a government. If I may set myself up against any law I do not like, then you can set yourself up against any law you do not like. Just as soon as we all do that, our government

JOHN BROWN

will be gone. The only way we can have a good government is for all of us to obey all the laws, however much we may dislike them, until we can get any of them that are bad altered by peaceful means—by persuading enough other people that they are bad.

The law that John Brown hated was the one permitting slavery. He decided to take that law into his own hands and abolish it. His motives were good, but his method was bad, for the reason we have shown. He defied the law, and the law put him to death. Then a good many people who hated the law called him a martyr, and a good many others who liked the law, or who respected all law, called him something very different.

John Brown was born in Connecticut in 1800. He had little or no schooling, but he had a very firm character. When he was only twelve years old he drove a herd of cattle alone to a market about a hundred miles away. There he stayed in the home of a slave owner who treated him very kindly. But he noticed that a slave boy in the place was treated very differently, and from that moment he began to hate slavery as the worst thing he knew in all the world.

When he was still very young he moved out to Ohio with his family. There, as he grew up, he tried his hand at many kinds of business; he was a dealer in wool and lumber and horses, a tanner, a surveyor, a postmaster. But nothing ever went very well, and John Brown never had much success in business; though in time he had a good many mouths to feed, for he was married twice and had as many as twenty children. The one thing he never forgot was his bitter hatred of slavery, and he trained up all his children to the same hatred.

In 1854 the famous Kansas-Nebraska Bill was passed, giving the people of Kansas their choice of coming into the Union either as a slave state or as a free one. At once a rush into Kansas began. The settlers from the North came to vote for a free state, and those from the South for a state where slavery should be allowed. John Brown sent out five of his sons and soon followed

them himself, with arms and ammunition. For there was a terrible time coming in Kansas. Over the bitter question there were raids and shootings and even massacres, until the place came to be called "bleeding Kansas." In all this Brown and his sons took a leading part, and in a battle at Osawatimie in 1856 Brown won such a signal victory that he came to be known as "Osawatimie Brown."

After some five years of such strife, he made up his mind to deal another kind of blow at slavery. He came East and secured a good deal of support and money for his cause, mostly from men who did not know just what he was going to do. Then with five of his sons and a few other followers he led an attack on Harper's Ferry in Virginia. His purpose was to capture the government arsenal there, and then start a general uprising among the slaves. He did manage to take the arsenal, but that was as far as he could go. In a few days some government troops from Washington—under the man who was later to be famous as Robert E. Lee—drove him out of the arsenal and took him a wounded prisoner.

Brown was then taken to Charlestown, now in West Virginia, and tried. He was found guilty of treason and murder, and was hanged on December 2, 1859.

His death made a profound impression, both in the North and in the South. It probably did little to hasten the Civil War or the end of slavery; those were coming anyhow. But it did stir up a great deal of sentiment. The extreme haters of slavery in the North called him a martyr, and the armies of the North went to war singing:

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave
But his soul goes marching on."

The Southerners looked on him as a fanatic who had got what he deserved, and they sang:

"We'll hang John Brown to a sour-apple tree,
As we go marching on."



Figure 1. the Franco-German War

This picture shows a bivouac of soldiers on a battlefield of the Franco-German War. The painting from which it comes is called "The Soldier's Dream." Many a young lad, on either side, must have seen in sleep such marching hosts and flying banners on the night before his first battle. Perhaps he stirred uneasily as he slept,

wondering whether his courage would hold steady through this terrible test. Of such brave and untrained lads—soldiers for no love of killing but only for loyalty to what they believed—were formed the armies Grant led to victory and the armies that went down gallantly to defeat before him.

FIRST *a* FAILURE, THEN *a* CONQUEROR, THEN *the* PRESIDENT

*How Ulysses S. Grant Fought His Way Doggedly to Victory
and to the White House*

A GROUP of relatives who had gathered to name a new baby at Point Pleasant, Ohio, in the spring of 1822, were finding it hard to agree. Should they call him Hiram, Albert, Theodore, Ulysses, or what? Finally they put some slips of paper into a hat and left the name partly to chance. Out of the hat was drawn the name of Hiram Ulysses Grant.

But Grant's troubles with his name were not over, and that was not going to be what

we call him. The boys in the town were not willing to be bothered with a long name like Ulysses, and while the lad was growing up to be a fearless horseman they would always cheer for "Lysses." When they wanted to tease him they called him "Useless." Nor was that all. When the boy grew up and went to West Point, he wrote out his name as Ulysses Hiram Grant, because he had always been called by his middle name and because he did not want

ULYSSES S. GRANT

his initials to spell HUG. But even then the man who copied the name made an error and put in the middle name of Grant's mother instead of Grant's own middle name. So he entered West Point as Ulysses Simpson Grant, and by that name we know him to-day. Of course the cadets called him United States Grant or Uncle Sam Grant. And even that was not the end of it. Years later, when he was famous as a victor, the people began calling him "Unconditional Surrender" Grant.

At West Point the young man was famous for his horsemanship, but not a marked cadet in any other way. Almost as soon as he had finished his studies he had his share in real war—in the fight with Mexico which started in 1845. There he had the same sort of training that came to Lee and Jackson, to McClellan, Hooker, and so many other leaders on both sides of the Civil War which was to come fifteen years later.

He did not believe that the war with Mexico was a just one, but he knew that this was not for him to decide. His duty as a soldier was to do as he was told, and not to decide about the justice of the cause. Part of the time his duties were by no means to his taste, as when he was made a quartermaster under General Taylor, with the humdrum task of feeding the men and transporting the supplies on the backs of the stubborn Mexican mules. Even so he had a chance for a bit of heroism. On one occasion during the attack on Monterey, Grant's division had been cut off from the rest of the forces, and after two days of fighting had been reduced to a low supply of ammunition. Grant offered to dash through the Mexican lines for help. Summoning all of his skill on horseback, he threw one arm over the horse's neck and leaned far over on one side, in the Indian

fashion; and thus he plunged through the hostile ground, drawing fire all the way. Near his goal he forced his mount over a four-foot wall and reported the situation to General Taylor.

Later in the war he was placed under the command of General Winfield Scott, and thus took part in the long march from Vera Cruz to Chapultepec and in the battles against the Mexican commander Santa Anna. In these campaigns he gained about all the experience of war he was to have before the outbreak of the conflict between the states.

For the next few years he had a very quiet and boresome life in the army. He was married to a devoted wife, but his life was not an easy one as he moved from post to post in the West and often left his family behind for months at a time. So in 1854 he resigned from the army, a discouraged man.

The next six years of Grant's life are anything but brilliant.

He went into business, first as a farmer and a real estate dealer around St. Louis, but he failed in both of these ventures. Then he was a clerk in his father's leather business in Illinois, where he made only a very scanty living. He never talked about his military record, and most of the people around him knew very little about it; and in his ill luck he came to be a fairly shabby man about his town. No one would ever have dreamed that he was going to grow famous in a few years.

When the bitter feeling between the North and the South was about to break out into open war, the shabby old soldier began drilling a few citizens in his town, and wrote to Washington to offer his help. His letter was ignored, or probably forgotten in the confusion, but Grant soon found a place nearer home where he could be of service.



Photo by U. S. Signal Corps

Here is "Unconditional Surrender" Grant, with his stubborn eyes and his none-too-tidy Federal uniform, as he looked in the days when the eyes of the world were upon him.

ULYSSES S. GRANT



U. S. N. 11111111

General Grant and his family make here a pleasant group, though the old-time costumes give it a quaint

air it could never have had when the picture was made. Some day our own clothes will look as strange.

There was plenty of strutting and parading around Springfield, the Illinois capital, but very little real military training and organization. Grant took a humble place as clerk in the adjutant general's office, and in a few weeks put the whole place in order.

He was finally given a regiment to command. It was one that was famous for disobedience, and now the firm hand of its new commander first began to make itself felt and to give its owner a name for rulership. There was one time, for instance, when the regiment had been driven wild by some fervid Congressional oratory, and was boldly

calling on the colonel to make a speech too. Grant was no speaker, and it is not for soldiers to tell their officers when to stand up and prate. Grant rose quietly. His speech was made in five words: 'Men, go to your quarters.' The men went.

His men were soon in action. His first important service was at Fort Donelson. It was there that he issued his well-known ultimatum: "No terms except immediate and unconditional surrender." But this was by no means followed by a series of victories and of rapid promotions. He had a large part in the battle of Shiloh, but he

ULYSSES S. GRANT

fell out with his commanding general and with many other men, and at times was almost in dishonor. There was one man who never lost confidence in him, however, and that was the commander in chief of the armies, the President in Washington. "I can't spare Grant," said Lincoln, when he was sorely tried by some of his other officers; "he fights."

Grant Keeps Hammering Away

Grant was, above all else, the kind of soldier who starts out with a well-made plan and then keeps on hammering until he achieves it. His strength lay in such determination rather than in any single brilliant action or series of actions. And it was such hammering that finally led him to the important victory he gained at Vicksburg, which set free a large part of the Mississippi, and in his later triumph at Chattanooga, which largely put an end to the war in the western part of the land. These were the battles that gave him a name all over the country. And then it was that Lincoln, tired out with his other generals, sent for Grant and put him in charge of the whole army, especially in direct command of the Army of the Potomac.

Then followed the terrible campaign through Virginia which ended the war. Hopelessly outnumbered, the Southerners fell back inch by inch, fighting brilliantly all the way. Grimly determined, Grant pursued them, spending the lives of thousands and thousands of men as he pushed on to the one object from which nothing could swerve him. As he came out of a battle with terrible losses, he sent to Washington to say, "I purpose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." There could be only one end to such dogged resolution against a dwindling foe. The Southerners were driven back—to Richmond, to Petersburg, to Appomattox. There they had finally to give up, on April 9, 1865.

All along Grant had regretted the war, like the good leaders on both sides, and all the time that he was insisting on unconditional surrender he had been generous to his enemies when they surrendered. Many of

these men he had known in the old West Point days, and some of them now understood him better than some of the officers who were fighting on his own side. Still it was a strange and dramatic contrast when the handsome and courtly General Lee, sprung from one of the finest families of Virginia, appeared before General Grant to give up his jeweled sword to an embarrassed man for whom a uniform had no importance except to cover his compact body. But Grant was still a generous victor. He saw that the Southerners were given food at once, and that they were allowed to keep their horses for their great need on the farm.

The worst thing about most wars is what comes after them, and the Civil War was anything but an exception. The grievances of the South were not the things they suffered on the battlefield, but the wrongs they had to feel, in the madness of the hour, when the country was once more united. After Lincoln was shot, there was no one left in Washington strong enough to cope with the after-war problems; and following the wretched administration of Andrew Johnson, the country looked to Grant to lead it. He was president from 1868 to 1876. But Grant was not so able as a president as he had been in the field. He was too blunt and simple a man to cope with the wiles of the politicians, and his rule was marred by a series of scandals and thieveries of the public funds in which even some of the men he trusted most were guilty.

Grant's Unhappy End

After he had left the White House, Grant went into a large financial house in New York as a partner. It soon went bankrupt, leaving him heavily in debt.

Immediately Grant set about writing a book about his life to earn money to pay his debts. He was already suffering tortures from the cancer in his throat which soon killed him; but he pushed on with the book in the same way in which he had pushed on through Virginia. It was finished just a few days before his death in 1885. This book, the "Personal Memoirs," is one of the best stories of a soldier's life ever written.

The MOST DASHING SOLDIER of the SOUTH

For Sheer Speed and Brilliance on the Field of War, the Gallant Stonewall Jackson Has Few Rivals in the History of Armies

GENERAL, they are beating us back!" The officer had dashed up through the heat and confusion of battle with the terrible news. But Jackson's answer came back like lightning

"Then, sir, we will give them the bayonet."

Here was no wavering, no discouragement. Perhaps all was not lost yet. The officer plucked up new heart, and galloped off to urge on his weary men.

"Look!" he cried, "there is Jackson standing like a stone wall! Rally behind the Virginians!"

The men rallied, and the First Battle of Bull Run was won for the South. And ever afterward, General Thomas Jonathan Jackson was "Stonewall" Jackson to everyone. Most of us to this day have a hard time remembering his other name!

This was not the first time that General Jackson had deserved the name of Stonewall. Standing fast had been a habit of his all his life. Early left fatherless, and farmed out, so to speak, from one relative to another, he got his education only by grim determination. Study was not easy for him, either. Even later, when he himself was a teacher, he used to sit every night facing the wall of his room, and force himself by sheer will power to remember everything he had learned during the day. In 1846, when he was twenty-two, he was graduated from West Point. He wrote once in a book of rules he kept for himself: "You may be whatever you resolve to be."

He had resolved to get an education, and he had secured it. Now he resolved to be a good soldier and a successful officer. And he became Stonewall Jackson, "right arm" of Lee, the leader of the Southern armies.

But before that came about, Jackson had served, and served well, in the Mexican War. Then for ten years he had taught artillery tactics at the Virginia Military Institute.

When the Civil War broke out, in 1861, he offered his services to his native state, and was sent at the head of Virginia volunteers into the Shenandoah Valley.

"If our valley is lost," said Jackson, "Virginia is lost." Neither the valley nor Virginia was lost while Jackson lived. Up and down the Shenandoah he fought, and he and Robert E. Lee between them defended Richmond and the Southern cause for two years in a series of amazing campaigns that still draw the admiration of people who understand military strategy.

For in spite of his ability to "stand fast," Jackson's natural way of fighting was by outmarching and outwitting the enemy. He struck boldly, swiftly, and secretly. The Federal generals never knew what to expect of him or where to find him. Once President Lincoln was told by three Federal generals at once where Jackson was—and each one said he was in a different place!

Of course he could not have done all these astonishing things if he had not had his men staunchly behind him. He was stern in discipline. He himself expected to go for days, when necessary, without food or rest—and he expected his men to do likewise. All those forced marches and swift maneuvers meant empty stomachs and weary bones. "He generally starts at dawn," the soldiers said, "when he doesn't start the night before." But they said it affectionately, for they adored him.

The Battle of Chancellorsville, fought on May 2, 1863, was won by the South through one of the boldest of all the bold strokes which Jackson and Lee ever made. Then, as dusk was falling, Jackson rode forward to urge his men in pursuit of their retreating enemies. One of his own soldiers, mistaking him in the gathering darkness for an enemy, shot him down. Lee's "right arm," as he was always called, was gone.

ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY



In the circle is the face of Commodore George Dewey, one of the most famous of American naval heroes. It seems fitting, therefore, that his picture should be guarded by able seamen.

Photos by U. S. Signal Corps

Though Dewey served the Navy long and well, it was his great victory in 1898 over the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay which set the country ringing with his fame.

“YOU MAY FIRE WHEN READY, GRIDLEY”

With Those Quiet Words Admiral Dewey Gave the Signal for the Battle That Took the American Flag into the Philippines

IN MAY, 1898, the United States was at war with Spain, and the air was full of excitement. A terrifying story had come from Manila, in the far-away Philippines, that the American fleet, under Commodore George Dewey, had been badly beaten by the Spaniards in Manila Bay. To be sure, the report came by way of Spain; there was no word yet from Dewey himself, for the Spaniards in the city of Manila held the only cable. During a whole week the country fretted and argued and waited anxiously.

Then all at once Dewey got word through by way of Hongkong, and the defeat turned out to be, after all, an overwhelming victory! It was as if the whole nation threw its cap into the air and burst out into thunderous applause. Dewey was the hero of the hour.

Here is what had happened, as the story finally came to light. Dewey had been stationed off Hongkong, waiting for word that war had been declared. He had stores on hand and ammunition on the way, and his men were drilled and waiting on their toes

for the expected to happen. When war broke, he steamed away toward the Philippines. On the last night of April, he took his ships through the fortified entrance to the harbor—said to be strewn with mines—into Manila Bay, asking himself as he went, Now, what would Farragut do here? Farragut was the famous Civil War commander, whom Dewey had served under and deeply admired.

At dawn the Americans closed in on the Spanish fleet. When his ships were well within range, Dewey gave a quiet order, “You may fire when ready, Gridley.” Gridley fired, and the battle was on. When the smoke from the guns had entirely hidden the enemy fleet, and a distressing rumor had come to him that there was no more ammunition, Dewey calmly gave another famous order, “Draw off for breakfast.” It was at this point that the Spaniards, thinking they had won the battle, cabled home the news that afterwards set such dark tales afloat in the United States.

ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY

But the battle was not over. Dewey's ammunition had not given out after all, and when breakfast was over and the smoke had cleared, everyone could see that the Spaniards were in a much worse way than the Americans. It was not long before the shore guns were silenced, and the whole Spanish fleet was sunk or in flames. Dewey had lost not a single ship, and had only eight wounded and no dead at all.

It was months before he could go home to enjoy his fame. There was the ticklish work of blockading the city of Manila, which was still in Spanish hands. Dewey had to be a diplomat as well as a seaman, for the ships of neutral nations lay in the harbor, looking out for their own people. In the end, with the help of the Filipino leader, Manila was taken, too. Oddly enough, this happened the day after the war was over. No one in Manila knew of the peace at the time, for Dewey had cut that bothersome cable to keep the Spaniards from sending any more wild stories about him over it!

The Hero of a Nation

It was not till September, 1899, that the great Admiral came home to his adoring countrymen. The whole population, it seemed, turned out to welcome him. "Towns, children, and articles of commerce were named after me," as he himself put it. "Dewey arches, Dewey flags, and 'Welcome, Dewey' in electric lights on the span of the Brooklyn Bridge!" A magnificent triumphal arch spanned Fifth Avenue, in New York. Dewey was made permanent admiral of the United States Navy, and a house was given to him by the nation. On the steps of the Capitol he received from the hands of President McKinley the sword of honor which had been voted to him by Congress.

The man who moved in this sudden blaze of glory had faithfully served his country's navy for many years. He was born in 1837, and was therefore more than sixty at the time of his famous victory. He was graduated from the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1858, and spent two years in the Mediterranean on the ship "Wabash." He fought up and down the Mississippi on the Union side during the Civil War, and won brilliant praise. As we have seen, he learned courage and skill from his commander, Farragut. Even Annapolis, he said, was "poor schooling beside that of serving under Farragut in time of war."

After the war Dewey tried his hand at many different tasks, all in the Navy. He taught at Annapolis, he inspected light-houses, he went on another cruise in the Mediterranean, he served as head of the bureau of equipment for the United States Navy Department in Washington. Though in this last position he had a chance to learn a great deal about the new kinds of war vessels that were being built, he wanted to go back to active service at sea. So in 1897 he was given the command of the Asiatic Squadron. Even before he was sure there would be war with Spain he had started to find out what he could about the Philippines, which were then Spanish territory. When the war came he was quite ready.

So we come back to the triumphal arches and the blaring bands and the shouting people. There was even a little talk of the hero's running for the presidency. But he remained a private citizen--or as much a private citizen as a distinguished naval officer may hope to be. During the last seventeen years of his life he was president of the general board of the Navy Department. He died in 1917.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Like a whirlwind of energy Roosevelt passed through our history; and the sculptor could not have shown him to us more truly than in this tense and vivid rider, with his cowboy chaps and his sweeping gesture of greeting. For if ever there was "one who never turned his back, but marched breast-forward" it was surely "T. R."



Photo by Keystone View Co

The MOST AMAZING of OUR PRESIDENTS

Many a Man, if He Were Asked to Name the Most Typical of All Americans, Would Say It Was Theodore Roosevelt

A BOY was hanging by his hands from an upper window of his house in New York. It looked as if he were going to fall at any minute. One of the neighbors rushed in to tell his mother. But the mother was not very much worried. She had seen that boy hang from too many kinds of things before. "If the Lord did not look after Teddy," she said, "he would have been killed long ago."

The Lord looked after Teddy, and in due time made him president of the United States. For this boy was no other person than the famous Theodore Roosevelt; and

in years to come the whole world was going to watch him hang by his hands in many a perilous position—and to see how the Lord would look after him, or how he could look after himself.

Wherever we may put him in our final roll of fame, there is little doubt that Theodore Roosevelt was the most amazing man of all our presidents. He did far more different kinds of things than any of the others, and could call up far more energy for doing them. He was the boldest of them all, and the quickest one in action; and yet the man of action was the greatest reader of them

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

all. He was the most popular of all the presidents, and also the most hated, for a man who was so bold in action would be sure to make a host of friends and another host of enemies. But he had a genius for turning the enemies into friends overnight, and the friends into enemies. He was built in a rugged and heroic mould—the very type of the man of force whom we have come to call American.

As a boy he gave no sort of promise of a man of force. Born in 1858, he was such a weak and sickly lad that he could not go to school or play with the stronger boys, but had to have his lessons at home. But he made up his mind that he was going to be as strong as anybody. By long, hard training he saw to it that he grew up into a man of brawn, at home in the saddle or in the boxing ring, on the ranch or in the wilderness. For this he needed the most splendid courage, and few men ever had more of it. But after all he made himself a man of brawn in order that he might do the work of a man of brain; and we may look to him for as much courage of the kind that we call moral as of the kind that we call physical.

He was already a strong athlete and hunter when he graduated from Harvard in 1880. Then he studied in the Columbia Law School for a time, though he never cared to practice law. His outdoor life made him want to be a naturalist, and his love of reading had inspired him to be an author. Yet though he was a keen nat-

uralist all his life, and a prolific writer too, it was another interest that now led him into his main career. He was finding that he had a genius for politics. And he prized the gift because the game of politics was delightful to him, but far more because it gave him a chance to right so many of the wrongs under which he saw the people of his country suffering.

He joined a political club and began to fight. He was going to fight for the rest of his life. For three years he served in the legislature of New York, where he soon became a leader of the bolder and more progressive spirits. Then he went off for two years to his ranch in Dakota. There the tenderfoot from the East at once became the leader of the cowboys in their fight with the cattle thieves and all other disturbers of the peace. He learned the life of the plains, and in the intervals of an exciting time he kept on reading and writing. But he was far from forgotten in New York, and in

two years he was called back to his native city to run for the office of mayor.

The vote went against him, and he did not enter public life again till three years later. Then, in 1889, he went to Washington as a member of the Civil Service Commission. Now he began his long labors to take the government employees out of the control of the political parties, and to give them, on the basis of examinations, positions which they could hold as long as they did their duty well. So successful was he in this that six years later he was called back



Photo 13. Keystone View Co.

If Roosevelt had been born in the days of Daniel Boone, what a "wilderness scout" he might have made! As it was, he followed the fast-vanishing frontier to the West, and besides learning to be a skillful ranchman he wrote fat and thrilling books on "The Winning of the West."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

to his native city to one of the hardest tasks that could then be given to any man in the country—the reform of that hotbed of political corruption, the Police Department of New York. For his heroic work in this position he came into national fame. Against all ridicule and all abuse, in the face of grave personal danger, he strove by day and by night to drive corruption out of the ranks of the guardians of the public. The men are still living who have seen him striding through the evil quarters of New York at all hours of the night, with a sharpshooter at his side, to see that the police did their duty. He was the most noted figure who ever dealt with the police of the city.

T. R. the Rough Rider

Next he was an assistant secretary of the navy, at the time when our war with Spain was looming. Having done all he could to get the navy ready, he resigned when the war came, to raise a regiment of "Rough Riders" and enter the fight. In time he became the colonel of the regiment, which did rather spectacular service in the war. At the close of the conflict the country was ringing with his name, and there was no way to stop him from becoming governor of New York in 1899.

No way to stop him—that is what we were saying. For by this time there were many

people, including most of the influential ones, who were afraid of Theodore Roosevelt and were bent on stopping him if they could. They thought he was far too rash and dangerous; they also thought he had too much sympathy for the common people and too much enmity to the mammoth corporations that were grabbing many a special and dishonest privilege at the expense of the common people. They knew he would not listen to "reason" from the lips of the corrupt party "bosses." Yet if they did not do something quickly, this man might get to be president before they knew it, and that would be a calamity!

So they decided to make him vice president. That would put him in the graveyard. The vice president has practically nothing to do, and practically no vice president ever gets anywhere afterward. They chose Roosevelt to be vice president, and thought they were through with him.

Roosevelt Becomes President

Six months later the President was shot, and Roosevelt came into the office. That was in 1901. A shiver ran through the ranks of the bosses, and the ranks of the dishonest part of "big business."

For Roosevelt had grown familiar with the common man all over the country, and while he knew the man's faults he had a high regard for his sturdy virtues. He was also only too familiar

Here is Roosevelt with some of his Rough Riders. In this amazing group were all sorts of Americans—cowboys from the Western plains and aristocrats from New York and Massachusetts, all afire with a great flame of enthusiasm for their fiery leader.



Photo by Keystone View Co.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

with the way in which the corrupt party bosses juggled the common man's vote and defrauded him of a good government. And he was finally familiar with the ways of "big business" in escaping the law of the land and in using the government to get the best of the common man. These were the main wrongs that he set out to right during his seven years in the presidency. From one of the oldest families in New York had risen a champion of the plain people all over the land—a champion with a passion for "civic righteousness" and with a "big stick." Roosevelt took the stick in hand and went to war again. He gave the country an exciting time.

It was not that Roosevelt hated "big business" because it was big. He knew as well as anyone that in our modern world we have to have vast corporations. It was simply that in his time big business was pretty sure to be dishonest business—to set itself above the law and to flourish by driving little business to the wall and by defrauding the common man. During Roosevelt's day there was a vast awakening to the evil and the danger of all this. The great insurance scandals, in which the people found out how some of the big insurance companies were gambling with their money, were only a part of it. The things that the railways and the trusts were doing were even more alarming. If the evil practices kept on growing, there was the gravest danger ahead of the nation.

Fighting Big Business Pirates

Roosevelt set himself to right the wrongs. He had embattled hosts of corrupt politicians and of commercial pirates against him, with a legion of their retainers. They did all they

could to defame him. They said he was rash and foolish, and would make a mess of everything. They told the country he was crazed with ambition, that he was a wild boy from the ranches who was drunk a good deal of the time. They said all they dared to dishonor him. But Roosevelt almost loved it. He was used to fighting. He flourished the big stick all the faster, and relied on the good sense of the common man to see through the slanders.

And in the years that followed he pushed through many of the laws that have ever since made big business go about its great work with a proper respect for the interests of all the people. We owe that to him more than to any other man. In law after law and suit after suit he and his helpers brought the railways and the great trusts under the proper control of the government

which is to say, of

all the people; not to hamper them in all their lawful work for the country, but to keep them from playing fast and loose with the good of the people who had given them their charters. Above all else, perhaps, Roosevelt championed the cause of saving our vast wealth of natural resources, in our oil fields and forests and other rich possessions, from the reckless squandering of a few private owners. He saw to it that a great deal of these riches should continue to belong to all the people, and should be leased to private individuals only under the wise control of the people's officers.

These were his great causes. To go into detail about them would take a great many pages. But he also did many other things. He built up the army and navy, and sent the navy on a peaceful visit around the world. He started the Panama Canal, and



Photo by the U. S. Army Corps

This is how "Teddy" Roosevelt looked in the uniform of the United States Volunteers at the time when he was leading the famous charge up San Juan Hill and setting the whole country ringing with his name.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

put General Goethals (gō'thālz) in charge of the work. He made peace between Russia and Japan when the cruel war between them was costing thousands of lives. When he came out of the presidency he was by far the most popular man in the country, in spite of all the enemies he had made; and he was probably the best-known figure in the world.

Back to the Open Spaces

Then he returned to the wilds. The old hunter and naturalist led a hunting and scientific expedition into Africa, returning with a shipload of specimens which we can see in the Natural History Museum in New York to this day. On the way back he had a triumphal passage through Europe, where he was everywhere received with honors such as no other American had ever known—and where a few of his blunt, honest words also made him some startled enemies.

Back in America once more, Roosevelt felt that a good deal of his work was being undone under the man he had chosen to succeed him in the presidency. He fell out with President Taft, and after long consideration he decided to run for the presidency again.

This was in 1912. Of course he met the strongest support and the bitterest opposition. In the convention of his party at Chicago his opponents

won, and Taft was named. Roosevelt thought the action of the convention was dishonest, and decided to run on a separate ticket. In so doing he split his party asunder, and nothing he ever did made him so many foes. He made his most heroic campaign—even insisting on going on with a speech after he had been shot and seriously wounded. But there was no chance of his being elected, with no party but his own followers behind him. He took away all but eight of Taft's electoral votes, but Woodrow Wilson came into the presidency by a large majority.

For the rest of Roosevelt's life he was a private citizen, if such a man can ever be said to be a private citizen. He was rather a national institution. In many a book and magazine article he advised the country about its course in the terrible problems that confronted it—especially in the worst of all the problems that it ever met, with the coming of the World War. In

that crisis Roosevelt showed all his old-time bravery. He offered to raise a far greater army than his old regiment that had gone to fight with Spain. But this was another kind of war—a war of millions under expert discipline and organization—and the efforts of a single

On his triumphal tour shortly after he left the White House, Roosevelt hobnobbed with many sorts of people. Here he is riding with Kaiser Wilhelm II of Germany.

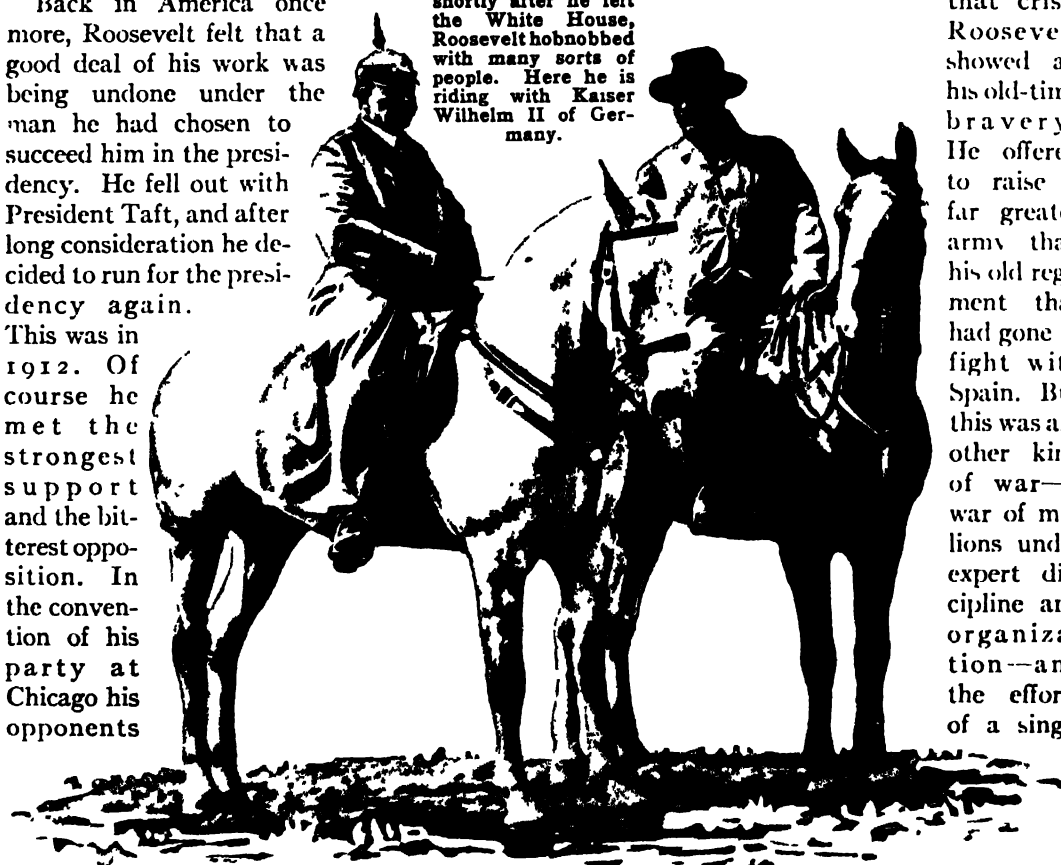


Photo by Keystone View Co.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

leader, however devoted and however heroic, were less in place. Roosevelt doubtless did far more at home in arousing the spirit of America than he could have done in the trenches of France.

Just before the outbreak of the war, Roosevelt had gone on another expedition, this time in South America. He made a remarkable trip through an untracked jungle, at great danger to himself and his party. Toward the end of it he fell prey to a serious fever; and although he recovered, the inroads of the disease seem to have weakened him for the rest of his life, and to have hastened his death, in 1919, at the relatively early age of sixty.

He has already passed into heroic legend. Whatever may be the bias of the men who remember him, they all admit him to have been a sort of giant among us. He had his faults, and the faults of a giant always stand out in gigantic relief. Though a great lover of true learning—being far above our average president in this—he was not a man of the calm, judicial mind which learning is meant to give us. He was a man of action—of action which he ardently desired to rest on the foundation of true reason, but of action which often had to be too quick for that. Some day we may have a man of equal force who will also be a true philosopher, and he may make the ideal ruler. With all his heroism, Roosevelt was not quite that man.

As a man of action, he took violent sides.

A man was his devoted friend or his hated enemy; there was hardly any middle ground. His enemies were only too likely to be denounced as "liars" and as "undesirable citizens," in clamorous shouts right out of the White House. A whole list of people were members of the "Ananias Club" because

Roosevelt had called them liars. The clamor was not always of the highest dignity. And as with a man, so with an idea; there was likely to be no middle ground here either. The idea was sacred, or it was hideous.

Those are the faults. We may as well expect them in a man of Roosevelt's make. They were all fully told and retold a thousand times during his life. Everybody knew them; and many people thought they knew a great many more. After a million lips had whispered the "secret" that Roosevelt was a drunkard, one obscure editor out West finally dared to print the charge. Roosevelt decided to nail the lie at

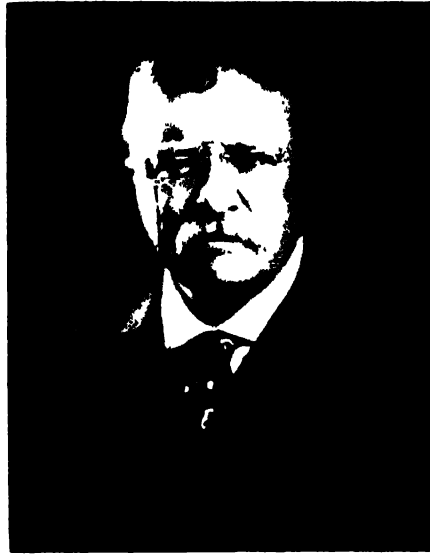


Photo by Keystone View Co.

This is a late portrait of Theodore Roosevelt, a president who left his name writ large in the annals of our land. But it has been connected with small things, too. Did you know that all the "Teddy" bears of the world are namesakes of "Teddy" Roosevelt? They were named for him because of his fame as a hunter of big game.

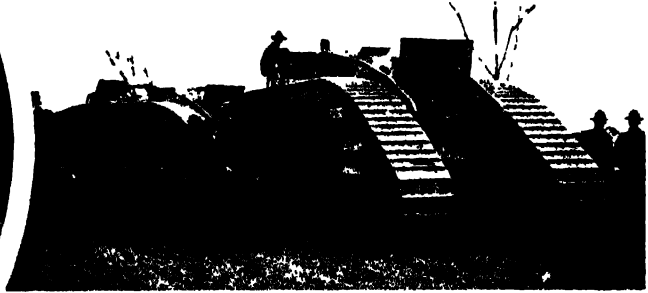
last. He swooped out to the West with a host of witnesses who knew all about him, and won a suit against the unfortunate editor, who could not find a single man to whisper the "secret" in court. Then Roosevelt took six cents in damages, and left his reputation clear to all the country.

But all the true faults of the man we have told. They are the defects of his great qualities, and were, in a sense, to be expected. His virtues stand out beside them in magnificent proportion—the virtues of a heroic man with a passion for the right.

WOODROW WILSON



President Woodrow Wilson was naturally a man of peace. But because it fell to him to pilot the nation through one of its greatest wars — the second greatest war, indeed, that the world has ever seen — it seems fitting to show his picture here with a picture of some of the great army tanks used in that war.



Photos by Keystone View Co. and U. S. Signal Corps

OUR LEADER *in* WORLD WAR I

By His Aims and Ideals in That Titanic Struggle, Woodrow Wilson Made the Warmest Friends and the Bitterest Enemies That Any of Our Presidents Has Ever Had

WE HAVE hardly had a president who was more dearly loved, or one who was more bitterly hated, than Woodrow Wilson. The words that follow will give most of the reasons for all the love and hatred.

Woodrow Wilson was born at Staunton, Virginia, in 1856. His people were Scotch Presbyterians; and no stock that ever came over to America was made of higher ideals or of a sterner character. Growing up in the evil days in the South after the Civil War, the young Wilson was early led to a hatred of political injustice and to a sympathy with the plain people everywhere. When he had taken his college degree at Princeton in 1879, it was clear that he was destined for some sort of public career. But for a time he hardly knew what it was to be. First he studied law at the University of Virginia, and practiced for a time in Atlanta. But soon he went to the new Johns Hopkins University to take his doctor's degree in political science.

Then he joined the faculty of Bryn Mawr

College for two years, and that of Wesleyan University for two more. In 1890 he returned to Princeton as a professor. Twelve years later he was made the president of Princeton; and during all this time, of course, his fame was growing from the books that came from his pen.

The new president of Princeton tried to make some notable reforms. In the first place, he wanted the students to have better teaching. So in addition to the men who lectured to large classes, he created a staff of gifted young "preceptors" who would guide the students through their daily work in little groups, or one by one. In the second place, he wanted to get rid of what was too much like a "caste system" at the university

the rich students flocking with the rich, the athletes with the athletes, and so on—and to make the school a great deal more democratic for all the students. But to this last measure, above all, there was violent opposition, and Wilson lost a good deal of his popularity by working for it.

For that reason, among others, he was

WOODROW WILSON

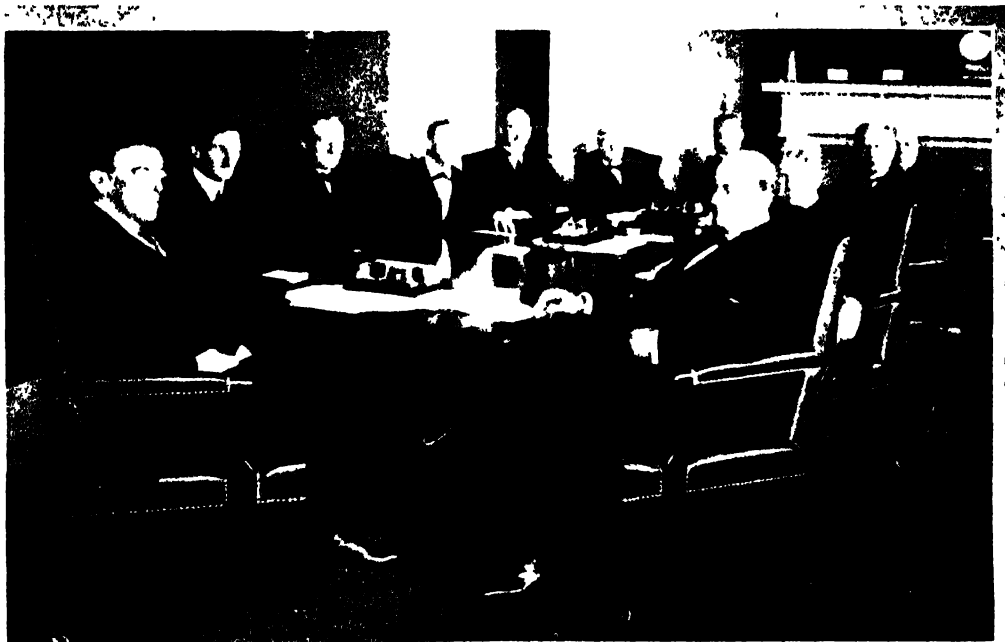


Photo by Keystone View Co

This is a picture of President Wilson and the cabinet with which he began his first administration, in March, 1913. Their names follow. At the near end of the table: the President himself. Back of the table, from left to right: William G. McAdoo, secretary of the treasury; James McReynolds, attorney-general; Josephus Daniels, secretary of the navy; David F. Houston, secretary of agriculture; William B. Wilson, secretary

of labor; William C. Redfield, secretary of commerce. On the near side of the table, from left to right: William Jennings Bryan, secretary of state; Lindley M. Garrison, secretary of war; Albert J. Burleson, postmaster-general, Franklin K. Lane, secretary of the interior. During the war years Robert Lansing was secretary of state; Thomas W. Gregory, attorney-general; and Newton D. Baker, secretary of war.

glad enough in 1910, to take the nomination as governor of New Jersey. During his two years in this office he came to be well known for the liberal measures to which he was devoted all his life—for his opposition to mere party politicians and to the evil ways of the money power in big business. But in spite of all the enemies he made in these powerful circles, he was easily the outstanding governor of the day, and it was only natural that by 1912 he should be the leading candidate of the Democratic party for the presidency.

Wilson Becomes President

In the name of the "new freedom," Wilson made a strong campaign for that office, though he would never have been elected president except for the fact that Roosevelt had torn the Republican party to pieces. The country was in a high mood for reform. Both Wilson and Roosevelt had been running on a liberal platform in favor of the plain

people, and the plain people had answered by giving them all of the electoral votes except a puny eight that went to Taft. Then the people sat back to see what the new president would do for them.

New Measures for Equality

Wilson gave them a remarkable series of new laws. He was no sort of revolutionary, though a liberal, he could by no means be called a radical. He saw nothing in our fundamental system that demanded change, and he only wanted to use that system for the passing of such measures of reform as he deemed long overdue. In these measures he aimed at the protection of the plain people, or rather at giving all the people a more equal chance for freedom and prosperity. He saw to it that the tariff was lowered, and that an income tax was started; that the vast Federal Reserve System of banking came into being, and that acts were passed to put a curb on the illegal ways of big

WOODROW WILSON

business. He favored laws in defense of the workingmen, and of the far-away Filipinos. In these and other ways he was going on with his policies of the "new freedom" when he was abruptly halted by one of the greatest problems that any of our presidents have ever had to face—the terrible explosion of a war that was to engulf the world.

The Policy of "Watchful Waiting"

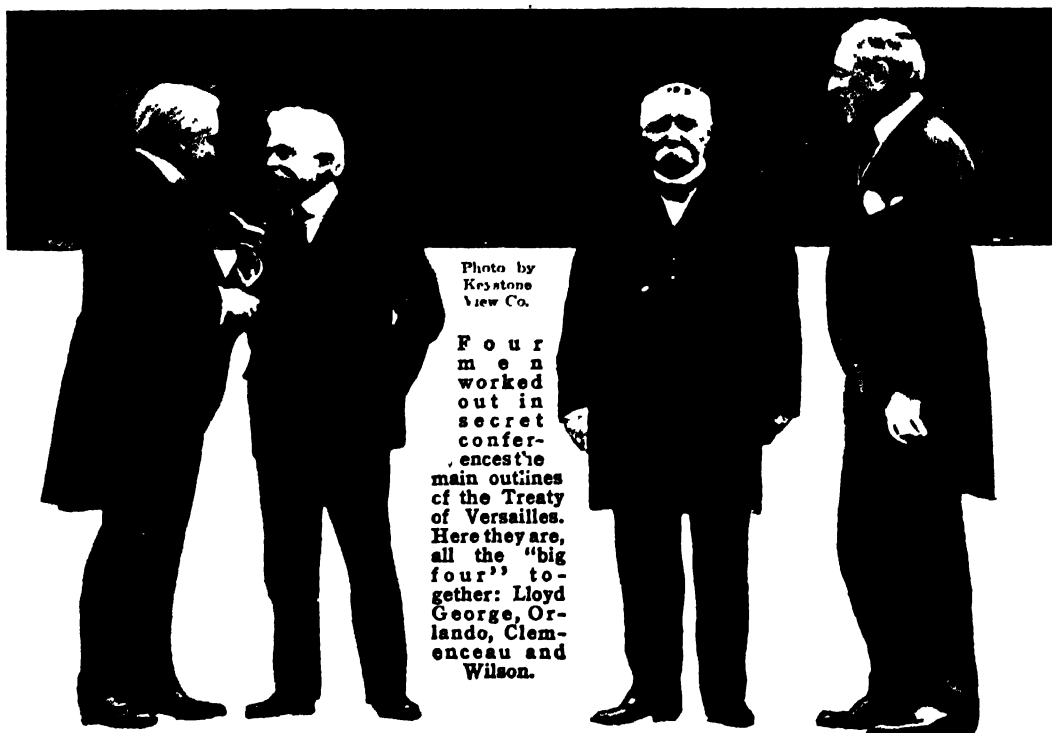
There was trouble first in Mexico. Harassing as this was, however, it was only a slight prelude to what was coming. The Mexican president, Huerta (wĕr'tä), had come into power by plain murder, and Wilson steadily refused to recognize him. For several years there was no true government in Mexico, and it was very hard indeed to know how we could get along with our unhappy southern neighbors and protect our vast interests in their land. There was a strong demand for war in various quarters of our country. Twice, indeed, Wilson was driven to use force: once by landing troops at Vera Cruz, and again by sending a column of soldiers across the border in the effort to catch the chieftain Villa (vēl'yä), who had

been raiding in our own territory. But with all the lessons of our last Mexican war in mind, and with a strong conviction that our country ought to let its weaker neighbors work out their own vexing problems as best they could, Wilson stood firm against any war with Mexico. He held to his own policy of "watchful waiting" instead. The policy was certainly trying enough for everyone, and it brought upon him a good deal of abuse and ridicule from the powerful interests that had large properties in Mexico.

The World at War

But all too soon the Mexican trouble was overshadowed by the World War. In the summer of 1914 nearly half the world sprang at the throat of the other half, and from that moment the distracting problem of our country lay in the part it would have to play in the terrific fight. Nearly all else had to be forgotten for the time.

In the beginning everybody hoped we could keep out of the war. The President declared that we were neutral, and advised us all to remain so in thought and action. No one knew much better than he how hard



WOODROW WILSON

it would be to stay neutral as the war went on its murderous way. The world is simply too small for any people not to get some savage blows when all the other peoples are pounding one another. Great Britain threw a blockade around Germany and stopped the ships from going to her coast, our own among the rest. Of course this led to protest from the president, despite the fact that the great number of Americans had put their sympathy on Britain's side.

Then Germany sent out her submarines to blow up any ship they could catch heading for the British ports. Now the submarine was a new thing in war. It simply blew up any ship it found, naval or mercantile, and sank the passengers, soldiers or civilians, men, women, and children. All the world was horrified at the new evil, and when our own people began going down in hundreds beneath the waves, we knew that we were on the verge of war from month to month.

Against the murderous submarine Wilson issued a series of strong protests to Germany. For a time these did very little good; but a few months after the sinking of the famous "Lusitania," in May, 1915, with more than a hundred Americans aboard, he wrung a promise out of Germany that henceforth she would wage only a "restricted" submarine war—and that she would sink no liner without due warning to give the passengers some

chance to quit the boat and save their lives.

If that promise had been kept, we might never have gone into the war. But alas, as we shall see, it was not kept.

Yet when the time for an election came around, in 1916, it still looked as if Wilson could hold the German submarines to terms.

He had done his utmost, at great sacrifice of pride and amid all the flames of passion, to keep the country at peace; and he ran for president again with the powerful slogan, "He kept us out of war." It was probably these words that elected him. Then in one month after he began his second term he was driven to ask for

war on Germany.

Months before that he had tried to make a peace in Europe. He had called on all the battling nations to say what they were fighting for—in the forlorn hope that if they would all make a frank avowal of their aims, they might possibly gather in a conference and come to some terms that would save millions of lives. But the time was not yet ripe.

The nations were too blinded with the blood in their eyes, they were too deaf with the roar of cannon to listen to the whispers of reason. And then all hope of peace vanished as the Germans went back to their old submarine war once more. Americans were told that they might stay off the high seas if they wanted to be safe. Then there was only one thing for us to do.



Photo by Keystone View Co

Only once in history have a reigning sovereign of any European nation and a president of the United States met in person during the president's term of office. That took place when President Wilson broke all precedents to go to Europe at the close of the war. Here he is in London, photographed with King George V.

WOODROW WILSON

Once we were in the war, Wilson the man of peace bent every nerve to have us fight like men. He saw to it that we raised a vast army at once, and sent our millions of men overseas as fast as possible. Never before had two million men been sent three thousand miles across the water, with all their supplies following them in due order. Never before had the brains and industry of America been brought together like this for a single end. But about the mighty effort of the nation we have told in our story of the war, and here we are talking only about Wilson's part in the great conflict.

He had not wanted to go to war. Once he was driven in he wanted above all things to make it war that would end war, a war that would bring a peace that would last forever. Nothing else seemed to him worth fighting for. He was "too proud to fight," as he once said, for any kind of glory, any sum of money, any strip of territory. But he would be proud indeed if we could win a war so terrible as to lead the broken nations into a league of peace that would hereafter settle all their quarrels and allow them to get along without shedding blood.

In that spirit America fought like a lion to win the war. In that spirit, when the war was won, the armistice that ended it was drawn up. In that spirit Wilson went to the peace conference at Paris, hoping to arrange a peace such as the world had never seen—a real and lasting peace, to flower into a "society of nations" that would know no

war again, but would be guided by reason.

Nearly everybody wanted a peace of that kind, and yet it was too much to hope for. The nations were too sore from their ghastly wounds, and too red with blood and passion. They were too far enmeshed in secret treaties made to help in winning the war, too much

entangled in the coils of an outworn diplomacy, too greedy for the spoils that they thought would ease the wrongs they had suffered. There is no use

in blaming anyone for all this.

It was a time to try the souls of men. But the treaty that was finally drawn up was not one that brought us a real peace. Possibly the marvel is that out of all the tangle there did come a League of Nations

such as Wilson hoped, though his own land is not a member of it.

As for Wilson, when he went to Paris he was the hero of the world; when he left it he was, in many quarters, one of the most despised of men. In his own stern and candid way he had tried to be the peacemaker among all the jarring nations at this conference, and the lot of the

peacemaker had been anything but blessed.

When he brought the treaty home, his lot was even harder. Though many of the plain people still loved him, he had long had many enemies here. The machine politicians hated him because he would not play their game. The great money interests hated him because he had tried to protect the plain people from them. A good many people had hated him and called him timid because he would



Photo by Keystone View Co.

This photograph of Woodrow Wilson was taken on his sixty-fifth birthday, after he had retired to private life. We have only to compare it with the earlier pictures in this story to see that Wilson left the White House a broken man. Even his iron will could not bear up under the terrible strain of the responsibilities of the war years, followed by the even more terrible disappointments of the peace.

WOODROW WILSON

not fight Mexico. A much larger number hated him because he had waited so long before fighting Germany; and a smaller group hated him because he had fought Germany at all. Millions of men hated him because they thought he was cold and obstinate, because they took him for a dictator who would listen to no advice. Of course his opponents in the other political party hated him, and they now held the power in Congress. During the war all these hatreds had been forgotten in the zeal to win. Now they burst forth again, five times as strong as ever.

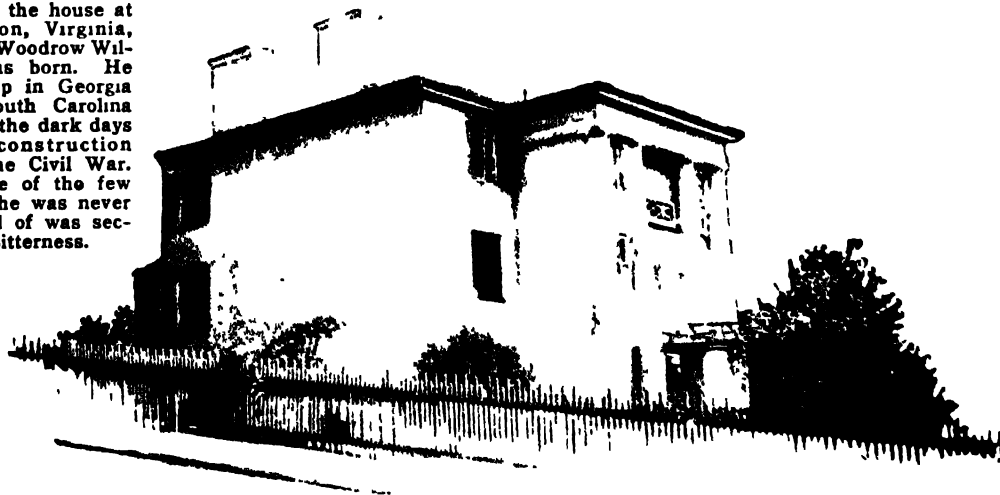
The country would not take the treaty he brought back from Paris. The great trouble came over the League of Nations, which to him was the heart of the treaty. Many people felt that they now had enough of Europe. They had gone over to help in clearing up a mess, but they wanted no alliances that might get them into other messes. Let Europe settle her own quarrels, and keep her League of Nations if she wanted it, we would steer clear of her, and look after America. In that spirit the Senate, for good or evil, refused to accept the treaty except on conditions that seemed to Wilson to make it null and void. When he would not agree to those conditions the treaty was lost.

He made a last appeal to the people, over the head of the Senate, for the treaty and the League. Though worn out with his labors, he went on a tour through the country,

making many speeches for the cause. In the middle of one of these speeches the illness fell upon him which left him a broken man for the rest of his life. There was nothing left but to return to Washington and live out the rest of his term in almost helpless seclusion. Then he retired until the end came in 1924.

For friend or foe, that end can only be one of the real tragedies in our political annals. How far Woodrow Wilson was to blame for the failure of his treaty, and how far his enemies must bear the blame, history, we hope, will tell. Even his enemies have come to know that the man had no ideal except the highest. Even his friends may as well admit that he lacked the easy, winning ways so common to the politician and so important to him. On anything that Woodrow Wilson took to be a matter of principle, he was beyond all doubt a Scotch Presbyterian, a man of granite. That is what every man ought to be, on a matter of principle. But in lesser things, in matters that made no great difference, the men who knew Wilson are still disagreed as to whether he was too desirous of his own way or whether he was willing to take advice and to compromise. The belief that he was a man who would never take advice was what made him most of his foes—they called him unapproachable and obstinate. It is the real question about the man. We will leave it to history.

This is the house at Staunton, Virginia, where Woodrow Wilson was born. He grew up in Georgia and South Carolina during the dark days of Reconstruction after the Civil War. Yet one of the few things he was never accused of was sectional bitterness.



JOHN JOSEPH PERSHING



In the oval is the face of General John Joseph Pershing, commander of the American Expeditionary Force in France during World War I. And at the right, like a guard of honor, march a few soldiers of the A.E.F. itself, parading with the banners for which they fought.



Photos by National Museum and U. S. Signal Corps

OUR GENERAL *in* WORLD WAR I

*With Pershing at the Helm in France, All America Could Feel
that Our Great Army Was in Strong, Safe Hands*

THEY tell us now that it never happened at all--but there used to be a story that when General Pershing arrived in France as commander of the American forces in World War I, he went to the tomb of the great French patriot who helped to win the American Revolution, and said, "Lafayette, we are here." Whatever he said or did not say, what the Commander of the American Expeditionary Force *did* while he was in France won him the respect both of his own army and of the other military commanders.

John Joseph Pershing had had a long training in soldiering. He was born in 1860 in Laclede, Missouri, which was at that time still near the edge of the frontier. At first it looked as though he were destined to be a teacher rather than a soldier. As a very young man he taught for a time in a school for small children, and saved his money so that he could go to normal school. But before long he decided that, after all, he wanted to be not a teacher but a soldier.

So he applied for admission to West Point. He was accepted, and was graduated in 1886. He was twenty-six then, older and more responsible than most of the cadets. He had learned soldierly obedience and unswerving devotion to duty.

Then for four or five years he fought Indians. Arizona had been opened to white settlers, and the fierce Apaches were on the warpath. Later, the Sioux of the Dakota plains were making a last stand against the white invaders. In the Dakota war, the young cavalry officer was in command of the scouts, who were always in the thick of danger.

When the Indians had all been driven inside reservations, Pershing taught again for a while, first at the University of Nebraska, later at West Point itself--but this time the subject was military tactics. While at Nebraska he completed a course in law.

When the Spanish-American War broke out in 1898, Pershing fought in Cuba. "Pershing is the coolest man under fire I ever saw," said his superior officer.

JOHN JOSEPH PERSHING

Then he had a real opportunity to prove his mettle. In the far-off Philippines, which had fallen to the United States as spoils of war, some of the dark-skinned tribes put up a stubborn fight against the Americans. Captain Pershing was sent into the island of Mindanao, whose savage Moslem tribes were the last to yield. To "clean up" Mindanao was not an easy task. The men had to pick their uncertain way through deep tropical jungles. The enemy was fierce and wary. Pershing tried tact and diplomacy whenever he could - but when he could not, the argument had to be with guns and bayonets. In the end, he completely succeeded in his task. President Roosevelt rewarded him royally by making him a brigadier general over the heads of more than eight hundred superior officers.

In 1916 General Pershing was in charge of the expedition which crossed into Mexico in pursuit of the bandit-chieftain, Villa (vēl'yā). So by 1917 he had behind him a long and distinguished record of service.

Commander in World War I

Then in April, 1917, the United States entered World War I. A great army was to be trained and sent to France. President Wilson chose Pershing to command it.

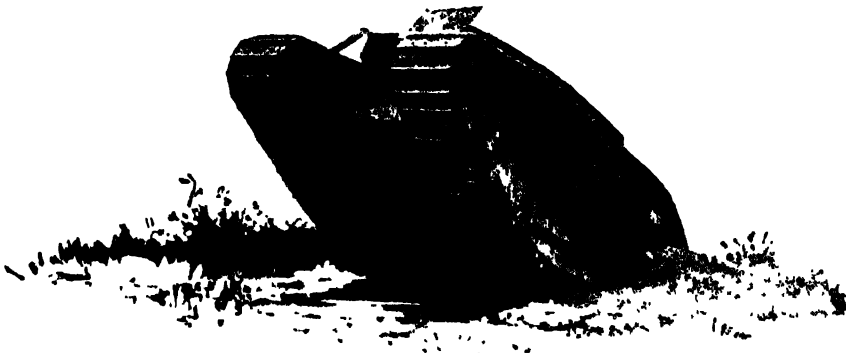
It was a task the like of which no general had ever faced before - to build up, mostly from raw recruits, an army of two or three million men, transport it across three thousand miles of open sea, and keep it fed and supplied and in fighting trim so far from home. Of course Pershing did not have to

manage this alone, but much of the responsibility was his. And as to the movement of the troops in France, the President had given him practically a free hand.

He was determined to keep the American troops together and under his own command, even during the months of training and preparation, when there were not so very many of them. He wanted to attack independently through Lorraine - to get the fight into the open. Years of fighting in deserts and jungles made him impatient of warfare in trenches. But he yielded this plan to the allied leaders. During the great German offensive in the spring of 1918, he even yielded on the "separate command," and sent American troops to fight in the French and British lines. When the danger was over, however, he went back to building up a separate American army. In the last few months of the war, American troops won hard-fought victories in the Meuse-Argonne (mūz-ār'gōn') region. Meanwhile more troops poured in, till at the end of the war the American Expeditionary Force numbered over two million.

After the peace, Pershing was made a permanent general, a high rank held before that only by Washington, Sheridan, Sherman, and Grant. It has been said that in some ways he was like Grant - ruthless and a little impersonal in the way he handled his men, but so strong in will and personal honor that they respected and obeyed him.

At his death in 1948 Pershing was the only American who had ever been elevated to the rank of General of the Armies.



FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Roosevelt's twelve years in the presidency were the most difficult years that any of our presidents had had. His face grew tired and careworn—but rarely sad, for he possessed a sunny nature and a magnificent sense of humor.

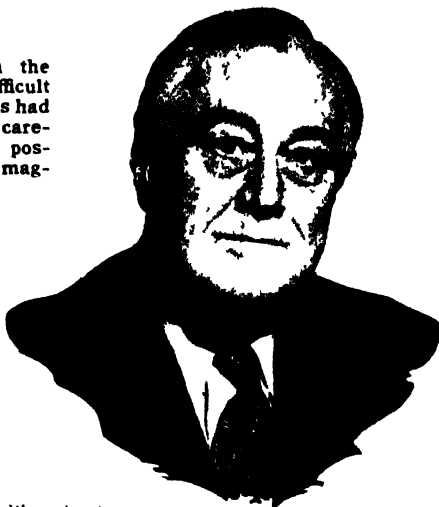


Photo by Acme

Always a fine athlete, "F. D. R." as he was affectionately called continued to swim and fish throughout his life. Those diversions brought him fun and health. But better yet, he could always forget his cares as soon as his working day was over.

LEADER IN OUR DARKEST HOUR

Franklin Roosevelt Had Courage to Give to a Nation Because He Had Learned Courage in His Own Bitter Hour

EXCEPT Abraham Lincoln there has never been a president of the United States so loved and so hated as Franklin Roosevelt (rō'zē-vēlt). For Roosevelt was a reformer, and reformers always arouse strong feelings among the people who agree or disagree with them. Like Lincoln he came to power in the midst of one of the gravest crises our country has ever seen—the depression of the 1930's. Banks were closing on every hand, and our whole financial system was going to ruin. There was grave danger of a complete economic collapse—with a possible revolution to follow. The story of the steps Roosevelt took in the crisis is told on other pages of these books. And on other pages is the story of how he led our country through its most terrible war. For like Lincoln he was a war president, and like him he marshaled our great land to victory—an achievement to make Americans proud. But that too is another story. Here we are going to tell of the man himself, and of how he came to play so great a role in our nation's history. It too is a brave tale of pain endured and difficulties overcome—of how a man won greatness because he fought

his own private battles with courage and endurance.

Anyone would have said, on the day of Roosevelt's birth (January 30, 1882), that the baby could look forward to a pleasant, easy, uneventful life. His father, James Roosevelt, was a rich man, and both father and mother—Sara Delano (del'ā-nō) Roosevelt—came from many generations of wealthy and aristocratic people. On his mother's side five distinct lines in Franklin Roosevelt's ancestry led back to the "Mayflower." And the Roosevelts themselves traced their descent back through generations of sturdy and prosperous Dutch New Yorkers to one Claes Martenzen van Rosevelt, who came over from Holland (1644) to New Amsterdam.

The boy Franklin, an only child, was born and grew up in an old colonial house on his father's estate overlooking the Hudson River at Hyde Park, New York, a little above Poughkeepsie. There he was taught by private tutors, had ponies and dogs, rode and swam and fished and hunted, played tennis and polo and golf, and took a tremendous interest in birds, of which, by the

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

time he was thirteen, he had a large collection that he himself had stuffed and mounted. In winter he went iceboating on the Hudson, and in summer spent a number of months with his father and mother on the island of Campobello, just over the Maine boundary in Canada. There he learned to be an excellent sailor, and at fourteen was given a sailboat in which he could cruise up and down the New England coast. Nearly every year his parents took him abroad. He was a handsome, charming, fun-loving boy and everybody liked him. He had a good time.

The Disappointed Runaways

At fourteen he was sent to Groton (grōt'ūn), a fashionable boys' school in Massachusetts, and four years later (1900) he entered Harvard though he would have preferred to go to Annapolis and enter the Navy. At the opening of the Spanish-American War he and a friend at Groton planned to run away and join the Navy, but on the very day on which they were going to make off they came down with measles instead. At Harvard he finished the prescribed course in three years but went back for a fourth year of graduate work in government, history, and international law. During his last year he was editor of "The Crimson," the Harvard daily paper.

After leaving Harvard he went three years to the Columbia Law School, was admitted to the bar, and entered a well-known New York law firm. There he soon was put in charge of cases involving admiralty law, which has to do with matters connected with the sea. In 1910, needing someone to adorn the ticket, the Democrats nominated him to run for the state senate from the district in which Hyde Park is situated. He did not want to run, for only once in fifty-four years had a Democratic senator been elected there. But with his usual energy he threw himself into the campaign, visited all the farms and outlying villages and crossroads, and to everybody's surprise was successful.

He had campaigned on the issue of taking power away from the political bosses. "Who is this Roosevelt?" one of the bosses had said in looking over the list of new legislators. When he heard the answer he replied, "Well,

if we've caught a Roosevelt we'd better take him down and drop him off the dock . . . This kid is going to split the party wide open."

His foreboding was sound. In those days United States senators were elected by the state legislatures after a good deal of dickering behind the scenes. In 1911 the Democratic bosses in New York and especially Boss Charles F. Murphy of New York City had decided to put up for the United States Senate a man named Sheehan—a reactionary machine politician who had contributed heavily to the campaign fund. Roosevelt organized a group of twenty Democrats who refused to vote for Sheehan and so prevented his getting the necessary two-thirds majority of the two houses of the legislature. For ten weeks the rebels held out, and the legislature could neither elect a senator nor go about its other business. Its members were growing desperate with boredom and irritation. Finally Boss Murphy gave in, and the Democrats nominated another man who was acceptable to the rebels. In New York State the bosses were never quite so strong again. And throughout the nation the affair gave a great impulse to the movement to have United States senators elected by the people.

Firm for the League

When Wilson became president (1913) Roosevelt was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and began at once to strengthen the service that had always lain close to his heart. War came (1917), and he worked night and day to build up our fleet. At the close of the war he was eager to have our country enter the League of Nations. Finally he was nominated (1920) to run for the vice presidency with James M. Cox. They both knew that the League was an unpopular cause and would lose them votes, but they felt its importance so deeply that they preferred to go down fighting for it. Of course they lost. But many political experts believe that if Roosevelt had compromised with his conscience in 1920 it would have been much harder for him to command the confidence of his countrymen when he ran for the presidency later.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT



Phot. by Acme

On this portico at the Roosevelt family home at Hyde Park, New York, Roosevelt greeted his friends and neighbors on the many occasions when they came to congratulate him after one or another of his political victories. To this comfortable old house, his boyhood

home, he came for rest and refreshment. Here he entertained hundreds of distinguished guests, among them King George VI of England and Queen Elizabeth. And here in the quiet rose garden overlooking the Hudson River he lies buried.

Up to now Roosevelt's life had been happy and successful. He had been defeated once when he ran (1914) for the nomination to the United States Senate and of course in the campaign for the vice presidency, but every man in politics knows that he will sometimes meet defeat, and on the whole he had had just about everything he wanted from life. Now, however, fate was to send him to a bitter school. In 1921 he had infantile paralysis and lost the use of his legs. Many of the readers of these pages will know from their own experience the heaviness of that blow. For Roosevelt it was doubly hard. A bright political career was opening before him—a career which now seemed closed for good and all. He bore his grief without flinching. Not even his closest relatives—his wife, his mother—ever heard

him utter a complaint or ever saw him anything but cheerful. He suffered great pain, but he never alluded to it or to his condition. As soon as he was able, he began to see his friends and to carry on his business in New York City. And he never gave up trying to get better.

Famous Warm Springs

It was in 1924 that he heard of Warm Springs, Georgia, where it was possible to exercise weakened muscles by swimming in waters with a natural temperature of 90° F. He went to the dilapidated little resort, was benefited, and soon other cripples—mostly young people—were coming there to join him. He asked physicians to investigate the place, and when they endorsed it he bought (1927) twelve hundred

acres there, including the spring, and turned it over to the Georgia Warm Springs Foundation, a non-profit-making corporation which he established. For a long time no one knew just where the bulk of the money for founding it had come from, but now we know that Roosevelt put two-thirds of his own personal fortune into it at that time. Since then many other people have given money to it, the place has grown greatly, and hundreds of people—mostly children—go there for treatment. It is known far and wide, and has helped thousands toward recovery.

Anna Eleanor Roosevelt

When Roosevelt was stricken with paralysis his old friend Louis McHenry Howe, a newspaper man with a wide political experience, came at once to his side. Howe had for some years been associated with Roosevelt in politics and had set his heart on seeing his friend in the presidency. He refused to give up hope now. In every possible way he worked to keep Roosevelt's interest in politics alive. He persuaded Mrs. Roosevelt, sorely against her will, to take an active part in political life. Though she was very shy he made her speak in public and trained her to do it well. Gradually she began to take an interest—and at the same time her husband began to take heart. Before her marriage she had been Anna Eleanor Roosevelt, niece of President Theodore Roosevelt and Franklin Roosevelt's fifth cousin. So politics was not altogether foreign to her, and when she reached the White House she helped her husband by traveling over the country to speak and to report conditions. She was his "eyes and ears."

In the years when Roosevelt was helpless he was reading and thinking and through his own suffering was gaining a mature insight into men and affairs. He was forming opinions too—opinions about government and economics and progress, about happiness and suffering and man's duty to his fellow man. The boy who had been born to wealth and ease, who had always had a good time, had learned that life is hard for a great many people and that hard things are not pleasant.

Finally, in 1924, though he was still on crutches, Roosevelt was persuaded to take

charge of Alfred E. Smith's campaign for the Democratic nomination to the presidency. And in 1928 the Democratic Party, in the face of his repeated refusals, drafted him to run for the New York governorship. He had wanted to spend more time at Warm Springs to see if he could regain the use of his legs, but the party needed him to help carry the state for Smith, this time successful in winning the presidential nomination. It was Roosevelt who put Smith's name in nomination in the national convention. When at that time the delegates saw him walk up the aisle of the Convention Hall without crutches—though with the aid of steel braces and a stick, and his son's arm to support him—they burst into wild applause. Roosevelt won the governorship, though Smith was defeated. He was reelected (1930), and in 1932 he received his party's nomination to the presidency, defeating Smith, who never really forgave him.

Four Times President

The rest of Roosevelt's story is the story of our country during twelve eventful years, and that we have told on other pages. The man who had faced a bitter personal grief and had won through to laughter and serenity was, in the midst of the depression, now able to tell his frightened countrymen, "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself." The man who must at one time have felt that life had left him behind just at the moment when it was promising him most, was now able to urge the rights of the underprivileged—"the forgotten man." The man who had faced pain and torment without complaint was now able to lead his country with unfaltering faith and courage through the worst war in history. The people of the United States elected him four times to be their president—no other president had ever served more than two terms. All the enslaved millions of the world looked to him as their leader, as the man who, more than any other, would work to free them from Nazi chains. And when he died suddenly of apoplexy (April 12, 1945), just before the victory was finally won, his loss was mourned by more people than have mourned the death of any other man the world has seen.

DWIGHT DAVID EISENHOWER

As a boy Dwight Eisenhower loved to read. During the long nights when he tended the fire at the creamery he was saturating his mind with history and other solid subjects. Book by book, he went through the library of an older friend, choosing the serious works and leaving the froth. But of all that he read there was nothing that seized his imagination as did the history of his native land.



Photo by Acme

At West Point Eisenhower excelled in every form of sport, but early in his career there he broke his kneecap playing football and was obliged to give up the game. It was a bitter blow, for he was the team's star player and football was his favorite sport. When he was already middle-aged he learned to pilot a plane and became a capable aviator. And he always has played an excellent game of tennis.

"GENERAL IKE"

The Story of the Boy from Kansas Who Led the Armies of the World's Greatest Democracies in the World's Greatest War

OCCASIONALLY a man rises to fame, who is so typically American that we cannot see how he could have been born in any other land. Such a person is General Dwight David Eisenhower (i'zén-hou'ēr). He is deeply rooted in American soil and in the American way of life. Famous though he is, he is one with the masses of plain people who work all day, mow the lawn or shovel the snow when they get home at night, listen to the radio, read the newspaper, go to church on Sunday, and send their children to high school and college if they can afford it. He is as American as baseball and ice cream soda and the Fourth of July.

To begin with, he grew up in a small town in the Middle West—in the very heart of our country. He was born (October 14, 1890) in Denison, Texas, and was christened David Dwight Eisenhower, though he later reversed the order of his first two names.

At the age of two he was taken to Abilene (áb'i-lén), Kansas, along with his two elder brothers. There three more brothers were born, and there the family of six lively lads grew up together in a little square white house on a four-acre farm lying toward the edge of town. They irrigated their little piece of land and raised corn, alfalfa, and just about all the fruits and vegetables that will grow in Kansas. Besides, they kept pigs, Belgian hares, chickens, a cow, a team of horses—and of course a dog.

The boys did not have much time to get into mischief. They did the chores, worked the garden, and in vacation hired out to neighboring farmers. In this way, and by working at night as fireman in the creamery, Dwight worked his way through school. He learned to cook, too, for on Sundays after Sunday school the boys got the dinner while their father and mother went to church. Of course they made a game of it all. We are

told that the raw piecrust was thrown rapidly from home to third to first to second base before it was rolled out, and that many a cup did a swift forward pass before it was caught and dried and set on the shelf. On week days the brothers took turns in getting up at half-past five to build the fire and start breakfast for their father and then drive him to his work at the creamery, where he was engineer. But there was plenty of fun, too—just as there is for boys in any small town. There were games in the vacant lot next door, swimming and fishing in the river, hockey in winter, and hunting for rabbits and quail. Young Dwight had about as good a life as a boy can have.

The Early Eisenhowers

It was a God-fearing family. David Jacob Eisenhower, the father, had been born into a family of preacher-farmers back in Elizabethville, Pennsylvania. They were what are sometimes called "Pennsylvania Dutch," and were members of a small religious sect known as the United Brethren in Christ, who are in many ways like the Baptists. They teach that all war is wrong, as do the Quakers.

The first Eisenhower had come to Pennsylvania from Switzerland before the middle of the 1700's, and had established a sturdy, thrifty, upright line that in spite of its religious convictions has fought in our country's wars from the Revolution until this day. There was an Eisenhower with General Washington at the surrender of Cornwallis. Long before they came to America the Eisenhowers had lived in Germany—probably along the banks of the Rhine. The name was then spelled Eisenhauer, and meant "hewer of iron." As a lad of fifteen General Eisenhower's father had migrated to Kansas with his father and mother, and there, while he was an engineering student at Lane College, had met and married a student named Ida Elizabeth Stover, also descended from a pre-Revolutionary family of Germans. At the age of twenty she had gone to Kansas from her home at Mount Sidney, near Staunton, Virginia.

The future commander was in no way a remarkable boy. He did well in school, where history interested him most, and he

excelled in sports, especially football. He was the best tackle in the Kansas Conference. Perhaps his outstanding traits were his energy, his honesty, his straightforward simplicity, and his lovable charm. Few people could resist the friendliness in his vivid blue-green eyes and his humorous grin. There was no more popular boy in the town than "Ike"—for all the brothers were called by the same nickname, and "General Ike" or "Iron Ike" or just plain "Ike" the General is affectionately called to this day. Two years after he finished high school he was appointed to West Point and was graduated there in 1915.

At West Point, as in high school, his work was good though not brilliant. His best subject was English, but in everything that had to do with military science he was near the top. He played halfback on the team and got the name of the "Kansas Cyclone." But most important of all, during those years he was being molded by the exacting moral code of West Point, which has for its motto, "Duty, Honor, Country," and requires a man under all circumstances to tell the exact truth, without addition, subtraction, or perversion. General Eisenhower's fellow soldiers will tell you that no graduate of the famous school at West Point has ever lived up to that code more completely than their great commander in Europe during the Second World War.

A Man Who Could Work With Men

When Eisenhower graduated from West Point the First World War had begun, and the young second lieutenant was sent down to Texas to serve at Fort Sam Houston under General Pershing. From there he went to one camp after another to train soldiers. He tried hard to get into the fighting, but he was so good at training and organizing men that he was kept at home and was finally sent to command the new Tank Training Center at Camp Colt near Gettysburg. After the war he was given a series of routine military assignments in this country, in the Canal Zone, in France, where he drew up an official "Guide to American Battlefields in Europe," and finally in Washington to serve under General Douglas MacArthur as special

DWIGHT DAVID EISENHOWER



Photo by Acme

For General Eisenhower the occasion shown above was the climax of a long career in which everything would seem to have led up to this supreme moment. Representatives of the Allies are signing the document

which declares Germany to be defeated. Seated at the extreme left is General Eisenhower, and second at the table on the right is Field Marshal Sir Bernard L. Montgomery, the famous British commander.

assistant to the Chief of Staff. It was natural that when MacArthur went to the Philippines (1935) to organize Philippine defense he should have asked to have Major Eisenhower appointed to help him.

When war broke out in Europe, the war he had foreseen so long that he had come to be known as "Alarmist Ike"—Eisenhower, now lieutenant colonel, was called back to the States and set to organizing our defenses along the Pacific coast. Finally (April, 1941) he was named Assistant Chief of Staff in charge of the Operations Division in the War Department. It was now his task to plan the grand strategy for American military forces wherever they fought. From his office in Washington during the bitter months that followed he directed our fighting forces at a time when instructed people knew that the enemy could probably overwhelm us if they made the right moves. But the enemy failed, and all over the world military men soon recognized Eisenhower for a master strategist. It was now that he worked out the main outlines of a plan for landing in North Africa. And naturally enough, he was the man who was chosen to carry them out. From then on, General Eisenhower's achieve-

ments are to be followed in our history of World War II—Africa, Sicily, Italy, Normandy, and finally Germany! As supreme commander of Allied forces in Europe and Africa he led the armies of freedom to victory everywhere. When the fighting was over he was made Chief of Staff, and finally (1948) retired from the Army and became president of Columbia University. He could undoubtedly have been president of the United States, but he felt that the Army should not be involved in politics and would not let himself be nominated by either major party. The Department of Defense continued to call upon him for expert advice.

The Greatest Achievement of All

General Eisenhower's single greatest achievement was not the brilliant strategy or the miracle of detailed planning that got everybody and everything to the right place at the right time and so brought victory. It was the welding together of men of widely differing nationalities and temperaments into a single team that worked together harmoniously to the very end, with little jealousy or ill will. This was achieved because they all liked and trusted General Ike.

DOUGLAS MACARTHUR

One need not read our story of General MacArthur to know that he is a man of powerful drive and unbending will. This photograph reveals the fact as no words could. With his other soldierly traits is coupled a deep scorn of physical cowardice. He has said, "Only those are fit to live who are not afraid to die." In brave deeds he has himself set his men the example.



There perhaps is no commander in our Army who is more completely in the military tradition than General MacArthur. He was born to command and has superbly fulfilled his destiny. When he said, "The man who will not defend his freedom does not deserve to be free," he was speaking as one whose duty it is to see that his country does not fall victim to her enemies.

Photo by Acme

THE HERO OF BATAAN *Of "Fighting MacArthur" and His Heroic Service in Our Country's Cause*

FROM the moment of his birth Fate seemed to be planning to make a soldier of Douglas MacArthur. To begin with, she had provided him with suitable ancestors. His father, Arthur MacArthur, was one of the most famous American generals of his day. As a boy of seventeen (1862) he had been commissioned lieutenant and appointed adjutant as well in a famous Wisconsin regiment in the Civil War. He was undersized and his voice still squeaked. In fact he was a huge joke to his fellow soldiers. But in only a few months he had shown such bravery that he was given the Congressional Medal of Honor, our country's highest decoration, and when he was eighteen was promoted to be a major, over the heads of ten seasoned captains who made no complaint. By the end of the war he was a lieutenant colonel—at the age of twenty!

The MacArthurs of course were Scotch. Arthur MacArthur's father, also named Arthur MacArthur, had come to this country

from Glasgow as a boy, had migrated to Milwaukee (1849) to practice law, and at the age of thirty four had become lieutenant governor of the state. Later President Grant appointed him judge in the District of Columbia, a post in which he won national recognition. He may have been a little startled when his soldier son announced his intention of marrying Mary Pinkney Hardy, a Virginia girl who had had four brothers in the Confederate Army. Those brothers refused to come to the wedding, but the marriage was an uncommonly happy one just the same, and the gently bred Southern girl followed her husband from Army post to Army post without complaint.

It was while he was commander of the post at Little Rock, Arkansas, that Arthur MacArthur's son Douglas was born (January 26, 1880). Those were the days of the old Wild West. Little Rock was on the frontier, and Colonel MacArthur's men had their hands full fighting the Indians. The boy

DOUGLAS MACARTHUR



Photo by Acme

This was the scene on the battleship "Missouri" just after the Japanese had signed the terms of surrender

at the table at which General MacArthur is seated. Admiral Nimitz is standing at the extreme left.

Douglas grew up to the crack of rifles and the call of Army bugles. Battle-scarred soldiers, tough frontiersmen, wily Indian scouts, and fabulous horsemen were the people he saw around the Army post, and massacres, Indian raids, stealthy pursuits, and quick, sharp encounters in lonely spots were part of the daily life there. Buffalo Bill and other valiant scouts were warm friends of the MacArthur family. When Douglas was four the Indians attacked the post and an arrow barely skimmed the top of the boy's head. By the time he was ten he was a daring horseman and a good shot, and under his mother's instruction he was fast learning about the great men and brave deeds of history. But though his mettle was being molded by the frontier life of the Great Plains in Arkansas, Texas, and New Mexico—he was not learning frontier manners. The Virginia belle who had become his mother saw to it that he should feel at home in any society in which he might find himself.

At nineteen Douglas MacArthur entered West Point (1899) at a time when his father, now brigadier general, was fighting in the Philippines to free the islands from Spain. At West Point the youth did excellent work and was graduated with the highest record in twenty-five years. He was a fine all-around athlete as well. He had been the star player on the football team at the West Texas Military Academy before coming to West Point, and now he played outfield on the Army baseball team.

Out of West Point, Second Lieutenant Douglas MacArthur was sent to the Philippines, where his father had lately been serving as military governor, following the close of the Spanish-American War. The native peoples there were resisting American protection with all their might. Young MacArthur soon proved himself dogged and resourceful in that bitter jungle warfare. His cool daring won the deep admiration of his men, as it was always to do throughout

DOUGLAS MACARTHUR

his career. He helped the Filipinos lay the foundations of their new country and became their devoted friend.

But before long President Theodore Roosevelt was sending the two MacArthurs, father and son, to Tokyo as military observers during the Russo-Japanese War (1904-05). Already, far-sighted Americans saw that Japan was a danger to us in the Pacific and might one day attack the Philippines. It seemed wise, therefore, that someone should find out how strong she was and how well she could fight. The MacArthurs learned that the Japanese were ruthless, daring, and tricky in combat, showing neither humanity nor honor. They knew that the Philippines were in desperate danger. From that time on they both did all in their power to persuade our country to give the Philippines and our other Pacific possessions a suitable defense. But Congress only laughed.

MacArthur in World War I

The President now made Douglas MacArthur his military aide at the White House (1906). But before long the young man felt that he must be preparing himself for the war he was sure lay ahead. He entered the Engineers' School of Application (1908) and taught in two of our Army training schools. When the First World War began (1914) he was sent to help put down uprisings along the Mexican border and was in the expedition to Vera Cruz.

Finally, as colonel, he was sent to France (1918), a commander in the famous Rainbow Division, which was made up of militia from every corner of the Union. So great was MacArthur's bravery and so brilliant his capacity as a commander that he was raised to the rank of brigadier general and put in command of the whole division. He came home loaded with decorations and honor.

Back in this country he was sent to superintend the Military Academy at West Point (1919-22), and gave his old school a thorough reorganization. Then followed years of service at home and in the Philippines, where the old hatred of Americans was turning to friendship and admiration. In 1928 he went to the Netherlands as head of the American Olympic Team. Finally in 1930 he was

brought to Washington as Chief of Staff of the United States Army, and worked hard to persuade Congress to build up our defenses. He now set about modernizing our army as fast as was possible. But things were looking worse and worse, and in five years he was back in the Philippines again, teaching the Filipinos how to meet the coming storm. They received him with open arms, and President Quezon (kā'thōn), who had once surrendered to Douglas MacArthur's father, created the son Grand Field Marshal of the Philippines.

MacArthur of Bataan

The rest of the story is told on other pages. The Japanese did attack (1941), and as a full general in command of all our forces in the Far East MacArthur now had to try to defend his beloved islands with the slender means that Congress had allowed him. Of course his army, tremendously outnumbered, was driven back, first to the peninsula of Bataan (bā-tān'), on one side of Manila Bay, and then to the fortified island of Corregidor (kō rēg'i-dōr), at the bay's entrance. But it was one of the most masterly retreats in history—and at the end of it the Japanese general committed suicide because he had not been able to drive the Americans from the Philippines. His losses had been out of all proportion to our own. For this heroic stand MacArthur received the Congressional Medal of Honor.

Finally, one day in March, 1942, the world was electrified to learn that General MacArthur, together with his wife and four-year-old son, had escaped by boat and plane from the fortress of Corregidor and had landed in Australia. He had been ordered there to take command of all the Allied forces in that theater of operations. From then on, it was a steady, heart-breaking drive northward from island to island across the Pacific, but it was carried forward with the greatest skill. Victory, so long prayed for and so bitterly won, came at last in August, 1945. And it was like the gallant General that when he went to Japan to direct the military occupation of her empire, he should have landed there in a bomber named "Bataan."

MISCELLANEOUS BIOGRAPHIES

Reading Unit

No. 4

REPLACES PAGE 619

A GROUP OF ABLE AND INTERESTING PERSONS

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

Index to Miscellaneous Biographies

ADDAMS, JANE	580	FAMOUS FIRST LADIES OF ILL	
ANTHONY, SUSAN B.	571	I AND	558
BARNUM, P. T.	575	KILLER, HELEN	507
CARNEGIE, ANDREW	505	ROCKFELLER, JOHN D.	582
CODY, "BUFFALO BILL"	573	WASHINGTON, BOOKER T	509
WINSTANTON, HENRY	557		

Things to Think About

Should women have the same rights as men?	How do Presidents' wives help their husbands?
How would you compare Booker T. Washington with Moses?	What can we do nowadays to help the poor people?

Picture Hunt

Some circus scenes, 12-576	"Good Administration," 12 571
A House of Peace, 12 565	"Listening" to the radio, 12 508
Lifting the Veil, 12-570	A famous portrait, 12 559
At the Friday Levee, 12-566	

Related Material

The railroad Buffalo Bill helped build, 12-560	worked for, 7-336
How our First Ladies influenced fashion, 9-15	Some circus friends, 4 241, 285, 327, 337, 441, 450, 459
The story of braille, 10-62	Work Carnegie aided, 1 189
How the deaf hear, 1-443	The new industrial lords, 7 282
Two laws Susan B. Anthony	Negro music, 12-256, 309, 9-28

Habits and Attitudes

Up the ladder to success, 12-565	Refraining from panic, 12-561
Head of a family at the age of ten, 12-574	Why Hull House grew, 12-581
Avoiding fuss and feathers, 12-564	Fighting against fate, 12 567
	He believed in "helping people to help themselves," 12-565

Leisure-time Activities

PROJECT NO. 1: Read Cody's "Autobiography of Buffalo Bill," Helen Keller's "The Story of My Life," or Booker T. Washington's "Up from Slavery."	visit a school for the blind, or a settlement house.
PROJECT NO. 2: If possible	PROJECT NO. 3: Listen to some of the beautiful Negro "spirituals" on the phonograph or over the radio.

The BRAVEST LIGHTHOUSE BUILDER

***How Henry Winstanley Helped to Save Many a Life, and
Lost His Own, by Planting a Lighthouse on Some
Famous, Fearsome Rocks***

JUST outside the pretty harbor of Plymouth, the first place where the big liners from the ocean are likely to touch the coast of England, rises a chain of rugged black rocks. When the tide is low, we may see them just above the water; when it is high, the sea breaks over them with a thunderous roar.

For many a century these ugly crags were a peril to the hardy seaman who sailed along that coast. Many a ship had driven on them in a storm by day or night, or in a fog, and they had taken their steady toll of sailors' lives, year after year. But now they are harmless, and just an object of curiosity to us as we are getting our first sight of England after crossing the water. There is a famous lighthouse on them—the Eddystone Lighthouse, named after the rocks—which will tell the mariner just where to go. It is the fourth of the lighthouses that have stood on the famous rocks.

But until nearly two hundred years ago nobody thought it would be possible to build a lighthouse that would stand against the howling winds and waves around those rocks. And this is the story of the hero who put the first lighthouse there and saved many a sailor's life, though he lost his own in his gallant work.

He was Henry Winstanley, a modest English architect who seemed to have little interest in the sea and its storms, but who kept puzzling for years to find a way to place a lighthouse that would stand on Eddystone. All the while he was quietly going on with his regular work, and was best known among his friends as a good joker. But year after year he

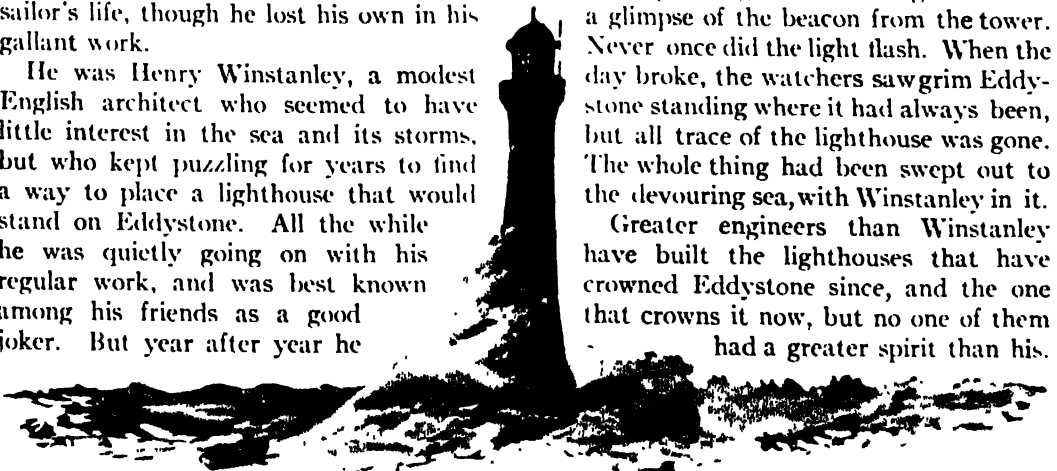
thought out his plans for the lighthouse, and by 1696 he finally persuaded the government that he could build one that would stay.

With iron and copper bars and chains, with stone and cement, he slowly but surely fastened the huge foundation to the great rocks. The work was very hard, and the workers were always in fear and often in despair as the winds and waves beat around them. Sometimes they would row out to the reef in the morning only to find out that the work of many a day or many a week had been swept away in the night, and that they must start all over again. But Winstanley managed to keep them at the heroic task, and as the years passed, the lighthouse tower slowly grew.

In 1703 it stood over a hundred feet above the great rocks, with a light to warn the sailors. Late on one November afternoon in that year a furious storm broke. Winstanley made up his mind to go to the lighthouse. At any cost the light must burn. Not a man in Plymouth could be found to row him out to the reef in such a storm, and he set out into the teeth of it alone.

Those who had refused to take him were left peering through the black night to catch a glimpse of the beacon from the tower. Never once did the light flash. When the day broke, the watchers saw grim Eddystone standing where it had always been, but all trace of the lighthouse was gone. The whole thing had been swept out to the devouring sea, with Winstanley in it.

Greater engineers than Winstanley have built the lighthouses that have crowned Eddystone since, and the one that crowns it now, but no one of them had a greater spirit than his.



FAMOUS FIRST LADIES OF THE LAND



Photo by B & O Railway

Here in this stately mansion the First Lady of the Land presides so long as her husband is serving as president. And when her little reign is nearly over, she courteously invites the First Lady-elect to visit

her at the White House to learn the arrangements of the big house and thus be enabled to lay her own plans. For being First Lady is an important, though unofficial, task.

FAMOUS FIRST LADIES *of the* LAND

How the Wives of the Presidents Have Ruled over the White House and Acted as Hostesses for the Nation

A MAN does not have to go into politics unless he wants to, and he will never find himself elected president of the United States unless he has some sort of taste for the task. But when he does move into the White House, he has to have somebody—some woman—to be hostess for all the grand and important social functions that a president is obliged to give. Usually the task falls upon the president's wife, and she is expected to turn herself into a great lady and a social leader overnight, when perhaps she has not the least taste or talent in the world for such a life!

So it is quite a matter of luck when the First Lady of the Land happens to fit her post eminently well. She cannot be elected in the way her husband is; we could elect her president if we wanted to, but we cannot elect her president's wife. She just goes along.

And yet there have been famous First

Ladies for all that. One or two of them have been important persons on their own account, and several have risen to the occasion and become brilliant hostesses and leaders of the social life of the capital. Some are remembered for this and some for that, but a surprising number of them are remembered.

The first First Lady did not live in the White House at all, or even in Washington. Washington was not yet built when the great man after whom it is named served as president. So Martha Washington played the grand hostess first at New York and later at Philadelphia. And a very grand hostess she was.

When Martha Washington came up to New York to join her husband about a month after his inauguration, she had a great welcome, scarcely less than the one Washington had had himself. Her admirers brought her across the bay in a boat rowed

FAMOUS FIRST LADIES OF THE LAND

by thirteen white-clad oarsmen, one for each of the thirteen states of the new republic. Thirteen rounds of shots volleyed out New York's welcome. The throngs surged around, shouting "Long live Lady Washington! May God bless her."

"Lady Washington"—while some called her that in admiration, you may be sure there was also some shaking of democratic heads at such fripperies of title. They called the executive mansion on the corner of Pearl and Cherry streets "the Palace," too, and made fun of what they called the Washingtons' "royal airs" and their coach with the cream-colored horses. But it seemed to the Washingtons only right that things should be done with decent dignity. They came of fine, aristocratic old Virginia families, and could not have been vulgar had they tried. They were certainly not so democratic as Jefferson was, but on the other hand, had not Washington firmly refused when he might have been made a king? They felt the dignity of the office.

It was in that first year that the President and Mrs. Washington started having their famous "levees." These were Friday evening receptions, very select and very dignified and formal. The refreshments were always the same: tea and coffee and plum cake. The receptions always began precisely at eight and stopped precisely at nine. When someone asked Martha Washington why she made them so short, she replied frankly, "The General always retires at nine, and I usually precede him." These select official "levees" were one of the things the more democratic citizens disliked. Yet they showed Martha Washington a hostess of charm and dignity, who carried her fifty-seven years with grace.

Seven out of eight of Martha Washington's

years as First Lady were spent, not in New York, but in Philadelphia, which became the capital during the building of Washington, D. C. There too a brilliant society gathered about the President's wife and other famous hostesses, especially some of the sprightly Federalist ladies. But Martha

Washington was glad after all, just as Washington himself was, to get back home to Mount Vernon when it was all over at last. "I cannot tell you," she wrote, "how much I enjoy home after having been deprived of one so long, for dwelling in New York and Philadelphia was not home, only sojourning. The General and I feel like children just released from school or from a hard taskmaster . . . I am fairly settled down to the pleasant duties of an old-fashioned Virginia housekeeper, steady as a clock, busy as a bee, and cheerful as a cricket."



Photo by Museum of Fine Arts Boston

The kindly face of Martha Washington is familiar to us all through this and other portraits of her by the great portrait painter, Gilbert Stuart.

The second First Lady was almost famous in her own right, and might very possibly have gone into the biographical dictionaries even if her husband had never been president. This was Abigail Adams, wife of the second president, John Adams. Like many another clever girl of her time, she had to get along with very little schooling. Yet she had a knack of handling affairs, and when her husband had to be away from home for long stretches at a time, he always knew that his estate would be well managed until his return. But it was because she had also a knack of writing that we remember her for herself as well as for her husband. She wrote some of the most delightful letters in the world, and they tell us a great deal about the stirring times in which she lived.

As for managing, Abigail Adams had her fill of it when she first became First Lady. For it fell to her lot to move into the new

FAMOUS FIRST LADIES OF THE LAND



Photo by Brooklyn Museum

"Lady Washington" looks very gracious and queenly as she receives her guests at one of the "levees" she

and her famous husband used to give while he was president. Can you pick them both out in the picture?

White House in the new capital at Washington, and it was much like going to the frontier to live. The little city was being literally carved out of the wilderness, and many are the rueful tales Abigail tells in her sprightly letters about the muddy streets and the barren, almost unfurnished house and the general inconvenience of everything. She gives us amusing glimpses of this queer life, mixed as it was of dignified honors and frontier hardships. She dried her washing in one of the unfinished rooms of the White House, and her husband, the President, romped with his grandson through the echoing passages. Imagine the First Lady worrying about the family wash, and imagine the staid John Adams romping!

When the Adamses Were in Office

Officially, both President and Mrs. Adams were very dignified, just as the Washingtons had been, and they were criticized for it in the same way by the more democratic. Albert Gallatin (găl'ă-tŭn), later to be Jefferson's secretary of the treasury, dubbed Abigail Adams "Her Majesty." Yet when she went back to Quincy, Massachusetts, after her husband's term was over, we have delightful glimpses of her again taking up

her country "operations of dairy woman and skimming the milk at five in the morning

And now, with the third First Lady, we come to that lucky chance, the woman who fits the office of the nation's chief hostess as if she were made to order. Never before or since has there been so famous a First Lady of the Land as Dolly Madison.

The Most Famous of All First Ladies

Her whole name was Dorothea Payne (Todd) Madison, and she was born in North Carolina in 1772. The "Todd" in parenthesis means that she was married first to a man named Todd, who shortly died. Then she married James Madison, "father of the Constitution" and later to be the fourth president. He was twenty years older than she, but they were devoted to each other all their lives. They had no children, and though Madison loved Dolly's son Payne Todd as if the boy were his own, Payne was quite a trial because of his wildness. Yet in spite of that trial, in spite of politics and the War of 1812, in spite of everything, Dolly Madison was one of the happiest, best-liked, and most successful people in the world.

She started being hostess of the White House while Jefferson was president, for

FAMOUS FIRST LADIES OF THE LAND

Jefferson's wife was dead and Madison was Jefferson's secretary of state. Jefferson, as everybody knows, was very informal and democratic; so he did not like to entertain any more splendidly than he had to. But there were certain state dinners and such things that he had to give, and at these the beautiful and lively young wife of his Secretary of State had a chance to show what was in her as a hostess.

Later, when Madison himself became president, she shone even more brightly. Although she had been reared a Quaker, she took instinctively to the brilliant life of official society. Everybody liked her. To begin with, she was beautiful. The British ambassador once remarked that she looked "every inch a queen." She was not particularly witty, and she never made any pretense of being a deep thinker. But she was the kindest and most tolerant person imaginable, and one of the gayest. She had unfailing tact. She loved and understood people. She was a very good listener—and people always like to be listened to. A niece once said, "I always thought better of *myself* when I had been with Aunt Dolly." No wonder people liked her!

How Dolly Madison Loved to Entertain

Best of all for a great hostess, she loved beyond all things to be in company, especially if it were *her* company. It was not only in Washington—it was the same at home at Montpelier, the Madison estate in Virginia. The house was always packed with guests, twenty or thirty at a time. She thought

nothing of having ninety people to dine. She was generous to everyone. During the War of 1812, whenever soldiers passed the house she invited them all to stop for something to eat and drink. In fact, both she and her husband took Virginia hospitality so seriously that they were always short of money.

Madison's administration, as we know, was plagued from first to last by quarrels with England and by the unhappy War of 1812

which grew out of them. There was a time during the war when things were so bad that the British actually took Washington and set fire to the White House and other buildings. Then Dolly Madison had a chance to show that she was more than a social butterfly. It was all very unexpected—dinner was already laid on the table

when the news came that the enemy was approaching.

But Dolly did not lose her head. She saved the famous portrait of Washington by Gilbert Stuart that hangs in the Red Room of the executive

mansion, and many another treasure besides. She retreated in perfectly good order, with no panic at all. And when it was possible to return to Washington she took up her regular life again with as much zest as ever, in the house on Pennsylvania Avenue where the President lived while the White House was being rebuilt. Once, long afterward, when Madison was dead, she again showed the same quick courage. Her house caught fire, but she would not be rescued until she had rescued Madison's papers.

It was a long time before there was any



Photo by Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts
This is Dolly Madison, most famous of all the White House hostesses.

FAMOUS FIRST LADIES OF THE LAND



Photo by American Museum of Natural History

This is the Lincoln family as painted by Frank B. Carpenter. There were four sons; the second, Edward, died in 1850, before the Lincolns came to the White House. Robert, the eldest, and the only one of the children to grow up, is the one who is shown standing.

other woman in the White House who even distantly approached Dolly Madison's success. Elizabeth Monroe and Louisa Adams were both attractive and highly intelligent women, but they did not care for official society and avoided it when they decently could. Jackson was a widower, and so was Van Buren, though after a while the latter acquired a charming daughter-in-law to cheer the society of the capital. William Henry Harrison served only a month before he died, and his wife never even came to Washington.

A Bride in the White House

President Tyler surprised everybody by marrying a second wife during his term of office, in 1844. Julia Tyler, the bride, made the last few months of the term gay, but her time in the White House was short. Mrs.

He became secretary of war and minister to England. The younger boys are William, the "Willie" who died during his father's term in the presidency, and Thomas, or "Tad," whom his mother lived to mourn after her husband's death.

Polk, the next First Lady, was a dignified and beautiful woman, but she belonged to a stern religious sect and did not believe in social gayety. And as for Margaret Taylor, it was the great sorrow of her life when General Taylor was elected president. Had he not been separated from her and the children long enough by the Mexican War? The honor, said Margaret Taylor, was nothing more than "a plot to deprive her of his companionship and shorten his life with unnecessary cares and responsibility." Perhaps she was not far from right, for Taylor did not live to complete his term.

President Fillmore lost his wife during his term of office, but his daughter Mary, a talented and charming girl, made a delightful hostess. Jane Pierce was an invalid—an appalling number of the First Ladies in this period seem to have had bad health. But

FAMOUS FIRST LADIES OF THE LAND

when James Buchanan came to Washington, life and gayety at last returned to official society. President Buchanan, to be sure, was a bachelor, but he brought with him to Washington his beautiful and charming niece, Harriet Lane.

The Popularity of Harriet Lane

Harriet Lane was another woman who seemed made especially for this task of being First Lady. No other mistress of the White House, barring only the incomparable Dolly Madison, has ever been so popular with both Americans and visiting foreigners. She knew much more of the fashionable and diplomatic world than most people, for she had gone to London with her uncle when he was ambassador to England, and there she had shone in diplomatic society and had been entertained by the Queen. Now she came to Washington with the determination of making the social side of her uncle's administration a huge success. And she succeeded.

But dark days were ahead for Washington, as for the rest of the nation. Before Buchanan left the White House the shadow of the Civil War lay heavy over all the land. The woman who came up to Washington with Abraham Lincoln to share the burden of his administration was one of the most puzzling figures in our history—Mary Todd Lincoln.

The Unhappy Life of Mary Lincoln

She is puzzling because people seem unable to agree as to what she was really like or what she and President Lincoln meant to each other. Some say the two were devoted to each other and that she was a great inspiration and help to him; others insist that he married her in the first place only because she would not give him up, and that she made his home life miserable. Certainly they were very different—he a good deal of a lonely dreamer, she a most practical woman. For all his greatness he must have been at times a trial as a husband. Someone has said that “you could believe in the man, you could admire him, you could scold him; but you could not domesticate him.” And Mary Lincoln longed to domesticate him. She wanted him to come to meals on time

and to wear clothes that would not make strangers stare at him. So her trials were not all made by the war.

It must have been a great disappointment to her that there could be so little society during her time in Washington. For she had for a long time been ambitious to be mistress of the White House. But she had a quick temper, and no tact at all. So though she was really very generous and kindly, she found herself unpopular. To cap the climax of her misfortunes, her dearly loved little son, Willie, died during those hard years. It was the second son she had lost, and she grieved so passionately that Lincoln had to warn her that if she did not stop she would go mad.

Teaching a President to Read and Write!

Poor Mary Lincoln did go mad, or very near it, in later years, after the joy of victory had been crushed out for her by Lincoln's tragic death, and after a third son, Tad, had died too. But by that time other mistresses were reigning in the great white mansion where she had known so much sorrow.

The main thing we remember about Eliza Johnson—whose husband had the bad luck to become president just at the close of the war, when Lincoln was killed—is that it was she who had taught her husband to read and write and “cipher” in the old days when he was poor and obscure. But gay days came back to the White House with Julia Dent Grant. During her time there was even a White House wedding, that of young Nellie Grant, daughter of Julia Grant and the President.

Lucy Hayes too was a popular hostess, one of the most successful of them all. Then, after the too-brief time when Lucretia Garfield was First Lady, came another famous White House hostess, Mary McElroy, sister of President Arthur. It fell to Mrs. McElroy's lot not only to preside over White House functions with her genial brother but also to superintend a thorough refurnishing and redecorating of the historic mansion. This she did in excellent taste.

President Cleveland was the second man to marry during his term of office. And Frances Folsom Cleveland delighted the

FAMOUS FIRST LADIES OF THE LAND

whole nation with her tact and grace. Everybody, too, was interested in the three little daughters who were born to her during Cleveland's two terms. In between these terms, Caroline Harrison was another invalid First Lady, nor was Ida McKinley, who left the White House, like Mary Lincoln, in mourning for her murdered husband, well enough to move much in society.

Then, with Edith Roosevelt, wife of Theodore Roosevelt, we come to another bright spot in our story. It is not likely that the people of the country have ever been more amused and interested by talking about a president's family than they were during Roosevelt's time in Washington. The Roosevelts were a lively crowd, all eight of them—the President himself, his busy and devoted wife, their five children, and Alice, the President's daughter by an earlier marriage. As a matter of fact it was Alice who attracted the most attention. She was a spirited girl, with a good deal of her father's liveliness and ability. Like Nellie Grant, she was married from the White House, to the vast enjoyment of everybody—for who does not like the show and excitement of a public wedding? She married Nicholas Longworth, later for many years speaker of the House of Representatives, and for a long time Alice Roosevelt Longworth enlivened Washington society.

The rest of the tale—to date—must be quickly told. Helen Taft was in her element as mistress of the White House, and earned a great reputation as a charming and cultivated hostess. President Wilson lost one wife, Ellen Axson, and married another during his term of office. The second of these First Ladies, Edith Galt Wilson, was a woman of grace and poise who made many friends at Washington, and abroad, too, when she accompanied her husband to the Conference of Versailles. Florence Harding's years in Washington were very quiet, and so were those of Grace Coolidge, who was widely liked.

In Lou Hoover and Eleanor Roosevelt the White House had a new type of mistress. They belonged to the new day, and each had wide interests of her own. During the depression years Mrs. Roosevelt used her fine abilities in trying to help solve the country's problems. She traveled to every corner of the land to speak and observe. She made friends with people of every kind, and wrote sympathetically of what she saw. Many honors have come to her, among them appointment as delegate to the United Nations, but no honor so great as the wide affection many of the American people feel for her.

Elizabeth Truman, as mistress of the White House, has been content to serve as a gracious, friendly hostess to the nation.



ANDREW CARNEGIE



There perhaps is nothing in the whole world more important to-day than that the nations should learn how to get along without war—for science has made war so deadly that if we do not watch out we shall destroy one another altogether. It is to the great honor of Andrew Carnegie, one of America's wealthiest men, that he saw this truth and gave vast sums to help the

cause of peace. The building in this picture, for instance, is the home of the Permanent Court of Arbitration, founded in 1899 at The Hague in Holland, to settle quarrels among nations by talking them over instead of by fighting. Carnegie gave \$1,500,000 toward the erection of it. This was one of the earliest of our efforts to learn how to keep peace.

HE MADE FOUR HUNDRED MILLION

*And Then Andrew Carnegie Thought It Did Not Belong to Him,
and Gave It All Away*

ANDREW CARNEGIE was Scotch, and that explains a great deal about him. The Scotch are full of common sense, and they love fair play. They have a passion for justice. They are the hardest-headed people in the world, too; when one of them has made up his mind, you might as well try to move a mountain as to change him. They love money, but they love education even more. And they are a fearless and very capable race.

So it is no wonder that Andrew Carnegie made a vast fortune, and no wonder that he gave it all away for education.

He started with nothing. Born in Scotland in 1835, he was brought over to Pennsylvania at thirteen by a father who had

just about enough to pay the fares across the ocean. The boy soon had to find work here. For a while he toiled in a cotton mill and later in a telegraph office. Then an official of the Pennsylvania Railroad saw what he was worth, and took him on as a secretary. By the time he was twenty-three, Carnegie was the superintendent of a branch of the road.

After serving in the Civil War, Carnegie wanted to go into business for himself. For a time he went into the new oil business. But he soon felt that his great chance was in iron and steel. He bought a share in a small iron business, and soon joined with his partners to form a new concern known as the Union Iron Mills Company. The

ANDREW CARNEGIE

capital was over \$250,000—which must have looked like a great sum to him at that time.

But it grew. Everything grew when Carnegie took hold of it. He had too much Scotch sense to make many errors, too much Scotch enterprise to let any good chance slip by. He seized on every new device for making better steel at cheaper costs, and for doing all sorts of things with the by-products. He employed chemists to perfect the old processes and to invent new ones. In particular, he waited just long enough, in the careful Scotch way, to see whether the Bessemer (bēs'ê-mēr) process for making steel was going to work; then he adopted it on a great scale. He saw to it that the tariff gave him high prices for his steel rails and other products. And in a few years he had made five million dollars.

But that was only a start for Carnegie. Gradually he bought up the railway lines and steamship lines that he needed to carry his ores at smaller cost. Gradually he secured control of coal mines and oil wells and docks and other plants, all to bring down the cost of manufacture. Then all of his plants were made into one big corporation; and this kept on growing greater by absorbing the smaller concerns around it.

By 1901 he had made about four hundred million dollars. Then he wanted to retire, and do things with his money. So the United States Steel Corporation was formed to take over all his interests, and he was free to do what he thought wisest with his fortune for the rest of his life.

He honestly believed it was a shame for a man to die rich. All his riches had been dug out of the earth by the people, and all his duty was now to see that the people got them back. He had no notion that he *owned* all the money he had made; he felt

that he merely held it in trust for all the people of the earth from which it had come.

But he knew well enough that it is even harder to give away money wisely than it is to make it. In his hard-headed Scotch fashion he pondered for years about the best ways to give his money to the people. In the end he gave it nearly all to education, of one kind or another.

Thus he gave \$10,-000,000 to the four great universities in Scotland. He endowed the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh, and the Carnegie Institution, for scientific research, at Washington. He gave a large sum to his old birthplace of Dunfermline, largely for schools. He set aside considerable funds for such various purposes as rewarding heroes, educating Negroes, and reforming English spelling.

He gave many millions for pensioning teachers when they are too old to work any longer. He offered a library to any town in

the world that would provide the land and keep the building going; there are nearly three thousand of his libraries in the world to-day. He gave millions to spread the gospel of peace and get rid of wars which is also a kind of education. And finally he put all the rest of his money, about \$135,-000,000, into a great trust located in New York, to be used by a board of the wisest men who can be found for whatever the human race seems to need most, or may come to need most as the years roll on.

So when this canny Scot died in 1919 he had given back to the world about all that he had ever made out of it. His example is now being followed by many other rich men, who realize that any given person can spend only a relatively small amount on himself, and that the best way to have a good time is to give the money away.

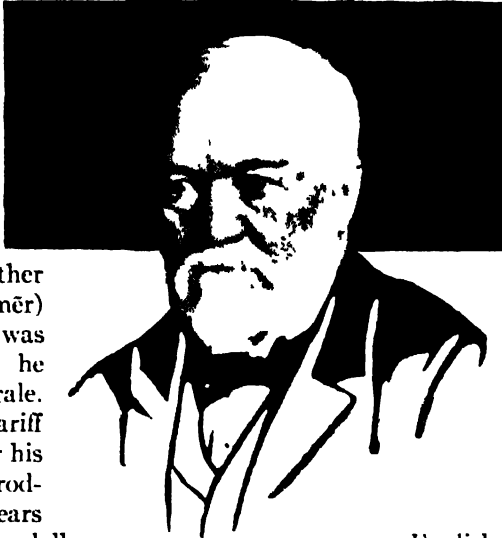


Photo by Doubelman Syn House

This is Andrew Carnegie, the canny Scot who knew, not only how to make millions, but how to give them away.

HELEN KELLER

This is Helen Keller, whose achievement seems like a miracle.

She cannot see or hear, yet she is a famous lecturer and writer.



Photo by Keaton View Co.

DEAF, DUMB, BLIND, SHE READS, WRITES, and SPEAKS

*Helen Keller Is the Chief Marvel among All the People Who Have
No Way to Hear or See*

WHEN Helen Keller was five years old she could not see a thing, she could not hear a sound, she could not speak a word. To be sure, she had been born—at Tuscumbia, Alabama, in 1880—just as normal as any other baby. She had even started to talk when she was only six months old. But when she reached the age of nineteen months she had a terrible attack of scarlet fever, and it took away her sight, her hearing, and her speech. It left her in the dark without a sound. She had no way to see her mother's face or hear her voice, no way to say a word to her.

But one day when Helen was about six years old, her father took her to a great doctor in Baltimore. The doctor said that she would never see or hear, but that something might still be done for her, and he told the father to take her to Alexander Graham Bell in Washington—the man who knew so much about sounds and voices that he had invented the telephone. He advised the

father to get a teacher for Helen from an institution for the blind in Boston; and a little later Miss Anne Sullivan came from there to the Keller home in Tuscumbia. Then a new day dawned for little Helen.

Very soon the brilliant little girl had learned how she could “speak.” She spoke in a sign language that Miss Sullivan taught her. Then she learned how to read, by running her sensitive fingers over the raised points that formed the words in the curious books which Miss Sullivan brought her. Any blind person can learn how to read in this sort of print. It is called “Braille” (brāl). And very soon Helen had read a good many books in this print and learned a great many things.

But Miss Sullivan was not content with that. She wanted the bright little girl to talk like anybody else, and she thought she could teach her how to do it. Almost any other teacher would have thought it hopeless, but Miss Sullivan was not like any

HELEN KELLER

other teacher. Slowly she taught Helen to feel the lips and throats of other people when they were talking, and to do with her own lips and throat exactly what the other people did. And when Helen did those things with her own lips and throat, the words began to pour out of her mouth. She could never hear the words, but everybody else could hear and understand. In a time so short that it is almost unbelievable, Helen was saying anything she wanted to say.

A Miracle of Our Age

She never heard what other people said to her, and never saw them. She just put her finger on their lips, and read their words. Then, without hearing a word of her own, she answered. And the answers were uncommonly good. It was one of the miracles of our age—so much so that Mark Twain used to say that the two most wonderful things in all the world were Napoleon and Helen Keller.

At sixteen the little girl made up her mind to go to college. No one like her had ever been to college in the world before. Of course the work was harder for her than for any other girl, and she could not have done it if she had not had far better brains than most of the others. But at nineteen she took the entrance examinations for Radcliffe College and passed them with honors. In the college she was very happy. With Miss Sullivan always at her side to repeat in the finger language everything that the teachers said, Helen Keller went through college with flying colors, leaving most of the class far behind her.

Not only did she master English, but she

learned to read and write French and German too. She was especially fond of literature of the Greek and Latin poets, of Shakespeare, Molière, and Goethe, all of whom she read with a rare appreciation. And she took her degree from Radcliffe in 1904, ready to start on a career in the world.

Since then she has done a great deal of lecturing and writing. The little girl who never heard a sound has grown into a woman who makes speeches to vast audiences! She has written half a dozen books and many stories in the magazines. Among her books are "The Story of My Life," "The World I Live In," and "Out of the Dark." She has also been constantly interested in other persons who are blind and deaf, and has done a great deal to help them. In this work she has always had the assistance of her famous teacher.

Once It Could Not Have Happened

Indeed, brilliant as Helen Keller is, she could never have done what she has done if she had had the bad luck to be born a century or so earlier, for she would have had

no teachers. Even a person almost or totally deaf to say nothing of one who was also blind—must have found life pretty bleak and empty until recent years. In very early times the deaf and dumb were thought to be mere idiots and were probably put out of the way. Not until the 1500's do we hear of the slightest effort to educate them, and real advance did not come till within the last hundred years.

Helen Keller even "listens" to the radio. It has been wired to a board, as in the picture, and she can follow the music by feeling the vibrations it makes in the board.

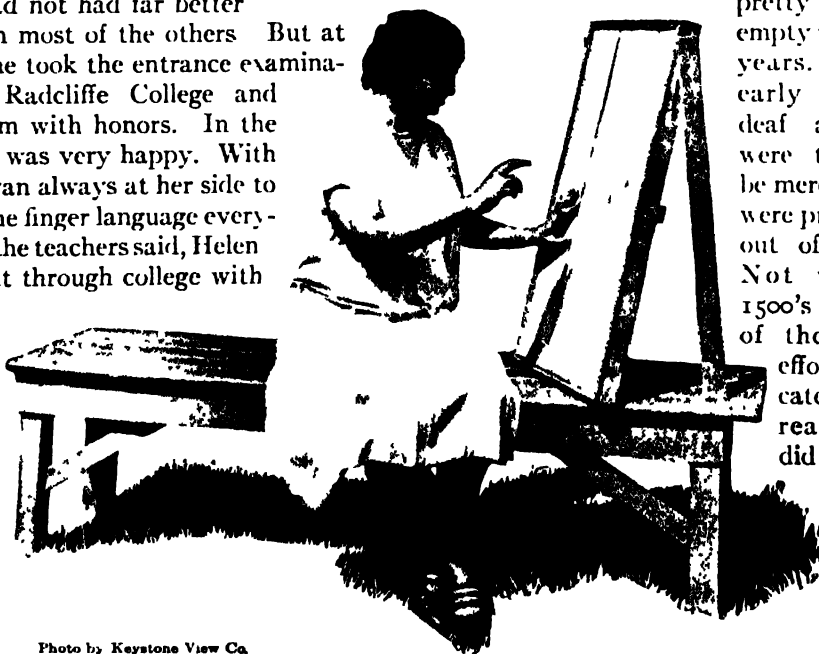
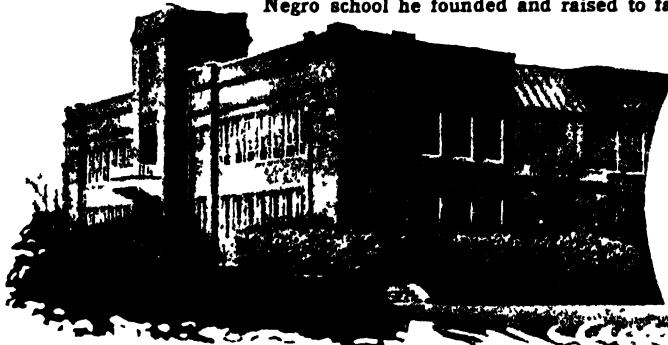


Photo by Keystone View Co.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

In the oval is the face of Booker Washington, perhaps the most famous Negro who ever lived; and this building is part of Tuskegee Institute, the great Negro school he founded and raised to fame.



Photos by Tuskegee Institute and American Museum of Natural History



The BEST-KNOWN of ALL NEGROES

It Was Booker T. Washington, a Slave Woman's Boy, Who Did More for His Race than Any Other Man

SOME time in 1858 or 1859 no one knows exactly when a Negro boy was born in a ramshackle log cabin on an old plantation in Franklin County, Virginia. His mother was a mulatto slave known as "Aunt Jane"; his father he never saw. He was given the name of Booker Washington. Plenty of Negroes were named Washington, after the father of our country. The "Booker" was original. No one thought he would ever need a middle name.

This boy lived to be the leader of his race throughout the country and the founder of the most famous school for them in the world.

In his first few years the little slave boy did what he was told on the plantation--raked the lawn or helped about the kitchen or carried corn to the mill. Then came the end of the war, and his people were free. He went off to Malden, in West Virginia, and got work in a salt furnace. Then a school for Negroes opened in the neighborhood and Booker begged to go to it, but he had to stay at work because his pay was needed to keep the wolf from the door. But he managed to get the teacher to give him some lessons at night, and so learned how to read and write. Finally, by working

before and after hours, he contrived to go to the school for a few months.

Then he got a middle name, or at least a piece of one. The first day in school he found out that the other boys all had a middle name, and he was ashamed when he was called on for his own. So he spoke right up and said his name was "Booker T. Washington," and by that name he was known to the end of his days. But the "T" in the middle of it never stood for anything at all.

He was eager to learn, but his wages were needed, and he had to go to work again, first in a coal mine and then as a servant in the mine owner's home. One day when he was about fourteen, he heard the Negroes in the mine talking about a school in Virginia where colored boys could earn their education by working at a trade. It was at Hampton, five hundred miles away. He had no money to get there, but he made up his mind that he was going. He walked part of the way and begged rides for the rest of it, until he finally arrived at Richmond. There he had to stop and work for a few days helping to unload a cargo of iron ore, to get something to eat. He was so ragged that he could not get any place to

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

stay; so he slept in a hole under the board-walk near the wharf. A few weeks later he reached Hampton with exactly fifty cents in his pocket.

When he went to the school he was so ragged and dirty that the Yankee teacher wondered whether she ought to let him into it. She thought she would put him through the test of sweeping out the school-room. When she saw how he did that, she took him in as a pupil. Then he worked his way through the three years of the school by serving as janitor. A little later he became a teacher in the school.

He was still only about twenty-two when he was asked to go to Tuskegee, Alabama, and start another school for Negroes there. It opened in a tumble-down shack and a small Negro church, "with thirty pupils, one teacher, and no property but a blind mule." To-day, owing to the hard work of Booker T. Washington, it has over a hundred

buildings, two hundred teachers, and more than sixteen hundred pupils, with an estate of some twenty-four hundred acres. For the one interest in Washington's life was to build up that school, and through it to educate and elevate his race, to put them to good and useful work, and to make them the best citizens he could. After many years of hard labor he had made for the Tuskegee Institute a name that was known all over the world; and he himself, respected equally by the white men and the colored ones of the South and the North, was sometimes called "the Moses of the Negro race." He was the most prominent negro who has ever lived.

Booker Washington died in 1915. He had worked himself to death. Before he died he had written the story of his life in a book called "Up from Slavery" which can now be read in nearly any language of the civilized world.

At Tuskegee Institute, in Tuskegee, Alabama, stands this memorial to Booker T. Washington, its founder. The standing figure is that of the great black man who throughout his life cherished the vision of an uplifted Negro race, freed of its chains of ignorance and treading the path of enlightened progress.



The meaning of the sculpture is explained by the inscription on its base, which reads: "Booker T. Washington, 1856-1915. He lifted the veil of ignorance from his people and pointed the way to progress through education and industry." The Tuskegee Institute continues to carry on the work its founder began.

Photo by Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute

SUSAN B. ANTHONY



THE JUSTICE AT THE BENCH

The artist who painted this picture called it "Good Administration." Justice is holding the scales even, and the figures on either side—a man and a woman—give each a contribution and receive each the benefit. It was for even-handed justice and "good administration" that Susan B. Anthony stood all her life, and

she knew that while the country was governed by and for men only, justice could not be complete. Probably women in America to-day have opportunities as nearly equal with men as anywhere in the world; if that is so, American women must thank Susan B. Anthony beyond all others.

SHE HELPED MAKE *a* NEW WORLD *for* WOMEN

This Is the Story of Susan B. Anthony, Our Greatest Champion of the Rights of Woman

IN THE national capital at Washington there is a monument to five women, built by thousands of their grateful admirers. Yet only a little while ago these same five women were being mocked and ridiculed for doing the very things that the monument celebrates. Chief among the five is Susan B. Anthony, whose name now stands high in the list of America's great women and great reformers.

Susan Brownell Anthony was born in a Quaker family at South Adams, Massachusetts, in 1820, but her parents soon moved to New York State and she spent most of her life there. She went to a little private school that her father had started in order to give his own children and those of the neighbors the kind of education he thought they ought to have. At the age of seventeen

she started teaching school herself. When she found that she would be paid less than a third of what a man would get for exactly the same work, she was bold enough to make her first speech in a teachers' meeting in favor of equal pay for men and women.

It was a very short speech, but it was enough to horrify everyone who heard it, for in those days no lady was expected to lift up her voice in public. People thought it was scandalous. But Susan Anthony was not going to stop. From that day to the end of her career she went on as a speaker in the cause of woman's rights—her great ambition being to see that women secured the same rights as the men had long had.

After fifteen years she gave up teaching and devoted her time wholly to her main cause. In 1851 she joined forces with Mrs.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY

Elizabeth Cady Stanton in forming a women's temperance society in New York State, the first one of its kind in the country. But time after time when she went to some political leader to ask for better laws to protect the women and children against the evils of strong drink, she went away with empty hands because the politician had no need to fear her or to pay any attention to her and the other women with her. The women had no votes, and they saw that very few politicians were going to listen to them until they had something to say on election day.

So Miss Anthony began her fight for votes for women. In 1858 she began to urge an equal chance for education among the girls as among the boys, and two years later she helped to get a bill passed in her state giving the married women the control of their own property and earnings. But the vote was the main thing; and in that cause she and Mrs. Stanton now began to publish a paper called "The Revolution," with the motto, "The true Republic: Men, their rights and nothing more; women, their rights and nothing less." Then came the birth of the American Woman Suffrage Association, in 1869, which merged with another society into the National American Woman Suffrage Association in 1890. She was a leader in both of these; in the latter she was at first vice president and later president.

The Fight for Woman's Rights

Supported by these associations, Miss Anthony pleaded her cause in many a lecture all over this country and in Europe, and in many an article in the magazines and newspapers. She appeared before congressional committees and every other kind of assembly where she could further the aim for which she and all her associates were

working - an amendment to the constitution of the United States giving women the right to vote. To test that right she even went to the polls and voted, as long ago as 1872. But of course it was illegal, and she was arrested and fined \$100 - though she was never forced to pay the fine.

Of course the great majority of people just laughed at her, and some of them did a good deal worse. She had to face many an insult. Anyone who goes in for reform may as well make up his mind to meet a good deal of that. But by her clear and forceful speech, by her earnestness and her reasonableness, she finally got the world to listen, and to listen with great respect. She won the regard of all the civilized world. Once when she was visiting the German court with a group of suffragists, the Empress of Germany refused to sit down in her presence, wishing to have it known that she held Miss Anthony above royalty itself.

Yet Susan B. Anthony could not live to witness the final triumph of her cause, though she could see it coming. She retired in 1900, at the age of eighty, and died in 1906. The national amendment granting woman suffrage was adopted fourteen years later. The words of the amendment had been written by Susan B. Anthony, and she had probably done more than any other person to secure its passage.

At the same time the cause for which Miss Anthony had labored so well was winning in many other lands. Finland was the first to give equal political rights to women, in 1906, the year Miss Anthony died. Norway followed in 1910, Iceland in 1914, and Denmark in 1916; Scandinavia, you see, led the way. After the World War the movement swept the world, so that now it is the exception for women not to have the right to vote.



Photo by Keystone View Co.

In the fine, strong face of Susan Anthony in her old age is written something of the story of her long years of courageous struggle against injustice and ridicule.



THE BUFFALO BILL OF Mrs. John Baker

Even if people were to forget the entrancing tales told of "Buffalo Bill" Cody, his memory would not be forgotten. Statues of him have been erected; the town of Cody at the eastern entrance of Yellowstone Park was named for him; and feeble imitations of his great "Wild West" show are still a part of many circuses. Here he is shown on his horse

The GREATEST of ALL the SCOUTS

How "Buffalo Bill" Used to Show All the World What the Wild West Was Like

THE crack, crack, crack of a rifle would ring through the great white tent. In a moment the answer would be barking from a hundred other rifles. Then the thud of horses' hoofs would come. As one man, the thousands of people in the crowd would turn their eyes to the opening at one end of the tent. A tall, elderly man would gallop in like the wind on his white pony. A great cheer would rise; the women would clap their hands and the men would stamp their feet; the little boys would sit with open mouths, and the little girls would hold their hands over their ears or hide their heads in their mothers' laps.

Erect on his pony, the old man would ride around the big tent. Under his broad hat the long hair fell down over the collar of his brown leather jacket. He sat on his pony like a boy of twenty, and he rode like a veteran of all the wars. No one could mistake him. There was only one "Buffalo Bill," there was only one "Wild West" show, and this was its grand parade.

After the old man came hundreds of cowboys, each one on his galloping pony. Each one managed his pony with one hand as he raced by; with the other hand he was whirling a lasso above his head in an amazing way, or waving a "ten-gallon" hat in the air. Then came still other cowboys sticking for dear life to the bucking bronchos that were doing their best to throw them. And then there were cowgirls just as expert with the lasso as the men in front of them, and troops of red Indians whirling by in their gay finery on their sure-footed mounts. All around were scouts in strange Western costumes and sharpshooters firing their pistols and rifles into the air.

Now came the great, creaking stagecoach, with six straining ponies and a driver urging them on with a great whip which he waved and cracked in the air. Then a band of highwaymen swooped in from nowhere and "held up" the coach, and there was a brave rescue. A big old buffalo thundered in, pursued by a whooping Indian with bow

BUFFALO BILL

and arrow. Suddenly there were dozens of the great beasts tossing their shaggy heads in the ring. And then more and more Indians—braves with leather coats and trousers, splendid with bright beads and long fringes and gay feathers in their headdress that reached all the way down to the ground; squaws that followed in their bead-trimmed dresses; and even a funny little papoose that looked so solemn riding on its mamma's back.

It was the great "Wild West." Alas, what is there left for the boys and girls to see now? For all this was forty years ago.

After all this parade the great show followed, with two hours of the life of the wild West as Buffalo Bill had lived it. The show would draw out a vast crowd anywhere. Many a time, during its twenty years, it was given in every town in the United States, and no one ever grew tired of it. It went all over Europe too, and indeed all around the world.

The man who gave the show was William Frederick Cody—for that was the real name of "Buffalo Bill." He was born on the western frontier in 1846, in Scott County, Iowa. As civilization moved on westward, he went with it, for he loved the freedom of the plains. At the age of six he went into Kansas with his family, and there his father was killed in the border fighting four years later. So at ten he found himself at the head of a household. At fifteen he was a famous rider in the "Pony Express" that carried the mail by relays for about two thousand miles over the mountains to California. Day and night, in spite of any weather he covered his seventy-five miles on his trusty pony. That was how a letter went

to California in those days, and the man who took it had many a risk to run. He would know all about Indians and many other things before he was through.

Cody became a scout and guide for the United States Army in 1861, and two years later he went into the Civil War. After it was over he made a contract to supply buffalo meat for the men who were building a railway through to the Pacific. In the next eighteen months he brought in about five thousand of the big beasts for food, and that is how he got the name of "Buffalo Bill." Then he was a scout for the army for four more years. A little later, when the Sioux and Cheyenne Indians went on the warpath, he took a hand in the fighting. He met the Cheyenne chief Yellow Hand in single combat and killed him.

In 1883 Buffalo Bill organized the great "Wild West" show that gave all the world some idea of what he had seen and done in his adventurous life. A majestic figure,

The wild days of the West are almost over. Buffalo Bill—whose picture you see here—would not recognize, in the flourishing towns of today, the "towns" he once knew, which mostly consisted of one saloon and several hitching posts. "Dude" ranches have grown common, and the hitching post is being replaced by the gas station, although in out-of-the-way places there still are traces of the old life.

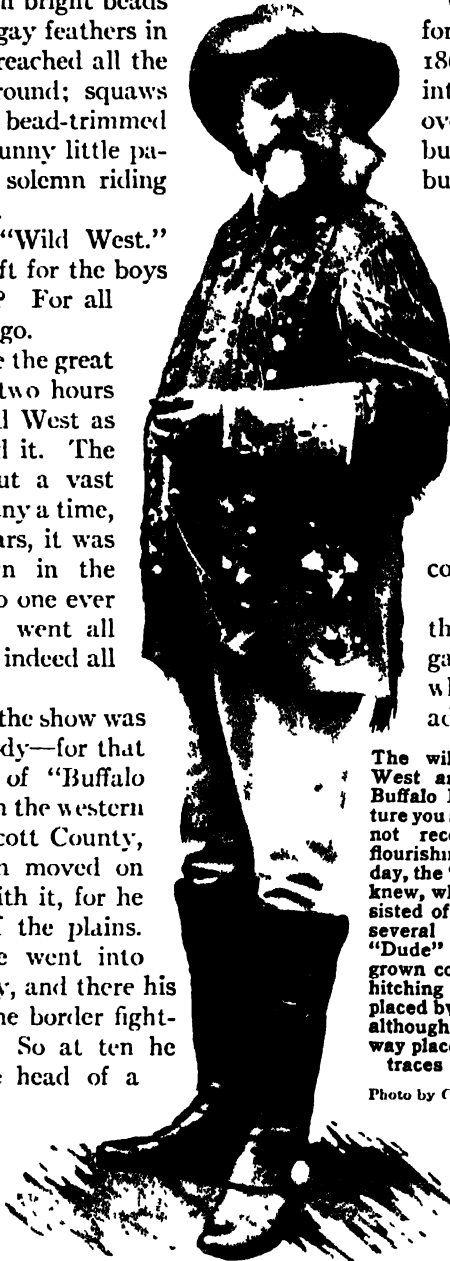
Photo by Colorado Association

he would gallop around the ring of the tent on his pony; and as fast as the man galloping with him could throw some little hollow glass marbles into the air, Buffalo Bill would shoot them into bits with the pistol in

his hand. But that was only one of the thousand wonders of the show.

He also found time to open a school for roughriders in Wyoming, and to write several books.

When he died in 1917, his body was laid to rest in the solid rock at the top of Lookout Mountain, near Denver.





This is the man who is called the world's greatest showman. For P. T. Barnum did more than anyone else to make the circus what it is.



No circus would be a circus without its clowns. Those funny painted fellows are the life of the show, and a good one draws a very high salary. For it is not easy to be funny as anyone may prove for himself and to think up new ways to make yourself ridiculous takes something like genius.

Illustration by H. A. Atwell

The GREATEST SHOW on EARTH

This Is the Story of the Father of the Circus
—P. T. Barnum the Great—

NOTHING that ever happens will upset a little town so much as a circus coming through. The shops may keep open, but the clerks will be restless. The schools may run as usual, but the boys' minds will be somewhere else. And why not? The circus is in town!

Some of the boys creep out of bed before daylight and steal down to the railroad tracks. If only they can get a job carrying water for the elephants! At any rate, they can see the gaudy cars rumble in and pour out a stream of strange life. They can hear

the wild animals roar as the white horses and the elephants amble down the gang planks. They can see sleepy men in great gangs emptying the cars in next to no time and setting up the 'big top' and the little tents for side shows. They can see swarms of men and women gathering who look nearly as strange as the queer animals—the miraculous actors and actresses and clowns of the big show.

By ten o'clock everybody in the town is on the curb waiting for the parade. And at last it comes! There are shrieks of delight



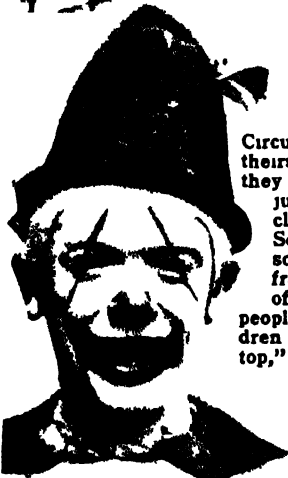
No distinguished visitor is ever greeted by a more enthusiastic committee of welcome than greets the elephants when they step out of the elephants' Pullman

Not all the skill in the circus is in the ring It is a real sight to see six men sledge a stake

The lions are noble and the acrobats are brave, but the elephants get the peanuts just the same



Circus folk are like one big jolly family, for theirs is a lonely life, and a strange one So they learn to find the best in one another, just as any family should do The clown can't always be funny in real life Sometimes he has a toothache, and sometimes his baby is sick But the freaks, like "The Long and the Short of It," at the right, are often very gentle people, and there always are plenty of children to make life merry "under the big top," as it travels from place to place



as the comical clowns go by on top of the elephants. There are gasps as the lady lion tamer rolls by in a cage with her ferocious beasts. There are only sighs as the parade ends with a tooting steam calliope. Now the time drags slowly till the afternoon and evening. And then all the town goes to the circus. Never do they see such magic elsewhere.

Next morning there is nothing but a little trampled grass to tell the story. The circus is gone for another year. Already the whole thing has started over in another town, miles away. Next day it will be still farther off, and so on through the season.

It is a big business, and a real mystery to most of us. For very few of us have any idea how the circus people live. They are stranger than gypsies, as they set up their great tents, give their whole show twice a day, and vanish to some other place. It is often said that they have to be born to the life that they first see the light under the "big top," and first breathe the odor of the sawdust ring. And that is nearly true. At least you have to live a long time with a circus, and work very hard, before you are fit to be a showman.

Yet many a circus man came from a farm or a small town. The greatest of them all came from a little town in Connecticut. Every circus man will call him "P. T." His whole name was Phineas Taylor Barnum (1810-1891).

As a little boy in New England, P. T. showed all the signs of a shrewd Yankee.

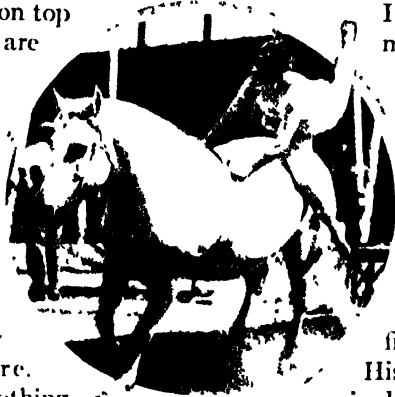


Photo by H. A. Atwell

She looks so gay and rides so easily that one might think her life was nothing but fun. But to do those breath-taking feats she began, almost as a baby, to spend her time in the hardest labor. And in order to take her life in her hand at two shows a day, she must constantly keep up the most exacting bodily training. For if she missed just once -!

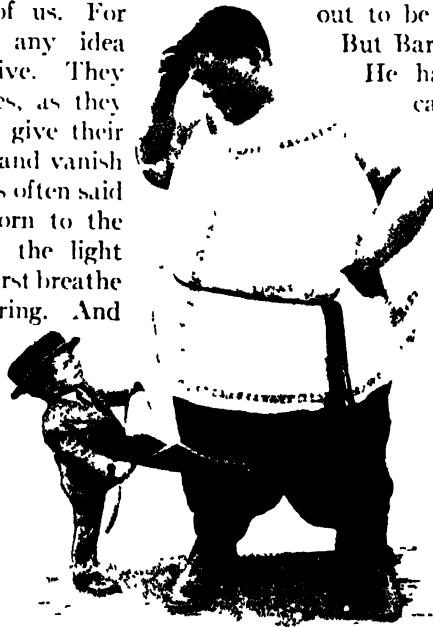


Photo by H. A. Atwell

"This way, ladies and gentlemen, this way to see the fattest man on earth. The best part of the show!" No one can resist the "barker's" promises, so in we go to the side show to see some such sight as the one above. It may be hard to believe, but the tiny fellow is really ten years older than the mountain of flesh that he is trying to measure.

He had found various ways of making money about the time he was giving up skirts and going into trousers. He was nothing but a boy when he went away from home to make his fortune. At first he did various things, and at one time ran a newspaper. But at twenty-five he started his first traveling show.

His great drawing card was a crippled and wrinkled negro woman named Joyce Heth, who looked very old. Barnum told everybody she was 160 years old, and had been the nurse of George Washington down in old Virginia. So the people flocked from miles away to see old Joyce, the nurse of Washington. Then she died, and was found

out to be about seventy!

But Barnum had learned his secret.

He had humbugged the American people. For the rest of his life one of his great mottoes was that "the American people like to be humbugged." He made a fortune doing it, and he found some very funny ways to do it though of course he gave a good show in addition.

For a while after Joyce's death he did not prosper, but then he opened a museum of freaks in the city of New York. Here he showed his "Feejee Mermaid," which was the head of a mummy grafted on the body of a fish. And here he had many another humbug to be seen, such as the "Sacred White Elephant from Siam." But his main attraction was no humbug. It was a real man, General Tom Thumb 2 feet, 7 inches high.

P. T. BARNUM



Photo by H. A. Atwell

Could anyone forget the thrill of seeing the big parade swing into sight at last? You have stood for at least an hour on the sidewalk in the sun, and then, with a blare of music—paradise comes marching by!

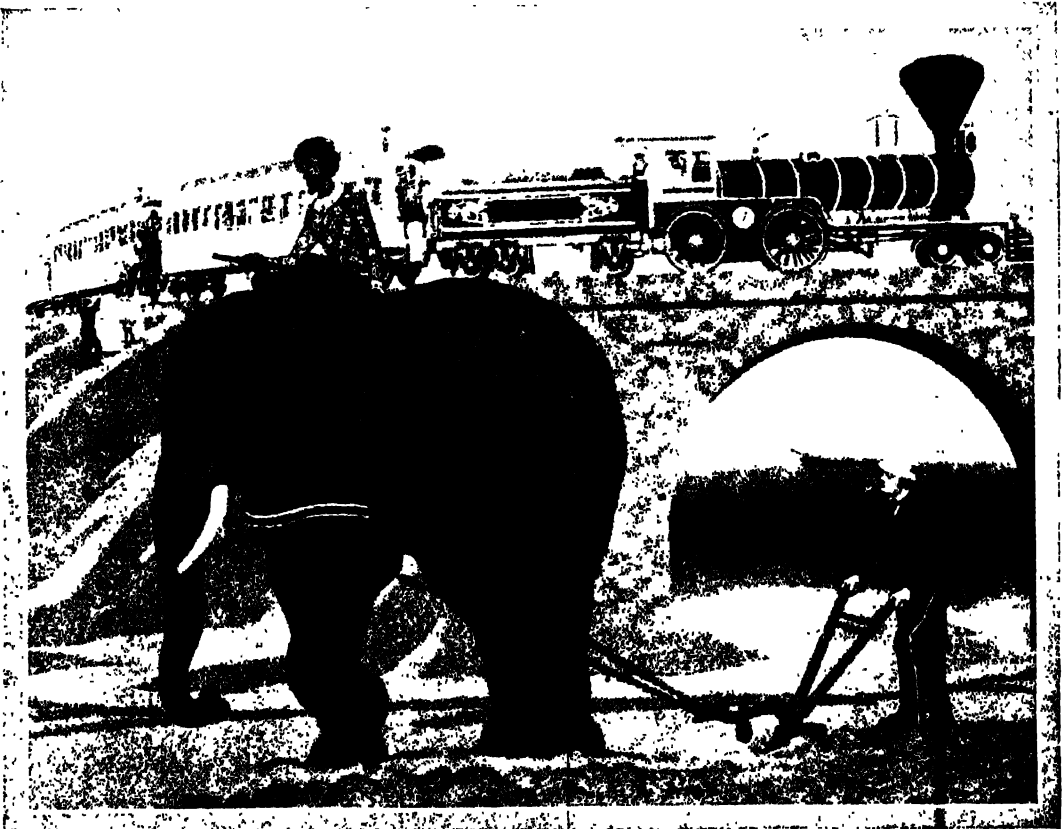


Photo by the artist, Griffith Bailey Coale

Here is a bit of our earliest advertising in the modern style. Of course the bright idea was Barnum's. How proud a modern advertiser would be if he could think up an advertisement striking enough to stop a train!

P. T. BARNUM

And Barnum did more than show freaks. He is the man who in 1850 brought over the famous Jenny Lind from Sweden, one of the sweetest singers who ever lived. He took the "Swedish Nightingale" all over the country for 150 concerts, and paid her \$1000 for each one—a great sum in that day. But he made a little fortune out of it.

Then his museum burned down, with all of his humbugs in it, and he had to start all over. Three years later he opened "The Greatest Show on Earth"—a traveling circus.

It was not the first or only circus in the country, but it was the best. It gave a regular circus performance, and it had a menagerie of wild beasts and a side show of freaks. It was marvelously advertised—and Barnum's influence can still be seen in some of our advertising, though not always for the best.

After the first year he began to have two rings in his circus—against the advice of his friends, who said it would be too much to watch at one time. They were mainly right, but the two-ring circus was here to stay. It is a many ringed circus now. At

the same time the great showman started to move his show by rail instead of on wagons, as before. So he could go far faster and make his circus a nation-wide affair. In his first year on the rails Barnum took in over a million dollars. The great business of the modern circus was on its way, and Barnum is still its hero.

In the winter Barnum used to camp with his show at Bridgeport in Connecticut. There he did a bit of advertising that is exactly like him. On a lot by the railway track he put out an elephant pulling a plough, with a driver in oriental costume. The driver had a time-table, and every time a train was coming by he started plowing busily. Of course everybody in the train saw the thing. Then the newspapers all over the country began to talk about it. Thousands of farmers wrote to Barnum asking about the value of the elephant on the farm. "How much does he eat, and how much can he draw?" they always asked the showman. And Barnum always answered, "He draws the attention of millions of people to The Greatest Show on Earth."



Seventeen drinks already,
and still his glance is thirsty!
If it were any animal less
distinguished than an ele-
phant, we may be sure that
our boy would be off even
though it was to school. But
no creature of this size and
shape ever went thirsty long.

Photo by H. A. Atwell

The WOMAN WHO FOUNDED HULL HOUSE

Because of Jane Addams' Childhood Vision the World Is a Better Place for Thousands of Poor in Our Great Cities

ON THE West Side of the great city of Chicago, surrounded by shabby tenement houses and dingy little shops with strange foreign names on their windows, stands a block of tall brick buildings with wide entrances through which swarm men and women and children from all the countries of the world. It is Hull House, one of the first social settlements in the United States, and it stands there today, a "big brother" to the neighborhood, because a woman named Jane Addams believed that in spite of heartaches and discouragement, in spite of criticism and misunderstanding, a dream can come true.

"When I am a grown-up lady," said little Jenny Addams to her father, "I'm going to live in a great big house; but I don't want it to be near other nice ones. I

want to live right next door to poor people, and the children can play in my yard."

More than twenty years passed before Jenny got her big house "next door to poor people." During those years she had grown from a thin little girl with a crooked back--

she had had curvature of the spine into a tall young woman with serious gray eyes and a calm strength that won the love and trust of all who knew her. Shortly after her graduation from Rockford Seminary, not

far from her home in Cedarville, Illinois, her much loved father died. The shock of his death, coupled with the heavy work at the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia, where she was studying to become a doctor, brought on a return of her old spinal trouble, and she was forced to give up her training. For many months she lay strapped to her bed or hobbled about painfully in a sort of strait jacket made of leather and steel.

When she was better she went abroad with her stepmother and some friends and traveled through Europe studying the languages and visiting art galleries

and museums. But her brief glimpses of the suffering and poverty in the world made her ashamed of her own life of idleness and comfort. She was stronger now in body, and with her returning strength came the desire to do something to help people less



This is the kindly face of Jane Addams, one of our country's greatest women. When she was only a little girl she was so saddened by the misery of the poor that she determined to devote her life to relieving their sufferings. Out of this youthful dream came Hull House, famous all over the world.

fortunate than herself. Slowly the dream of her childhood shaped itself into a plan, and one sunny morning in Madrid, Spain, she confided it to Ellen Starr, a friend of the Rockford days. The plan had shaped itself like this: to have a house in a shabby district of some big American city—a big house, a comfortable house to which the poor and unhappy and bewildered might feel free to come for help and understanding.

Ellen thought the idea a splendid one. "We'll do it together," she cried enthusiastically.

An Old House on a Busy Corner

And so, in 1889, when Jane Addams was twenty-nine, the two young women returned to America and to Chicago, where after many days of searching they discovered the house they wanted on the corner of Polk and Halstead Streets, a corner where all the nations of the world come together.

Because it had been built by Charles Hull as a private mansion in the old days before the neighborhood had changed in character, it came to be known as "Hull House," a name now famous around the world. And because little Jenny Addams was true to her dream and to herself she was the heart of Hull House, a woman often spoken of as the American Joan of Arc.

She had many battles to fight in the long years that followed the opening of the settlement, battles against poverty and vice and ignorance, against the greed and selfishness of politicians and of employers of sweatshop labor. She had too to overcome the suspicion of the very people she was trying to help. They could not understand why a couple of "swells" should come to live among them, and it took time to convince them that she was not there to spy or to criticize.

A Friend to Everyone in Need

But because she was brave and had faith in her work she won. Gradually the people of the neighborhood learned to accept Hull House and to love its mistress. Immigrant families came to her for help in this strange new world, tired mothers brought their

babies to be cared for while they worked, children swarmed through the big rooms or played baseball and duck-on-the-rock on the playground where once a row of filthy tenements had stood. And other people came too, men and women with careers of their own who nevertheless saw the vision that Miss Addams saw and were eager to give without pay all the time they could to help it come true.

Before long the old Hull house became too small to hold them all, and to-day in place of the one building there are thirteen, covering a whole city block. Such a busy place as it is, and how many things there are going on under those thirteen roofs! There are clubs for boys and girls, classes in weaving and pottery and painting, classes in English for foreigners, a kindergarten and a day nursery, dramatic clubs and a band.

A Crusader in Every Good Cause

With so much to look after at home it seems hardly believable that Miss Addams had time for other things, but she did. Until her death (1935) at the age of seventy-four she labored unceasingly to right social injustices. She was a crusader for the abolition of child labor, for a living wage for all, for an eight-hour working day, for sickness, unemployment, and old-age insurance, and for safeguard against industrial accidents. In 1931 she was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for her great work for peace both during the World War—when she was jeered at as a pacifist—and afterwards.

And yet, in spite of all these interests, she was still the "heart" of Hull House, never too busy to help Antonio with his naturalization papers, to give Mrs. Rizzo advice about an ailing baby, or to admire small Manuel's lop-sided bowl, made in "de pott'ry class." A good neighbor and a good friend. It is pleasant to know that to-day, even though she herself has gone, the poor children still play in the yard of little Jenny Addams' big house on Halstead Street. And it is a fine memorial that in all the great cities of our land are similar houses where those to whom the burden of life is hard may find advice and refreshment.

The GREAT OIL KING

The Story of John D. Rockefeller, the Richest Man of His Day and the World's Greatest Philanthropist

IT WAS back in the 1850's that a serious-minded lad of fifteen joined the Erie Street Baptist Church in Cleveland, Ohio. He had not lived in Cleveland long, for his father, a struggling country doctor, had moved his family there from Oswego, New York, only the year before—it was near Oswego that the boy had been born, in 1839. Since the mother was deeply religious the family lost little time in seeking out a church in Cleveland and sharing in its various endeavors. It did not take our boy long, for instance, to find out that the church was heavily in debt. Now there has been many a fifteen-year-old boy who has learned that the church was in debt, but there have been very few who did much to remedy the

matter. It was like young John D. Rockefeller to think up a plan and then go ahead and make it work. His plan was simple enough—after all, he was only fifteen. What he did was to stand outside the church door every Sunday asking for donations. Before long he had collected enough to pay off the whole debt. And when he was seventeen he was made a trustee of the church! Throughout his life he was interested in religious work.

Even before this he had embarked upon his career as a financier. His father had

taught him early to keep a strict account of every cent he received or spent or gave away. By the age of fourteen John had saved \$50 00, made in various small enter-

prises, and had lent it at seven per cent.

When the sum was paid back at the end of the year he got back \$53.50. About the same time he earned \$1.12 for three days of back-breaking work digging a neighbor's potatoes. When he entered the two transactions in his account book he was struck by the fact that it is much easier and more profitable to make money work for you than it is to work for it yourself. From that time on, his whole effort was to make money his slave—that is, he was a capitalist, in theory at least.

It was at sixteen that he actually started out in the business world. His education had been meager, so he took a job as a clerk, and was paid fifty dollars for his first three months of work. It was not till he was nineteen that he finally gave up his clerkship and started out for himself as a commission merchant. By that time he had a capital of \$2,000, half of it borrowed from his father at an interest of ten percent. Finally at twenty-three he went into the oil business, which was to bring him power and



John D. Rockefeller was a great captain of industry at a time when industrial leaders wielded enormous power. We must go back to the great barons of the Middle Ages to find private individuals who controlled the lives of so many people.

THE GREAT OIL KING

fabulous wealth. His habits of thrift, his shrewd sense of a bargain, and his unwavering devotion to business bore him ahead with amazing speed. By 1892 his little enterprise had become the great Standard Oil Company, a trust that in the late nineteenth century was one of the wonders of the business world. It had refineries in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, New England, and West Virginia. It had its own tank cars, its own system of pipe lines for piping crude oil, its own forests of timber for making barrels. It had a controlling interest in coal mines, in iron and steel companies, in railroads, and in steamships. It was in absolute control of the production and distribution of oil over the entire country. It owned interests in foreign oil fields and sold refined oil in many lands. There was hardly a corner of the world where the name of Rockefeller was not known.

The Age of Trusts

Now all this success brought wealth and power to John Davison Rockefeller. He became the richest man in the world, and in an age when capitalists had a deciding voice in the affairs of men and of nations he was the most powerful of them all. But there was another side to his success, a grim side that many of the people who were growing rich in Standard Oil and similar trusts liked to turn their eyes away from. In order to form a great combine like Standard Oil it was necessary to squeeze the little men out of business. Hundreds of them were ruined—by legal but unfair methods—in order that the great company might buy up their property cheaply and get control of the market. Once it controlled the sale of oil in the country the price could be put up as high as the owners saw fit, and the public had no redress. Competition had been killed and there was no one to undersell the great trust. Of course people began to protest, and the revolt against such business methods grew rapidly. In 1904 Ida Tarbell published her "History of the Standard Oil Company," and gradually laws were passed to control such abuses. In 1911 the supreme court declared the Standard Oil trust illegal, and it was disbanded. In the twenty-four years between 1882 and

1906 its earnings had been 790 million dollars.

But long before that date John D. Rockefeller had retired (1895) from his position of power in the Standard Oil Company, and had begun to devote all his time and energy to the organization of his many charities. He often said that his system of careful accounting and strict economy in managing his business had given him a great advantage over his competitors. Now he was to bring the same shrewd judgment and sound organization to the fine charities which he endowed and which have made him the greatest philanthropist and patron of education the world has ever seen. He realized that it is as hard to give money away wisely as it is to earn it. He believed in a careful, painstaking plan for giving—"scientific charity," he called it—and he thought that people should be educated to help themselves. For this purpose he established four great foundations and a great university—the University of Chicago. During his lifetime he gave away through these and other channels more than 530 million dollars, almost twice as much as any other philanthropist had ever given.

The Rockefeller Foundations

The first foundation to be established was the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research. The second and greatest was the Rockefeller Foundation, established to "promote the well-being of mankind." The third was the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial, established to carry on the charities of Mrs. Rockefeller after her death, and named for her. Its work, largely among women and children, is at present forwarding parent education and child training. The fourth foundation is the General Education Board, which gives large sums to schools, colleges, and universities. None of the Rockefeller foundations are themselves engaged in carrying on research. Their job is to give money wherever such research is going forward with promise of success.

The Rockefeller Foundation, for instance, helps do whatever work seems most important at a given time. After the war it helped take care of starving people in Europe, and set up agencies for the pre-

THE GREAT OIL KING

vention of tuberculosis. Later it gave funds to combat hookworm, malaria, and yellow fever. It founded the China Medical Board to encourage the study of medicine and hygiene in Chinese schools. In 1937 it gave away \$11,000,000 to universities, laboratories, libraries, and other institutions where research into the problems of mankind is carried on. Often its money goes to help such work in foreign countries. Its goal has become the "study of man in society." It believes that civilization is producing more problems than it is solving, and it aims to study these problems. It has been working recently on the endocrine (ĕn'dô-kрін) glands, or glands of internal secretion, which control certain of the bodily processes. It is also at

work on the common cold. It gives money for the study of mental hygiene, child psychology, and similar studies. It has established schools to train people for governmental positions. It provides for radio programs of cultural and educational value, for a library of motion picture films, for fellowships for advanced studies, and has given generous financial aid to scholars in exile from Germany and other European countries. Its activities from year to year depend upon the needs of mankind.

The founder of all these charitable enterprises died in 1937, at the advanced age of ninety-eight. Rockefeller Center, in New York City, is a fitting memorial to the world's greatest philanthropist.

